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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY:

REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINALS,

WITH THE LAST CORRECTIONS OF THE AUTHORS;

TOGETHER WITH

THE POEMS OF CHARLES WESLEY

NOT BEFORE PUBLISHED.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY

G. OSBORN, D.D.

VOLUME IV.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE first of those eight publications which are wholly, or in part, reprinted in this Volume, appeared in 1744, the last in 1749. Readers of the Journals of the two authors, who have marked the course and extent of their labours in travelling and preaching through those years, may well wonder that they found time to attend upon the Muses ; and will see in these productions new evidence of that conscientious devotion, and diligent employment of all their time, and all their talents, which marked these wonderful brothers.

The three first tracts relate chiefly to the Rebellion of 1745, and exhibit the patriotism and loyalty of the Wesleys, unshaken by persecution, and sustained as it was by a sense of duty to God, and by an unfaltering hatred of Rome. The "Hymns on the Nativity," form the first of that admirable series of "Festival Hymns" which the preachers were instructed to "take care to have in readiness," that the annual solemnities might be duly improved, not only by the sermons on the subject, which they were advised to preach, but by appropriate hymns. The small volume in which they were contained was superseded by the publication of the "Supplement" in 1831. But though no longer needed for public worship, these hymns have a permanent value. They exemplify most plainly that clear

apprehension and tenacious grasp of catholic truth which both brothers had from the beginning of their Christian course, together with the yearning desire that it should be experimentally as well as theoretically known, which belonged to them after they had "tasted that the Lord is gracious."

In a letter to his brother Charles, dated December 26th, 1761, Wesley expresses a very candid opinion as to the "Nativity Hymns." "Omit one or two of them, and I will thank you. They are namby-pambical." Judging by the marks in his own copy, he would have omitted verses 3, 4, 5 of Hymn VI., and verses 4, 5, 6, 10, 11, 13, 14 of Hymn XVI. For some unknown reason his wishes were not carried out; but "the very best hymn in the whole Collection," namely, that beginning "All glory to God in the sky," was restored to the place from which it had been unaccountably omitted in several editions. Posterity has almost ratified Wesley's opinion; though, doubtless, some portion of the interest felt in this hymn may be ascribed to his singing (or attempting to sing) it on his death-bed.

The value of the "Hymns for those that Seek and those that Have Redemption," &c., is best attested by the fact that, in proportion to its size, it has supplied a larger number of hymns to the "Large Hymn-Book" than any other of the publications of the two brothers.

The "Hymns and Sacred Poems, by Charles Wesley," will, it is hoped, be completed in the next volume.

Richmond, Surrey,

June 21st, 1869.

H Y M N S

F O R

T I M E S

O F

Trouble and Persecution.

If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the Good of the Land.—But if ye refuse and rebel, ye shall be devoured with the Sword: For the Mouth of the LORD hath spoken it.
Isa. i. 19, 20.

By JOHN and CHARLES WESLEY,
Presbyters of the Church of ENGLAND.

The SECOND EDITION, Enlarged.

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H Y M N S

FOR

TIMES OF TROUBLE.

I.

THE NINTH CHAPTER OF DANIEL.

- 1 O God, the great the fearful God,
 To Thee we humbly sue for peace ;
Groaning beneath a nation's load,
 And crush'd by our own wickedness.
Our guilt we tremble to declare,
And pour out our sad souls in prayer.
- 2 Thee we revere, the faithful Lord,
 Keeping the covenant of Thy grace,
True to Thine everlasting word,
 Loving to all who seek Thy face,
And keep Thy kind commands, and prove
Their faith by their obedient love.
- 3 But we have only evil wrought,
 Have done to our good God despite,
Rebellious with our Maker fought,
 And sinn'd against the gospel light,
Departed from His righteous ways,
And fallen, fallen from His grace.

- 4 We have not hearken'd to the word
Thy prophets and apostles spoke ;
In them we disobey'd their Lord ;
Our princes have cast off the yoke,
Our kings Thy sovereign will withstood,
Our fathers have denied their God.
- 5 The rich and poor, the high and low,
Have trampled on Thy mild command ;
The floods of wickedness o'erflow
And deluge all our guilty land ;
People and priest lie drown'd in sin,
And *Tophet* yawns to take us in.
- 6 Righteousness, Lord, belongs to Thee.
But guilt to us, and foul disgrace ;
Confusion, shame, and misery
Is due to all our faithless race,
Scatter'd by sin where'er we rove,
Vile rebels 'gainst Thy pardoning love.
- 7 Confusion, misery, and shame
Our loudly-crying sins require,
Our princes, kings, and fathers claim
Their portion in eternal fire,
For all the downward path have trod,
For all have sinn'd against their God.
- 8 But O, forgivenesses are Thine
Far above all our hearts conceive,
The glorious property divine
Is still to pity and forgive,
With Thee is full redemption found,
And grace doth more than sin abound.

- 9 All may in Thee our gracious Lord
 Forgivenesses and mercies find,
 Though we Thy warnings have abhorr'd,
 And cast Thy precepts all behind,
 The voice divine refused to' obey,
 And started from Thy plainest way.
- 10 All *Israel* have transgress'd Thy law,
 And therefore did the curse take place;
 Our sins did all Thy judgments draw
 In showers on our devoted race,
 Thou hast fulfill'd Thy threatening word.
 We bear the fury of the Lord.
- 11 Justly we all Thine anger bear,
 Chastised for our iniquity,
 Yet made we not our humble prayer,
 Yet have we not return'd to Thee,
 Renounced our sins, or long'd to prove
 The truth of Thy forgiving love.
- 12 Therefore the Lord, the jealous God,
 Hath watch'd to bring the evil day,
 Bruised us with His avenging rod,
 Who would not His still voice obey :
 Righteous is God in all His ways :
 We forced Him to withdraw His grace.
- 13 Yet now, O Lord our God, at last
 Our sins and wickedness we own ;
 We call to mind Thy mercies past,
 The ancient days of Thy renown,
 The wonders Thou for us hast wrought,
 The arm that out of *Egypt* brought.

- 14 O Lord, according to Thy love,
Thy utmost power of love, we pray
Thine anger and Thy plague remove ;
Turn from *Jerusalem* away
The curse and punishment we feel,
Thou know'st we are Thy people still.
- 15 The holy mountain of our God,
The city Thou hast built below,
Thy people, though dispersed abroad,
A proverb of reproach and woe,
We have our fathers' sins fill'd up,
And drunk the bitter trembling cup.
- 16 Now then acknowledge us for Thine,
Regard Thine humbled servants' prayer,
And cause on us Thy face to shine,
The ruins of Thy church repair ;
O, for the sake of Christ the Lord,
Let all our souls be now restored.
- 17 My God, incline Thine ear, and hear,
Open Thine eyes our wastes to see ;
Thy fallen desolate *Sion* cheer,
The city which is named by Thee ;
Not for our cry the grace be shown,
But hear, in Jesus, hear Thine own.
- 18 All our desert, we own, is hell,
But spare us for Thy mercy's sake,
We humbly to Thy grace appeal,
And Jesus' wounds our refuge make ;
O let us all Thy mercy prove,
The riches of Thy pardoning love.

- 19 O Lord, attend ; O Lord, forgive ;
O Lord, regard our prayer, and do :
Hasten, my God, and bid us live,
The fulness of Thy mercy show,
Thy city and Thy people own,
And perfect all our souls in one.

II.

- 1 GOD of infinite compassion,
God of unexhausted love,
From a sinful sinking nation
Once again Thy plagues remove :
Snatch us from the jaws of ruin ;
See Thy helpless people, see !
Death and hell are close pursuing,
Save, O save us into Thee.
- 2 Have we not fill'd up the measure
Of our daring wickedness,
Challenged all Thy just displeasure.
Quench'd the Spirit of Thy grace ?
Yes, our heinous provocations
For Thy heaviest judgments cry :
We have wearied out Thy patience,
Forced Thy love to let us die.
- 3 Why should not the dreadful sentence
Now on all our souls take place ?
Why should not Thine instant vengeance
Swallow up our faithless race ?
How can we expect Thy favour ?
Good and gracious as Thou art,
Sinner's Advocate and Saviour,
Find the answer in Thy heart !

- 4 Jesus, mighty Mediator,
Plead the cause of guilty man :
Pity is Thy gentle nature ;
Canst Thou let us cry in vain ?
From Thy Father's anger screen us,
Suffer not His wrath to move ;
Stand Thou in the gap between us,
Change His purpose into love.

III.

- 1 JESU, sin-atoning Lamb,
Thine utmost pity show ;
All the virtue of Thy name
O let Thy rebels know !
Us, by God and man abhorr'd,
Into Thy kind protection take ;
Spare the guilty nation, Lord,
For Thy own mercy's sake.
- 2 Worst of all the' apostate race,
Yet listen to our cry ;
Most unworthy of Thy grace,
Without Thy grace we die ;
Tophet is our just reward,
Yet snatch us from the burning lake,
Spare the guilty nation, Lord,
For Thy own mercy's sake.
- 3 Scandal of the Christian name,
Which still we vainly bear,
Sodom like, our sin and shame
We openly declare,
Trample on Thy sacred word,
And cast Thy laws behind our back :

- Spare the guilty nation, Lord,
For Thy own mercy's sake.
- 4 Though Thy judgments are abroad,
Let us Thy goodness prove ;
Save us, O all-gracious God,
In honour of Thy love :
Though Thy righteous wrath is stirr'd,
Arising slow, the earth to shake,
Spare the guilty nation, Lord,
For Thy own mercy's sake.
- 5 In our forty days reprieve,
Warn the rebellious race ;
Bid us turn, repent, and live
To glorify Thy grace ;
O reverse the threatening word,
And do not, do not vengeance take.
Spare the guilty nation, Lord,
For Thy own mercy's sake.
- 6 O alarm the sleeping crowd,
And fill their souls with dread ;
Then avert the lowering cloud,
Impendent o'er our head :
Turn aside the' invading sword,
And drive the alien armies back ;
Spare the guilty nation, Lord,
For Thy own mercy's sake.

IV.

- 1 MERCIFUL God, to Thee we cry,
O think upon us, or we die
The ever-living death !

Lo ! by a mighty tempest tost,
Our ship without Thine aid is lost,
Lost in the gulf beneath.

2 The mariners are struck with fear,
And shudder at destruction near,
So high the billows swell,
Ready to' o'erwhelm our shatter'd state ;
Thy judgments fall with all their weight.
To crush us into hell.

3 Ah ! wherefore is this evil come ?
Show us, Omniscient God, for whom
Thy plagues our church befall :
Give, while we ask, a righteous lot,
And let the guilty soul be caught,
Who brings Thy curse on all.

4 With trembling awe we humbly pray,
Now, now the secret cause display
Of our calamity ;
Whose sins have brought Thy judgments down ?
Alas, my God, the cause I own,
The lot is fallen on me !

5 I am the man, the *Jonas* I,
For me the working waves run high ;
For me the curse takes place :
I have increased the nation's load ;
I have call'd down the wrath of God
On all our helpless race.

6 With guilty, unbelieving dread
Long have I from His presence fled,
And shunn'd the sight of heaven :

In vain the pardoning God pursued ;
I would not be by grace subdued,
I would not be forgiven.

7 I know the tempest roars for me,
Till I am cast into the sea
Its rage can never cease :
Here then I to my doom submit,
Do with me as Thy will sees fit,
But give Thy people peace.

8 Save, Jesu, save the sinking ship ;
And lo ! I plunge into the deep
Of all Thy judgments *here* :
I fall beneath Thy threatenings, Lord ;
But let my soul, at last restored,
Before Thy face appear.

9 Beneath Thine anger's present weight
I sink, and only deprecate
Thy sorer wrath to come :
Give me at last in Thee a part,
And now, in mercy, now avert
The guilty nation's doom.

10 O bid the angry waves subside,
Into a calm the tempest chide
By Thy supreme command ;
Thou in our broken ship remain,
Till every soul the harbour gain,
And reach the heavenly land.

V.

- 1 SINNERS, the call obey,
 The latest call of grace ;
The day is come, the vengeful day
 Of a devoted race :
 Devils and men combine
 To plague the faithless seed,
And vials full of wrath divine
 Are bursting on your head.
- 2 Enter into the Rock,
 Ye trembling slaves of sin,
The Rock of your salvation, struck,
 And cleft to take you in :
 To shelter the distress'd
 He did the cross endure ;
Enter into the clefts, and rest
 In Jesus' wounds secure.
- 3 Who would not fear the Lord,
 Glorious in majesty !
His justice stern hath drawn the sword ;
 To His compassion flee :
 Vengeance He comes to take,
 He comes His wrath to show ;
He rises terribly to shake
 The drowsy world below.
- 4 See how His meteors glare !
 (The tokens understand !)
Famine, and pestilence, and war
 Hang o'er the guilty land !

Signs in the heavens see,
And hear the speaking rod ;
Sinner, the judgment points to thee,
Prepare to meet thy God !

5 Terrible God ! and true,
Thy justice we confess,
Thy sorest plagues are all our due.
We own our wickedness,
Worthy of death and hell,
Thee in Thy judgments meet :
But lo ! we to Thy grace appeal,
And crowd Thy mercy-seat.

6 Jesus, to Thee we fly
From the devouring sword !
Our city of defence is nigh,
Our help is in the Lord :
Or if the scourge o'erflow,
And laugh at innocence,
Thine everlasting arms, we know,
Shall be our souls' defence.

7 We in Thy word believe,
And in Thy promise stay :
Our life, which still to Thee we give,
Shall be to us a prey :
Our life with Thee we hide
Above the furious blast,
And shelter'd in Thy wounds abide,
Till all the storm is past.

- 8 Believing against hope,
 We hang upon Thy grace,
Through every lowering cloud look up,
 And wait for happy days ;
 The days when all shall know
 Their sins in Christ forgiven,
And walk awhile with God below,
 And then fly up to heaven.

VI.

- 1 THE dreadful day is come
 To fix a nation's doom !
Who, when God doth this, shall live,
 Stand before a righteous God,
'Gainst the world and Satan strive,
 Strive resisting unto blood ?
- 2 Well may our nature fear
 The fiery trial near :
Who shall first his Lord betray ?
 Who his Master shall deny ?
Which of us shall fall away ?
 Is it, Saviour, is it I ?
- 3 I shall, I surely shall,
 Without Thy succour, fall :
Left, one moment left alone,
 I shall make my ruin sure,
Shamefully my God disown,
 Thee, and all Thy saints abjure.
- 4 But, Lord, I trust in Thee,
 Thou wilt not go from me ;

'Thee Thy pity shall constrain
Still with me, even me, to' abide ;
Me, the weakest child of man,
Me for whom Thy pity died.

5 O that I always may
 On Thee my spirit stay !
Poor and needy as I am,
 Thou dost for my vileness care ;
Thou hast call'd me by my name ;
 Thou wilt all my burdens bear.

6 Thou art the sinner's Friend,
 I on Thy love depend ;
Help for all is laid on Thee ;
 Faith and hope in Thee I have ;
As my day, my strength shall be.
 Thou shalt to the utmost save.

7 Arm me with Thy great power.
 And come the fiery hour !
Then I in Thy strength shall say,
 (Feeblest of Thy servants I,)
I, though all men fall away,
 I will never Thee deny.

8 Ready, through grace, I am
 To suffer for Thy name ;
When Thou dost Thyself bestow
 On so poor a worm as me,
I shall then to prison go,
 Gladly go to death with Thee.

VII.

- 1 HAPPY souls that Christ obey.
They are safe, and only they ;
Hidden is their life above,
All wrapp'd up in Jesus' love.
- 2 When His judgments are abroad,
By His timely warnings awed,
They to Him their spirits give,
Closer to their Saviour cleave.
- 3 Neither wars nor plagues they fear.
Still their life and peace is near ;
Undisturb'd by storms they rest
Harbour'd in His quiet breast.
- 4 Calm on tumult's wheel they sit.
'Trample death beneath their feet ;
Own their all-o'erruling Lord,
Smile at the destroyer's sword.
- 5 They its threatening point defy,
'They behold the fiend pass by,
Sprinkled by the Lamb of God,
Arm'd and cover'd with His blood.
- 6 Thanks to the atoning Lamb,
We are shelter'd in His name ;
We our Lord begin to know,
Ransom'd from the world below.
- 7 While we walk with Him in light,
Neither men nor fiends affright ;
Us, whom Jesus' blood doth arm,
Kill they may, but cannot harm.

8 O that all our friends might feel
How secure in Christ we dwell,
O that all our foes might prove
God a pardoning God of love !

VIII.

- 1 BRETHREN, the end is near,
Our Lord shall soon appear :
These the days of vengeance be,
Rumour'd ills the land distress ;
Wars on wars ye hear and see,
Ushering in the Prince of Peace.
- 2 His judgments are abroad,
Forerunners of our God ;
Nation against nation fights,
Kingdoms against kingdoms rise ;
Signs above, and fearful sights
Speak the anger of the skies.
- 3 The powers of heaven He shakes ;
Earth to her centre quakes ;
Famine shows her meagre face ;
Pestilence stalks close behind ;
Woes surround the sinful race ;
Wrath abides on all mankind.
- 4 The nations are distress'd,
The wicked cannot rest :
No, in sin they sleep no more,
Toss'd with sad perplexity ;
Swell the waves, and work, and roar ;
Men are like the troubled sea.

- 5 Terror their heart assails,
 Their heart through terror fails ;
Fails, o'erwhelm'd with huge dismay,
 Looking for the plagues to come.
Shrinking from their evil day,
 Fainting at their instant doom.
- 6 But ye that fear the Lord
 Fear neither plague nor sword :
Jesus bids your care depart,
 Ye in Jesus' love are blest ;
Sprinkled is your peaceful heart :
 Now expect the perfect rest.
- 7 These threatening clouds look through,
 Good they portend to you :
Lift your heads, with joy look up,
 Find your full redemption near ;
See your soul's desire and hope,
 See your glorious Lord appear.
- 8 His near approach ye know,
 Treated like Him below ;
This the word that Jesus said,
 Now your Master's lot ye find,
Mock'd, rejected, and betray'd,
 Hated now by all mankind.
- 9 In calm and quiet peace
 Your patient souls possess ;
God hath kept your innocence,
 God shall still His own defend :
Rest in Him, your sure defence ;
 Suffer on, and wait the end.

- 10 His mercy's wings are spread
 To guard your naked head ;
None can hurt you now, or grieve,
 Hated though ye be by all :
No, without your Saviour's leave
 Not one sacred hair shall fall.

IX.

- 1 FLY, to the mountains fly ;
 Sinners, on 'Christ rely !
Our strong mountain is the Lord :
 He keeps off the' invading bands,
He averts the' impending sword ;
 Christ the Christian's fortress stands.
- 2 Happy who trust in Him,
 Almighty to redeem :
Neither wars nor plagues they fear,
 Public ills they calmly meet,
Smile at desolation near,
 Trample death beneath their feet.
- 3 But woes, redoubled woes,
 Attend the Saviour's foes :
Worldly men and things who love,
 God, His things, and people hate,
O what sorrows will they prove,
 Crush'd by all His judgments' weight !
- 4 Woe to the souls at ease,
 The slaves of foul excess ;
Charged with surfeiting or wine,
 Drunk with pleasure or with care,
Big with earthly low design,
 Fond of their attachments there !

- 5 Secure on earth who dwell,
 They all His plagues shall feel;
Senseless, till the day oppress;
 Thoughtless, till the ruin come:
Pangs shall then their spirits seize,
 Earnest of their final doom.
- 6 But we Thy warning take,
 We, Lord, the world forsake:
Thou hast kindly said, "Beware,"
 Arm'd us by Thy word of grace,
Told us of the fatal snare
 Spread for all the earth-born race.
- 7 Thy judgments we revere,
 Thy speaking rod we hear.
Thou shalt keep our caution'd heart,
 Free from care, from pleasure free:
Thou alone our portion art,
 All our treasure is in Thee.
- 8 Thee let us still obey,
 And always watch and pray;
Pray against the sore distress,
 Plagues that on the world shall fall,
Counted, through Thy righteousness.
 Worthy to escape them all.
- 9 Worthy esteem'd through grace
 To stand before Thy face;
Call'd to see our Judge appear,
 Son of Man, with glory crown'd;
Glad the' archangel's voice to hear,
 Shouting at the trumpet's sound.

- 10 O wouldst Thou now descend,
 And all our sufferings end !
 Hear the Bride and Spirit pray,
 Hasten, Lord, the general doom ;
 Bring the great tremendous day,
 Come away, to judgment come !

X.

A PRAYER FOR HIS MAJESTY KING
 GEORGE.

Fear God, and honour the King.

- 1 SOVEREIGN of all, whose will ordains
 The powers on earth that be,
 By whom our rightful monarch reigns,
 Subject to none but Thee ;
 2 Stir up Thy strength, appear, appear,
 And for Thy servant fight ;
 Support Thy great vicegerent here,
 And vindicate his right.
 3 Lo ! in the arms of faith and prayer
 We bear him to Thy throne ;
 Receive Thine own peculiar care,
 The Lord's anointed one.
 4 With favour look upon his face ;
 Thy love's pavilion spread ;
 And watchful troops of angels place
 Around his sacred head.
 5 Guard him from all who dare oppose
 Thy delegate and Thee,
 From open and from secret foes,
 From force and perfidy.

- 6 Confound whoe'er his ruin seek,
Or into friends convert ;
Give him his adversaries' neck,
Give him his people's heart.
- 7 Let us, for conscience sake, revere
The man of Thy right hand ;
Honour and love Thine image here,
And bless his mild command.
- 8 (Thou only didst the blessing give,
The glory, Lord, be Thine.)
Let all with thankful joy receive
The benefit divine.
- 9 To those who Thee in him obey
The Spirit of grace impart ;
His dear, his sacred burden lay
On every loyal heart.
- 10 O let us pray, and never cease,
" Defend him, Lord, defend ;
'Stablish his throne in glorious peace,
And save him to the end."

XI.

ANOTHER.

- 1 IMMORTAL Potentate,
Whose sovereign will is fate,
Own the king we have from 'Thee,
Bless the man of Thy right hand,
Crown him with Thy majesty,
Let him in Thine image stand.
- 2 Him for Thy glory's sake
Thy faithful subject make :

Pour the unction from above,
All the gifts divine impart,
Make him happy in Thy love,
Make him after Thine own heart.

3 His sacred life defend,
And save him to the end ;
Guard from all impending harms,
O almighty King of kings ;
Keep him in Thy mercy's arms,
Wrap him in Thy mercy's wings.

4 Defeat, confound, oppress
The troublers of his peace ;
Blast their every vain design ;
'Stablish Thou his quiet throne ;
Tell his foes—" This soul is Mine,
Touch not Mine anointed one."

5 Preserve a life so dear,
And long detain him here :
Late his spotless soul receive
To Thy palace in the skies ;
Bid him late in glory live,
Live the life that never dies.

XII.

ANOTHER.

1 FOUNTAIN of power, from whom descends
The regal dignity divine !
Thine is the reign that never ends,
An everlasting throne is Thine.

- 2 Princes by Thy appointment reign ;
Thou hast to ours the sceptre given :
Confirm the grant, Thine own maintain.
The chosen delegate of heaven.
- 3 Honour, and majesty, and might,
Still, Lord, on our dread sire bestow ;
Assert his cause, uphold his right,
And give him to Thy church below.
- 4 In answer to our fervent prayer,
Thy blessings on his head shower down,
And take into Thy choicest care
A life far dearer than our own.
- 5 Thousands of ours are vile to his ;
His guardian Thou, be ever nigh ;
Nor let the hope of *Israel* cease,
Nor let the light of *Israel* die.
- 6 Still may he by Thy special grace
A blessing to these kingdoms live ;
Give him a length of prosperous days,
The riches of Thy mercy give.
- 7 Give him Thy little flock to feed,
(A *Cyrus* to Thy church below,)
To raise and nurse Thy chosen seed,
And let Thy royal captives go.
- 8 O may he in Thy gracious might
Thy persecuted truth defend,
Relieve the' oppress'd, the injured right,
And all the rage of tyrants end.

- 9 Long may he guard Thy people's rest,
A glorious instrument divine,
And, late enroll'd among the bless'd,
Bright as the stars for ever shine.

XIII.

FOR THE KING AND THE ROYAL FAMILY.

- 1 LORD, Thou hast bid Thy people pray
For all that bear the sovereign sway
And Thy vicegerents reign ;
Rulers, and governors, and powers :
And lo ! in faith we pray for ours ;
Nor can we pray in vain.
- 2 Jesu, Thy chosen servant guard,
And every threatening danger ward
From his anointed head ;
Bid all his griefs and troubles cease,
And through the paths of heavenly peace
To life eternal lead.
- 3 Cover his enemies with shame,
Defeat their dire malicious aim,
Their baffled hopes destroy :
But shower on him Thy blessings down ;
Crown him with grace, with glory crown,
And everlasting joy.
- 4 To hoary hairs be Thou his God,
Late may he seek that high abode,
Late to his heaven remove ;
Of virtues full, and happy days,
Accounted worthy by Thy grace
To fill a throne above.

- 5 And when Thou dost his spirit receive,
O give him, in his offspring, give
Us back our king again ;
Preserve them, Providence Divine,
And let the long illustrious line
To latest ages reign.
- 6 Secure us of his royal race
A man to stand before Thy face,
And exercise Thy power ;
With wealth, prosperity, and peace.
Our nation and our church to bless,
Till time shall be no more.



H Y M N S

IN

TIME OF PERSECUTION.

I.

- 1 MASTER, we call to mind Thy word,
We are not now above our Lord :
Sufficient 'tis for us to be
In sufferings and in griefs like Thee.
- 2 The world, to prove Thy saying true,
With cruel wrath our souls pursue ;
As evil they cast out our name,
And brand us with Thy glorious shame.
- 3 All kind of ill they falsely say,
Because we *will* Thy truth obey,
To Thee with steady purpose cleave,
And godly in Thy Spirit live.
- 4 Exposed to man's oppressive power,
We stand in danger every hour,
The rage of persecution bear,
And hated as our Lord we are.

- 5 O may we in Thy footsteps go,
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
To slaughter in Thy Spirit led,
Conform'd in all things to our Head.
- 6 Give us Thy strength, O God of love,
And hide our better life above,
Then on our side at last appear,
And lo, we come to suffer here !

II.

- 1 AH ! woe is me, constrain'd to dwell
Among the sons of night,
Poor sinners dropping into hell,
Who hate the gospel light ;
- 2 Wild as the untamed *Arabs'* race
Who from their Saviour fly,
And trample on His pardoning grace,
And all His threats defy.
- 3 Yet here alas ! in pain I live,
Where Satan keeps his seat,
And day by day for those I grieve
Who will to sin submit.
- 4 With gushing eyes their deeds I see,
Shut up in *Sodom* I,
And ask, with Him who ransom'd me,
“Why will ye sin, and die ?”
- 5 Jesus, Redeemer of mankind,
Display Thy saving power,
Thy mercy let these outcasts find,
And know their gracious hour.

- 6 Ah ! give them, Lord, a longer space,
Nor suddenly consume,
But let them take the proffer'd grace,
And flee the wrath to come.
- 7 O wouldst Thou cast a pitying look
(All goodness as Thou art)
Like that which faithless *Peter's* broke,
Or my obdurate heart.
- 8 Who Thee beneath their feet have trod,
And crucified afresh,
Touch with Thine all-victorious blood,
And turn the stone to flesh.
- 9 Open their eyes and ears, to see
Thy cross, to hear Thy cries :
Sinner, thy Saviour weeps for thee,
For thee He weeps, and dies.
- 10 All the day long He meekly stands
His rebels to receive,
And shows His wounds, and spreads His hands,
And bids you turn and live.
- 11 Turn, and your sins of deepest dye
He will with blood efface,
Even now He waits His blood to' apply ;
Be saved, be saved by grace.
- 12 Be saved from hell, from sin, and fear :
He speaks you now forgiven ;
Walk before God, be perfect here,
And then come up to heaven.

III.

- 1 JESUS, our Help in time of need,
Thy suffering servants see,
Who would in all Thy footsteps tread,
And bear the cross with Thee.
- 2 Stand by us in this evil hour,
Our feeble souls defend,
And in our weakness show Thy power,
And keep us to the end.
- 3 The world and their infernal god
Against Thy people rise,
Because our trust is in Thy blood
They mingle earth and skies.
- 4 Slaughter and cruel threats they breathe,
And endless battles wage,
And gnash upon us with their teeth.
And tear the ground with rage.
- 5 Captain of our salvation, hear ;
In all the heathen's sight
Make bare Thine arm ; appear, appear,
And for Thy people fight.
- 6 Jesus, Thy righteous cause maintain,
The sons of violence quell,
'Take to Thee Thy great power, and reign
O'er heaven and earth and hell.
- 7 As chaff before the whirlwind drive,
And bruise them by Thy rod,
Who madly with their Maker strive,
And fight against their God.

- 8 Who kick against the pricks in vain,
Thy foes, in anger blast,
And chasten with judicial pain;
But save their souls at last.
- 9 O that at last by love compell'd
The rebels might submit,
In humble hope of mercy yield,
And tremble at Thy feet !
- 10 The faith they persecute, embrace,
On Thee their Lord rely,
And live the monuments of Thy grace,
And for Thy glory die !

IV.

- 1 SEE, Lord, the purchase of Thy death,
Thy little feeble flock,
Gather, and keep our souls beneath
The shadow of their Rock.
- 2 Thy few returning sheep behold,
By wolves encompass'd round ;
And let us never leave the fold,
But still in Thee be found.
- 3 Regard the number of our foes,
Their subtilty and might ;
Arise, and stop the way of those
Who 'gainst Thy people fight.
- 4 Helper of every helpless soul,
Show forth Thy saving grace,
The fierceness of vain man control,
Or turn it to Thy praise.

- 5 'Thou know'st for Thy dear sake alone
We daily suffer shame,
Because we dare our Master own,
And triumph in Thy name.
- 6 Thee, Lord, before 'Thy foes we dare
In word and deed confess,
Rejoice Thy hallow'd cross to bear,
And live Thy witnesses.
- 7 Witnesses of the' atoning blood
Which did for sinners flow,
And brought a guilty world to God,
And sprinkled all below.
- 8 That blood we felt through faith applied,
And know our sins forgiven,
And tell mankind the purple tide
Would waft them all to heaven.
- 9 For this we reckon all things loss,
Till Christ the Judge comes down,
Honours the followers of His cross,
And bids them wear His crown.
- 10 He tells us He will quickly come,
His saying we receive,
And we shall all be taken home,
And in His kingdom live.
- 11 Us, who before the sons of men
Were bold our Lord to own,
He will, He *will* acknowledge then
Before His Father's throne.

- 12 He (while the glorious angels stand
Astonish'd at the grace)
Shall place us all at His right hand,
And speak His servants' praise.
- 13 These, (if our hearts may now conceive
What God in heaven shall say,)
These were the souls who dared believe,
Who dared My word obey.
- 14 Me for their dear redeeming Lord
They never blush'd to own,
But held My name, and kept My word,
And lived to Me alone.
- 15 A proverb of reproach below
They suffer'd for My sake,
Rejoiced My daily cross to know,
My portion to partake.
- 16 On earth they lived My witnesses,
My witnesses they died,
And now I for My own confess
And speak them glorified.
- 17 Come then to heaven, your native home,
Be number'd with the blest,
My Father's happy children, come,
And on My bosom rest.
- 18 The kingdom take, for all prepared
That should in Me abide ;
Now, I am now thy great reward
Who in My faith hast died.

- 19 My good and faithful servant thee
 I openly approve ;
Possess thy lot, enthroned with Me
 In all the pomp of love.
- 20 The meed of all thy labours this,
 This starry diadem wear,
Enter into thy Master's bliss,
 And reign for ever there.

V.

- 1 LAMB of God, we follow Thee,
 Willing as Thou art to be,
Joyful in Thy steps to go,
 Suffering for Thy sake below.
- 2 Taking up our daily cross,
 Call'd to shame, and pain, and loss,
Well contented to sustain
 All the rage of cruel men.
- 3 Who Thy lovely pattern knows
 Cannot force with force oppose,
They that to Thy fold belong
 Dare not render wrong for wrong.
- 4 Bruised by the oppressor's hand,
 Evil they will ne'er withstand,
All that follow 'Thee are meek,
 Taught to turn the other cheek.
- 5 Jesu, in Thy gracious power
 Lo ! we meet the fiery hour,
Calm, dispassionate, resign'd,
 Arm'd with all Thy patient mind.

- 6 After Thee with joy we come,
Sheep before our shearers dumb,
Answering not one angry word,
True disciples of our Lord.
- 7 Suffering here, we threaten not,
Innocent in word and thought,
Harmless as a wounded dove,
Hatred we repay with love.
- 8 Turn, almighty as Thou art,
Turn our persecutors' heart,
Let them to our faith be given,
Let us meet our foes in heaven.

VI.

- 1 CAPTAIN, we look to Thee,
Thy promised succours claim,
Humbly assured of victory
Through Thine almighty name :
With furious beasts to fight,
Forth in Thy strength we go,
With all the earth-born sons of night,
With all the fiends below.
- 2 Hold of Thine arm we take,
And fearlessly march on,
The world, the realm of Satan, shake,
And turn it upside down ;
'Gainst all the powers of hell
Undaunted we proceed,
Resistless and invincible
Through our triumphant Head.

- 3 A suffering fight we wage
 With man's oppressive power,
Endure the persecutor's rage,
 'Till all the storm is o'er :
 Arm'd with the patient mind
 Which in our Saviour was,
We bear the hate of all mankind,
 And glory in the cross.
- 4 To gain that heavenly prize
 We gladly suffer here,
And languish in yon opening skies
 To see His sign appear :
 His sign we soon shall see,
 The Lord shall quickly come,
And give the final victory,
 And take the conquerors home.

VII.

- 1 JESU, Thy weak disciples see,
Entreated in the world like Thee,
Partakers of Thy shame ;
Because we will not let Thee go,
Sweet fellowship with Thee to know.
And suffer for Thy name.
- 2 Thy marks we in our body bear,
Our Master's cross we daily share,
And bless the sacred sign ;
Buffeted here for doing well,
We thankfully accept the seal,
And *feel* that we are Thine.

-
- 3 Our back we to the smiters give,
Evil for good with joy receive,
Nor meanly strive to hide
From spitting and from shame our face,
But glory in the full disgrace
Of Jesus crucified.
- 4 For Thy dear sake we suffer wrong,
And, persecuted all day long,
We thus the crown ensure ;
As sheep appointed to be slain,
Our portion of contempt and pain
We to the end endure.
- 5 We in Thy strength can all things do,
Through Thee can all things suffer too,
When Thou the power shalt give ;
We then by faith shall see Thee stand
The great High-Priest at God's right hand,
Our spirits to receive.
- 6 Wherefore to Thee our souls we trust,
Our Saviour to the uttermost
To Thee we boldly come,
With joy upon our heads return,
High on the wings of angels borne
To our eternal home.

VIII.

- 1 HONOUR, and praise, O Christ, receive,
Through whom Thy saving name we know ;
Thou gavest us freely to believe,
And dost a second grace bestow ;

Call us to bear the hallow'd cross,
And suffer for Thy glorious cause.

- 2 Because from sin we turn away,
 And will not from Thy paths depart,
Lo ! we have made ourselves a prey :
 Spoil'd of our goods, with cheerful heart
We here our little all restore,
And would, but cannot part with more.
- 3 Far better goods we have above,
 And substance more enduring far ;
The earnest in our hearts we prove,
 And taste the joys that wait us there ;
Riches of grace, so freely given,
And Christ in us, and Christ in heaven.
- 4 Our heavenly wealth shall never fail,
 Our fund of everlasting bliss ;
Thieves do not there break through and steal,
 Nor *Belial's* sons by violence seize,
They cannot spoil our goods above,
Or rob us of our Saviour's love.
- 5 In Him we have immortal food,
 Clothing that always shall endure,
A permanent and fix'd abode,
 An heavenly house that standeth sure,
Who here are destitute of bread,
And want a place to lay our head.
- 6 Spoiler, take all ! we will not grieve,
 We will not of our loss complain :
Of freedom and of life bereave,
 Our better lot shall still remain ;
Enough for us the part Divine,
The good, which never can be thine.

IX.

- 1 COME all who love the slaughter'd Lamb,
And suffer for His cause,
Enjoy with us His sacred shame,
And glory in His cross.
- 2 His welcome cross we daily bear,
Hated, reviled, oppress'd,
We only can His truths declare
Who calls the sufferers bless'd.
- 3 Our Master's burden we sustain,
Afflicted for His sake,
In loss, reproach, distress, and pain,
A strange delight we take.
- 4 We drink the consecrated cup
Our Saviour drank before,
And fill our Lord's afflictions up,
And triumph in His power.
- 5 His power is in our weakness shown,
And perfectly display'd ;
The strength we feel is not our own,
But flows from Christ our Head.
- 6 With consolations from above
He fills our ravish'd breast,
The Spirit of His glorious love
On every soul doth rest.
- 7 He takes His suffering people's part,
And sheds His love abroad,
And witnesses with every heart,
Thou art a child of God.

- 8 Surely we now believe and feel
Our sins are all forgiven,
The outward and the inward seal
Confirms us heirs of heaven.
- 9 Then let us all our burden bear,
To Christ our souls commend,
Joyful His lot on earth to share,
And patient to the end.
- 10 Be faithful unto death, He cries,
And I the crown will give :
Amen, the glorious Spirit replies,
We die with Thee to live.

X.

- 1 O KING of saints, with pitying eye
Thy poor afflicted people see,
Who hold Thy word, nor dare deny
Thy name, though suffering loss for Thee.
- 2 Exposed to shame, and want, and pain,
Crush'd by the persecutor's power,
Thou, Lord, their fainting souls sustain,
And keep them in their trying hour.
- 3 From anger and contemptuous pride,
From low revenge and faithless fear,
Preserve, and still their spirits hide,
Till Thou in their behalf appear.
- 4 Their feeble hearts confirm, unite,
And fix on their reward above :
Embolden with Thy Spirit's might,
And arm them with Thy patient love.

- 5 Thee let the witnesses confess
 Before the rebel sons of men,
Proclaim Thine all-victorious grace,
 And suffer till with Thee they reign :
- 6 To Thee, and to each other cleave,
 While midst the ravening wolves they lie,
A pattern to believers live,
 A pattern to believers die !

XI.

- 1 JESUS, the glory take !
 Afflicted and oppress'd,
Reviled and hated for Thy sake,
 Thou hast pronounced us bless'd :
 The blessing we receive,
 We all our seal set to,
Now, Lord, we feelingly believe,
 And own that Thou art true.
- 2 Faithful and good Thou art ;
 We taste the heavenly powers,
The glorious earnest in our heart
 Ensures the kingdom ours :
 Exceeding glad we are,
 Our ravish'd bosoms swell
With ecstasy too strong to bear,
 With joy unspeakable.
- 3 Through persecution bold,
 To Thee our songs we raise ;
Thee in the furnace we behold,
 Thee in the fires we praise :

We now the promise know,
Sufficient is Thy love
To bear us through these storms below,
And land us safe above.

4 To suffer now is sweet,
For Thou the strength hast given :
And O ! how infinitely great
Is our reward in heaven !
We shall be surely there,
The fight will soon be won ;
The cross we now with Jesus bear
Shall lift us to the throne.

5 'T was thus the saints of God,
His messengers and seers,
The narrow path of sufferings trod,
And pass'd the vale of tears ;
Through sore afflictions pass'd
To better worlds above,
And more than conquer'd all at last
In our Redeemer's love.

6 Sufferers like them beneath,
Through much distress and pain,
Through all the toils of hell and death
We come with them to reign ;
With Christ the glorious King,
Who wipes our tears away,
And calls us up His praise to sing
In everlasting day.

XII.

- 1 SHEPHERD of souls, Thy sheep behold
In the dark cloudy day,
The wolf is come into Thy fold,
To scatter, tear, and slay.
- 2 His bloody hand the' oppressor shakes
Against the faithful seed,
And havoc of Thy church he makes—
He makes us as our Head.
- 3 Thy marks we in our bodies bear ;
But arm us with Thy power,
The rage of fiends and men we dare,
And meet the evil hour.
- 4 They only can our bodies kill,
Our souls can never die ;
Our souls exist in Jesus still,
And reign above the sky.
- 5 Wherefore the utmost sufferings here
Of those who Jesus love,
We count not worthy to compare
With our reward above.
- 6 Light are the pains we now endure,
And quickly over-past ;
But O ! the pleasures they secure
Eternally shall last.
- 7 On all the' affliction we look down,
The joy so far exceeds,
So bright, so weighty is the crown
It sets upon our heads.

- 8 O what a glorious life shall be
In us, even us reveal'd,
While face to face our Lord we see,
With all His fulness fill'd !
- 9 Who would not then, for such an hope,
The path of sorrow tread,
And take his Master's burden up,
And suffer with his Head ?
- 10 Who would not cheerfully sustain
A cross so light as this,
And bear a momentary pain
For an eternal bliss ?

XIII.

- 1 AND shall we now turn back,
To Satan's conquest yield,
The holy fellowship forsake,
And quit the well-fought field ?
No more with accord sweet
Our Saviour's love adore,
And see each other's face, and meet
In Jesus' name no more ?
- 2 We who have counted loss
For Christ our greatest gain,
Shall we refuse the crown and cross,
And suffer all in vain ?
Caught in the tempter's snare,
Shall we like *Demas* stop,
The' assembling of ourselves forbear,
And give our brethren up ?

3 No, never will we part
 Or place to Satan give,
 But cleave to God with steadfast heart,
 And to each other cleave.
 Strengthen'd by His command,
 We for the faith contend,
 In Jesus' name together stand,
 And suffer to the end.

4 In vain the subtil foe
 Allures with proffer'd ease,
 We now his false devices know,
 And scorn his hellish peace :
 Thy faithful servants, Lord,
 We never will resign,
 Or buy the world's good-will and word
 By forfeiture of Thine.

5 No, in Thy strength we say
 To sinners and their god,
 Ye cannot tear our shield away,
 Who trust in Jesus' blood.
 Who to each other cleave,
 Your malice we defy ;
 We *will* in Christ together live,
 We *will* together die.

XIV.

1 GET thee behind us, fiend,
 With all thy baffled art !
 The sheep we know thou canst not rend,
 Unless thou first canst part :

- Jesus's ten-fold power
His saints assembled claim :
Tremble, thou fiend, and fly before
Our mighty Captain's name.
- 2 Thy wisdom from below
Full well we understand ;
Disperse, and then our souls o'erthrow,
Divide us, and command :
But Jesus still shall hold
And keep us safe from harms,
Together lodged within His fold,
His everlasting arms.
- 3 While in our Shepherd's breast
Our helpless souls we hide,
Nor devils can disturb our rest,
Nor can the world divide :
To build each other up
We now in Jesus join,
And who shall burst the bond, or stop
The intercourse Divine ?
- 4 This God hath bid us do,
And man forbids in vain ;
Ye never, never can break through
Love's adamantine chain :
Join'd by the Saviour's will,
The same in mind and heart,
Ye may afflict us here, and kill,
But ye can never part.
- 5 Resolved our Lord to' obey,
In spite of man's command,
Together in the ancient way
Through His support we stand :

Nor will we hence remove,
Till all triumphant rise
And meet the first-born church above,
Assembled in the skies.

XV.

A PRAYER FOR THE FIRST MARTYR.

- 1 HEAD of Thy suffering church below,
We ask in faith the passive power,
Thy perfect strength in weakness show,
And arm us for the dreadful hour.
- 2 Prepare the soul Thou *first* shalt call
To own in death the pardoning God,
To die for Him who died for all,
And seal the record with his blood.
- 3 Thy hardy soldier, Lord, inure,
The daily cross with joy to prove ;
Give him an heart resolved, and pure,
And meek, and full of patient love.
- 4 Give him, when now the day draws near,
His utter helplessness to see ;
Give him the self-mistrusting fear,
The humble awe that cleaves to Thee.
- 5 To Thee let him in faith look up,
And claim the succours from above,
And rise to all the strength of hope,
To all the' omnipotence of love.
- 6 O'erwhelm him with the' amazing grace,
That he, so poor, so self-abhorr'd,
Least of the blood-besprinkled race,
That he should suffer for his Lord !

- 7 Give him the' indubitable sign
That all his sufferings are for Thee ;
Assure his heart the cause is Thine,
And Thou wilt get the victory.
- 8 Give him, before he bows his head,
The sight to fervent *Stephen* given,
The everlasting doors display'd,
The glories of a wide-spread heaven.
- 9 Show him Thyself at God's right hand:
Thou on the faithful soul look down,
Thou by Thy dying champion stand,
And reach him out the starry crown.
- 10 Inspire him with Thy tender care
For those who nail'd Thee to the wood,
And give to his expiring prayer
The men that drive his soul to God.

XVI.

- 1 LORD, we have all forsook,
Thy dying love to know,
To bear Thy light and easy yoke,
And in Thy footsteps go ;
Pleasure, and goods, and fame,
We gladly have restored,
In pain, and poverty, and shame,
Partakers with our Lord.
- 2 Arm'd with Thy strength alone,
We still our all resign ;
Our lives, which once we call'd our own,
Are not our own, but Thine :

- Ready we always stand
 In Thine almighty power,
 To yield them up at Thy command,
 And meet the fiery hour.
- 3 Where is the promise then,
 The bliss Thou hast prepared
 For us before the sons of men,
 Where is our great reward?
 The hundred-fold increase
 Of goods, and lands, and friends,
 The sweet unutterable peace,
 The joy that never ends?
- 4 Surely we *are* possess'd
 Of Thee our recompence,
 Ecstasy fills our panting breast,
 And pains our aching sense :
 What hath the world like this !
 The joy which now we know—
 'Tis more than joy, or life, or bliss,
 'Tis heaven begun below.
- 5 Yet O! we look for more
 And mightier joys above,
 The fulness of Thy heavenly store,
 Of Thine eternal love :
 Glory shall end the strife,
 And in these bodies shine ;
 Jesu, our everlasting Life,
 Our flesh shall be like Thine.
- 6 Changed by His mighty love,
 We shall be as our Lord,
 And sit upon our thrones above,
 And bless His just award :

While trembling at the bar
Devils and tyrants stand,
We shall with Him their doom declare,
And shout at His right hand.

7 Then every saint of His
 Shall lean upon His breast ;
The wicked there from troubling cease,
 And there the weary rest :
 Our sufferings all are o'er,
 Our tears are wiped away,
We only love, rejoice, adore,
 Through one eternal day.

8 The rivers of delight
 That there our souls embrace,
The glorious beatific sight
 That veils the angels' face,
 The joys ineffable
 That from Thy presence flow,
The fulness here we cannot tell,
 But, Lord, we die to know.

H Y M N S

TO BE SUNG IN A

T U M U L T.

I.

- 1 YE servants of God, Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name :
The name all-victorious Of Jesus extol ;
His kingdom is glorious, And rules over all.
- 2 The waves of the sea Have lift up their voice,
Sore troubled that we In Jesus rejoice ;
The floods they are roaring, But Jesus is here,
While we are adoring He always is near.
- 3 Men, devils engage, The billows arise,
And horribly rage, And threaten the skies :
Their fury shall never Our steadfastness shock,
The weakest believer Is built on a Rock.
- 4 God ruleth on high, Almighty to save,
And still He is nigh, His presence we have ;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing.
Ascribing salvation To Jesus our King.

- 5 Salvation to God Who sits on the throne !
Let all cry aloud, And honour the Son !
Our Jesus's praises The angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, And worship the Lamb.
- 6 Then let us adore, And give Him His right,
All glory, and power, And wisdom, and might,
All honour and blessing, With angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, And infinite love.

II.

- 1 OMNIPOTENT King, Who reignest on high,
Thy mercy we sing, Thy haters defy,
We give Thee Thy glory, Though Satan oppose,
And gladly adore Thee, In sight of Thy foes.
- 2 The reprobates dare Their master proclaim,
And loudly declare Their sin and their shame;
Presumptuous in evil, Their god they avow,
Their father the devil; And worship him now.
- 3 And shall we not sing Our Master and Lord,
Our Maker and King, By angels adored,
Our merciful Saviour, Who brought us to God,
And purchased us favour By shedding His blood ?
- 4 Yes, Lord, we adore, Though all men deny,
And tell of Thy power, Triumphantly nigh :
O Jesu, we bless Thee, Our Jesus proclaim,
And gladly confess Thee, For ever the same.
- 5 In tumult and noise, We sing of Thy grace,
More mighty our joys, More hearty our praise,
Our triumphs are higher, And warmer our zeal,
And Thee ever nigher Than Satan we feel.

-
- 6 The sinners we see, Who Satan obey,
Much happier we, Much wiser than they ;
Our Master is greater, He makes us His heirs,
And O! how much better Our wages than theirs !
- 7 Our Jesus is near, Whenever we sing
Among us we hear The shout of a King ;
Our voices are stronger Than theirs who blaspheme.
And surely we longer Shall triumph than them.

III.

- 1 ALL-CONQUERING Lord, Whom sinners adore,
Remember Thy word, And stir up Thy power,
Drive Satan before Thee, His advocates chase ;
Or let them adore Thee, And yield to Thy grace.
- 2 O pity, and spare, And save them from death,
Pluck'd out of his snare, Snatch'd out of his teeth :
Almighty Redeemer, To whom all things bow,
Cast down the blasphemer, And rescue them now.
- 3 O why should he take Thy purchase away ?
Thy fury awake, And fly on the prey ;
Thy purchase recover, That Satan may feel
Thy kingdom is over Earth, heaven, and hell.
- 4 O answer the prayer Of prevalent faith,
In mercy forbear These children of wrath,
And give them repentance, Let mercy take place,
Reverse the sad sentence, And save them by grace.

IV.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER OF HOSEA.

- 1 SINNERS, obey the gracious call,
Unto the Lord your God return,
The dire occasion of your fall,
Your foolishness of folly mourn.
- 2 Sin only hath your ruin been ;
In humble words your grief express,
Turn to the Lord, your shameful sin
The burden of your soul confess.
- 3 God of all power, and truth, and grace,
All our iniquity remove,
Spare, and accept a fallen race,
God of all power, and truth, and love.
- 4 Take all, take all our sins away,
Nor guilt, nor power, nor being leave :
Forgive us now, 'Thine arm display,
'Thine own for Jesus' sake receive.
- 5 So will we render Thee the praise,
With joyful lips and hearts renew'd,
Present Thee all our happy days,
A living sacrifice to God.
- 6 So will we trust in man no more,
No more to man for succour fly,
The works of our own hands adore,
Or seek ourselves to justify.
- 7 Not by an arm of flesh, but Thine,
We look from sin to be set free ;
O Love, O Righteousness Divine,
The helpless all find help in Thee.

- 8 Surely in Me (your God replies)
The fatherless shall mercy find,
Whoe'er on Me for help relies
Shall know the Saviour of mankind.
- 9 I, (for My Son hath died to seal
Their peace, and all My wrath remove,)
I will their sin-sick spirits heal,
And freely the backsliders love.
- 10 I will My sovereign art display,
To perfect health their soul restore,
And take their bent to sin away,
And lift them up to fall no more.
- 11 In blessings will I then come down,
And water them with gracious dew,
And all My former mercies crown,
And every pardon'd soul renew.
- 12 *Israel* shall as the lily grow,
As chaste, as beautiful, and white,
Yet striking deep his roots below,
And towering as the cedar's height.
- 13 His branching arms he wide shall spread.
And flourish in eternal bloom,
Fair as the olive's verdant shade,
Fragrant as *Lebanon's* perfume.
- 14 Whoe'er beneath his shadow dwell
Shall as the putrid corn revive,
A mortal quickening virtue feel,
And sink to rise, and die to live.

- 15 Their boughs with fruit ambrosial crown'd,
As *Lebanon's* thick clustering vine,
Shall spread their odours all around,
Grateful to human taste, and Mine.
- 16 *Ephraim*, My pleasant child, shall say,
"With idols what have I to do?
I cannot sin : get hence away,
Vain world ! I cannot stoop to you.
- 17 "God, only God hath all my heart,
My vile idolatries are o'er,
I cannot now from God depart,
For, born of God, I sin no more." *
- 18 Whoe'er to this high prize aspire,
And long My utmost grace to prove,
I heard, and mark'd their heart's desire,
And I will perfect them in love.
- 19 Beneath My love's almighty shade,
O *Israel*, sit, and rest secure,
On Me thy quiet soul be stay'd,
Till pure as I thy God am pure.
- 20 Surely I will My people save ;
Who on My faithful word depend
Their fruit to holiness shall have,
And glorious all to heaven ascend.

* Compare Wesley's Works, Vol. x., pp. 397, 441. With this paraphrase the "Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution," as originally published in 1744, are concluded. The fifteen following hymns appeared first in the second edition.

H Y M N S

FOR

TIMES OF TROUBLE,

For the YEAR 1745.

I.

- 1 RIGHTEOUS, sin-avenging God,
 To Thee what shall we say?
Dare we deprecate the rod,
 Or still for respite pray?
Thou hast given our sinful land
A longer, and a longer space,
But we still Thy love withstand,
 And mock Thee to Thy face.
- 2 Thou in danger's darkest hour
 Didst on our side appear,
Snatch us from the wasting power
 Of *Rome* and Satan near:
Whom the winds and seas obey,
Thou, Lord, Thy mighty arm didst show,
Chase the alien hosts away,
 And stop the' invading foe.

- 3 Not our providence or sword
 Did us from ruin save,
 Our Deliverer is the Lord,
 Let Him the glory have :
 But alas, we have not fear'd
Thy power, or render'd Thee Thy due,
 Have not honour'd or rever'd
 A God we never knew.
- 4 Viler still, if that can be,
 We have been in Thy sight,
 Scorn'd to give the praise to Thee,
 And robb'd Thee of Thy right,
 Wrong'd Thine interposing grace,
Denied Thy providential care,
 Harden'd as the' *Egyptian* race
 Thine utmost plague to dare.
- 5 What can our destruction stop,
 Or now reverse our doom ?
 God the just must give us up,
 And let the ruin come :
 Lo ! He whets His glittering sword,
His hand doth hold of judgment take,
 Rises the Almighty Lord
 A guilty land to shake !
- 6 O Almighty Lord, we own
 Thine awful righteousness ;
 Make in us Thy goodness known,
 Who all our sins confess,
 Us who tremble at the rod,
And meekly to the judgment bow ;
 O remember us for good
 Who sue for mercy now !

II.

- 1 LAMB of God, who bear'st away
All the sins of all mankind,
Bow a nation to Thy sway
While we may acceptance find,
Let us thankfully embrace
The last offers of Thy grace.
- 2 Thou Thy messengers hast sent
Joyful tidings to proclaim,
Willing we should all repent,
Know salvation in Thy name,
Feel our sins by grace forgiven,
Find in Thee the way to heaven.
- 3 Jesu, roll away the stone;
Good Physician, show Thine art,
Make Thine healing virtue known,
Break the unbelieving heart,
Soften the obdurate crowd,
Melt the rebels by Thy blood.
- 4 Let Thy dying love constrain
Those that disregard Thy frown,
Sink the mountain to a plain,
Bring the pride of sinners down,
By Thy bloody cross subdue,
Tell them, I have died for you !
- 5 Or if yet they will not turn
In their acceptable day,
Will not look on Thee and mourn,
Will not cast their sins away,
Them at last by judgments shake,
By Thy thunder's voice awake.

- 6 Force our harden'd souls to fear,
Visit with affliction's rod,
Let us have our chastening here,
Fall into the hands of God;
Scourge, but make not a full end,
Punish us, but, Lord, amend.
- 7 Let the' effect of *Jacob's* pain
Be to purge his sin away,
Let the stock take root again,
Flourish in a gospel day,
Forth in gracious blossoms shoot,
Fill the earth with golden fruit.
- 8 If the ruin be decreed,
Turn it to Thy people's good,
Still preserve the holy seed,
Arm us with Thy sprinkled blood,
Till the utmost grace we prove,
Perfect in all-patient love.

III.

Zephaniah i. 12, &c.; ii. 1, 2.

- 1 THE day, the dreadful day draws nigh,
When God in judgment shall appear,
Shall by His laws His people try,
And prove with scrutiny severe
The sinners settled on their lees,
And punish all that dwell at ease.
- 2 The men whose hearts deny His love,
His guardian love and righteous sway,
Who say, "Secure He sits above,
And lets us each pursue our way,

- Nor will He e'er our deeds regard,
Or punish mortals, or reward."
- 3 On these the Lord His wrath shall show,
And give them to the waster's power,
Stir up the fierce invading foe,
Their goods and houses to devour :
Houses they shall for others build,
And sow, but never reap the field.
- 4 For lo ! the Lord's great day is near,
Is near and swiftly hastens on,
The mighty men shall cry for fear
And anguish while His wrath comes down,
While God the sacred panic darts,
And speaks in thunder to their hearts.
- 5 Who can that awful day declare ?
A day of trouble and distress,
A day of raging wasteful war,
Of darkness, clouds, and gloominess,
A day to join the' embattled powers,
And storm the forts, and shake the towers.
- 6 The Lord shall bring a sudden snare,
The wicked by His judgments blind,
Because His utmost plagues they dare
They here their punishment shall find,
Their blood shall be as dust pour'd forth,
Their carcases shall dung the earth.
- 7 Not all their treasures shall redeem
Their lives in that tremendous day,
When God's great jealousy shall flame
Vindictive, and devour its prey,
The land where in their sins they dwell
Burn up,—burn after them to hell.

- 8 Turn then to God, ye sinners, turn,
Let every heart at once relent,
The whole devoted nation mourn,
By general grief the curse prevent,
In penitential sorrow join,
And deprecate the wrath Divine.
- 9 Repent before the dire decree
Bring forth the' irrevocable doom;
Before the day as chaff ye see
Pass by; before the vengeance come;
Before the Lord let loose His ire,
And make you fuel to the fire.
- 10 Or if the wicked will not hear,
Ye humble souls that keep His word,
Ye meek ones of the earth, revere,
And seek with double zeal your Lord,
Walk on in all His righteous ways,
And labour for the perfect grace.
- 11 It may be, God, the God ye love,
Will hide you in His anger's day,
Far off from you the sword remove—
Or if it sweeps your lives away,
Your souls with swifter motion driven
Shall in a whirlwind fly to heaven.

IV.

- 1 O GOD, Thy righteousness we own,
Laid by Thy threatening judgments low,
Beneath a nation's load we groan,
And more than share the common woe,
The common woe, so long delay'd,
Which bursts in thunder on our head.

- 2 Warn'd by Thy Spirit's gracious call,
We look'd for this vindictive day;
And still we at Thy footstool fall,
And still we weep, and watch, and pray:
Hear, Jesu, hear our mournful prayer,
And spare, the sinful nation spare.
- 3 Why should they still be stricken, Lord,
When all Thy strokes are spent in vain?
They *will* not see the' invading sword,
But dare Thy lifted arm again,
And deep-revolting more and more,
Defy Thine anger's utmost power.
- 4 Still they provoke Thy glorious eyes,
And scorn Thy outstretch'd arm to fear,
Thy gracious calls they still despise,
And vex Thy faithful servants here,
And hunt to death the righteous soul,
And make their guilty measure full.
- 5 Though *twice ten thousand* souls are fled
With pain to their eternal home,
The rest disdain Thy wrath to dread,
And eager for their instant doom
With *Pharaoh's* rage pursue Thy sheep,
And rush into the hellish deep.
- 6 Yet for the honour of Thy love
The people of Thy wrath forbear,
Their sin and punishment remove,
The fury and the waste of war;
Pluck from the fire, Almighty God,
And quench the brands in Jesus' blood!

V.

FOR HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE.

- 1 LORD of Hosts, we look to Thee,
To Thee in faith we call,
Terrible in majesty
Thou reignest over all,
Thy great arm salvation brings,
Thou o'er-rul'st the' embattled powers,
Giv'st the victory to kings—
O give it now to ours!
- 2 Sovereign Arbiter, arise,
His lawful right maintain,
Blast and scatter with Thine eyes
Whoe'er oppose his reign:
All their strength o'erturn, o'erthrow,
Knap their spears, and break their swords,
Make the daring rebels know
The battle is the Lord's.
- 3 Not by many or by few
Art Thou restrain'd to save:
They shall all their foes subdue
Who Thee their helper have;
Let the world their powers engage,
Rome's and hell's whole *conclave* join,
Calm we meet their utmost rage,
If arm'd with strength Divine.
- 4 O Almighty God of love,
Appear on *Israel's* side,
Send us succour from above,
Who in Thine aid confide:

Lo ! we trust in Thee alone,
On Thy single arm depend,
Jesus, help, and save Thine own,
And save us to the end.

VI.

ISAIAH XXVI. 20, 21.

- 1 COME, O my chosen people, come,
Far from the evil world retire,
Wise to escape the' impending doom,
The weight of Heaven's vindictive ire.
- 2 Enter into thy secret place,
With silent awe thy God adore,
Hide thee for one short moment's space,
And rest till all the wrath be o'er.
- 3 For lo ! the Lord from heaven comes down,
Vengeance on sinful man to take,
The world shall tremble at His frown,
The earth shall to her centre quake.
- 4 The earth shall at His word her blood
Disclose, nor longer hide her slain;
The dead shall rise to meet their God,
And sink into eternal pain.

VII.

A PRAYER FOR A MINISTER.

- 1 BISHOP of souls, regard our cry,
Our faithful guide with strength supply,
And hide his life above;
The teacher teach, the leader lead,
The pastor every moment feed
With Thy sufficient love.

- 2 His hands confirm, his breast inspire,
And touch his lips with hallow'd fire ;
That zeal of charity
That apostolic spirit impart,
And make him after Thy own heart,
And count him worthy Thee.
- 3 Harden to adamant his brow,
His wisdom and his mouth be Thou,
His might invincible :
Arm him in all the arms Divine,
Send forth this messenger of Thine
To shake the gates of hell.
- 4 Thy power be in his weakness seen,
A spectacle to fiends and men,
Support him with Thy mind :
Nor let the pastor die for want,
Nor let the standard-bearer faint,
Assail'd by all mankind.
- 5 Be with him in that darkest hour,
When hell exerts its utmost power
Thy minister to' oppress;
Reviled, forsaken and betray'd,
In all things like his Master made,
Yet kept in perfect peace.
- 6 When every *human* friend is fled,
Stand by him at his greatest need,
Nor suffer him to fear,
Strongly upheld by Thee alone,
To make the preaching fully known,
That all the world may hear.

- 7 Unto Thy heavenly kingdom keep,
And grant him there in joy to reap
What he in tears did sow;
Late to Thy paradise remove,
And let him to his throne above
In glorious triumph go.
- 8 When ready to be offer'd up,
Give him to speak the' immortal hope
That fills his swelling heart,—
“Now lettest Thou Thy servant, Lord,
According to Thy faithful word
In perfect peace depart.
- 9 “I the good fight have fought and won,
I all my course on earth have run,
And pass'd my mourning days,
Have kept the faith by Jesus given,
And haste to my reward in heaven,
A crown of righteousness.
- 10 “That glorious wreath which now I see,
The Lord, the righteous Judge, on me
Shall at that day bestow,
On me and all my brethren here,
Who long to see my Lord appear,
And love His work below.”
- 11 So be it, Lord, for whom we stay,
Hasten the long-expected day,
And call our friend to share
The heavenly joy of saints deceased,
And let us all with him be bless'd,
And die to meet him there !

VIII.

- 1 DREADFUL, sin-chastising God,
If the decree is past,
If the long-impending rod
Must scourge our land at last,
When Thou dost in wrath reprove
The sinners who Thy judgments dare,
Spare the remnant, Lord, in love
Thy praying people spare.
- 2 If on such a land as this
Thou must avenged be,
Yet preserve in perfect peace
The souls that trust on Thee :
Hide their precious lives above,
And make them Thy peculiar care,
Spare the remnant, Lord, in love
Thy praying people spare.
- 3 Mark the men, who deeply sigh
Our loathsome crimes to view,
Hear their deprecating cry,
And save the mournful few,
Far from them the plague remove,
The famine, and the waste of war,
Spare the remnant, Lord, in love
Thy praying people spare.
- 4 To Thy little flock of sheep
O that Thy grace might join
Us, even us who fain would weep
Beneath the wrath Divine:
Help us, O Thou Holy Dove,
To breathe the much-availing prayer,
Spare the remnant, Lord, in love
Thy praying people spare.

- 5 Surely now in part we feel
The answer to our cry,
Thou Thine anger dost reveal,
And bring the judgment nigh ;
Now the coming woes we prove,
And groan the common ills to bear ;
Spare the remnant, Lord, in love
Thy praying people spare.
- 6 Grant us still to pray and grieve
Till all the wrath is past ;
This the sign Thou wilt forgive
And heal our land at last :
Heavily till then we move,
And sigh our sympathising care,
Spare the remnant, Lord, in love
Thy praying people spare.

IX.

- 1 THOU awful God, whose righteous ire
In *Sion* as a furnace burns,
Fit fuel of eternal fire,
A race that all Thy mercy scorns ;
Behold us where in death we lie,
Nor let our souls for ever die.
- 2 All we like sheep have gone astray,
Have turn'd to our own wickedness,
Rush'd headlong down the spacious way ;
But O ! how few their sins confess,
Their foul apostasy bemoan,
Or tremble as the wrath comes down.

- 3 Yet hast Thou left Thyself a seed,
A remnant of peculiar grace,
A little flock who mourn and plead,
And wrestle for the faithless race
That will not hear Thy threatening rod,
Or turn, and find a pardoning God.
- 4 Touch'd from above with fear Divine,
We would the weeping few increase,
Our broken hearts and voices join,
And wail our nation's wickedness,
In deepest groans our crimes declare,
In all the agony of prayer.
- 5 Alas for us, to evil sold,
A seed of lips and hearts unclean,
In vice beyond example bold,
Sunk in the dregs of time and sin,
Laden with all iniquity,
As Satan contrary to Thee !
- 6 Yet for the righteous remnant's sake
Our death-devoted *Sodom* spare,
And call the storms of vengeance back—
Or if Thou canst no more forbear,
Thyself resume our wretched breath,
But save us from eternal death.

X.

THE SECOND CHAPTER OF JOEL.

PART I.

- 1 BLOW ye the trump, in *Sion* blow,
That all may hear and understand,
Their time of visitation know;
Sound an alarm throughout My land,

- Let all the people quake for fear,
The day, the evil day is near.
- 2 A day of gloominess and dread,
A day of clouds and sore affright,
As mists upon the mountains spread,
Dark as the deepest noon of night,
A day where only meteors shine,
A day of righteous wrath Divine.
- 3 Destruction from the Lord is come,
The terrible almighty Lord,
To seal a guilty nation's doom :
Lo ! He hath bared the' avenging sword,
And sent His hostile armies forth
To plague, and waste, and shake the earth.
- 4 Lo ! at His word the' embattled powers
Marching in dread array appear !
A fire before their face devours,
A flame is kindled by their rear,
Plague, famine, fire and sword are join'd,
And ghastly ruin stalks behind.
- 5 Before their face an *Eden* blooms,
But where the grounded staff hath past,
Their breath the paradise consumes,
And lays the pleasant landscape waste,
No more the seat of joy and peace,
But one great dreary wilderness.
- 6 As horsemen harness'd for the fight,
They rush impetuous from afar,
Borne headlong with resistless might,
Loud-rattling as the rolling car,

- Light o'er the mountain-tops they bound,
The vales with clanging arms resound.
- 7 As fire on crackling stubble feeds,
And wins its desolated way,
The mighty host destruction spreads,
Wide-wasting, and devours its prey,
With noise confused, and shoutings loud,
And groans, and garments roll'd in blood.
- 8 Where'er they turn, the people fail,
Pain'd and astonied at the sight,
Their face o'erspread with deadly pale,
Their heart o'erwhelm'd with huge affright.
Hopeless to stand the' invaders' force,
Or stop their all-victorious course.
- 9 Nothing against their might shall stand,
While firmly rank'd in close array
And marshall'd by Divine command,
Secure they urge their rapid way,
Or rise when fallen on the sword,
Unwounded champions of the Lord.
- 10 Swift to the slaughter and the spoil
The fierce invulnerable powers
Shall run, shall fly; their foemen foil,
And scale the walls, and mount the towers:
The earth beneath their rage shall quake,
The battlements of heaven shall shake.
- 11 The sun no more shall rule the day,
But set eclipsed in sudden night,
The moon shall lose her paler ray,
The stars withdraw their glimmering light,

The higher powers shall disappear,
When God, the glorious King, is near.

- 12 Before His dreadful camp the Lord
 Shall utter His majestic voice,
For He is strong, and keeps His word,
 And all His vengeful power employs
Against the world in that great day,
When heaven and earth shall flee away.

XI.

PART II.

- 1 WHEREFORE He now in mercy cries,
 With all your heart ye sinners turn
To Me, before My wrath arise,
 To Me confess your sins, and mourn,
Chasten your souls with fast severe,
And tremble at My judgments near.
- 2 Your hearts, and not your garments rent,
 And turn unto the Lord your God,
For He is kind, on mercy bent,
 Gracious to those that hear His rod,
To anger slow, and loath to chide,
But swift to lay His bolt aside.
- 3 Who knows but He may now return,
 Repent, and from His wrath forbear,
Grieved at the heart for them that mourn,
 And vanquish'd by their humble prayer,
May for a curse a blessing leave,
And every weeping soul forgive?

- 4 Blow ye the trumpet's loudest blast,
A shrill alarm in *Sion* sound,
Proclaim a soul-afflicting fast
To all the guilty nation round :
A solemn sad assembly call,
And let the summons reach to all.
- 5 Gather and sanctify the crowd,
To deprecate the wrath Divine;
Bring all into the house of God,
The elders and the infants join,
The sucklings place beneath His eye,
And let your babes for mercy cry.
- 6 His chamber let the bridegroom leave,
The bride out of her closet go,
The priests of God lament and grieve,
And prostrate at His altar show
By tears and cries the load they bear,
And pray their angry God to spare.
- 7 With pity, O Thou gracious Lord,
Thy poor afflicted people see,
Nor give us to the' invaders' sword,
The little flock redeem'd by thee,
Nor leave us to their scornful rage,
But spare Thy drooping heritage.
- 8 Why should the heathen aliens say,
Where is He now, their boasted God ?
Why should they bear the cruel sway,
And wash their footsteps in our blood ?
Wilt Thou not, Lord, at last awake,
And save us for Thy Jesus' sake ?

- 9 He will, Jehovah surely will
Be jealous for His favourite land,
His pitying love at last reveal,
Redeem us by His outstretch'd hand,
Answer our prayer in power and peace,
And fill us with His righteousness.
- 10 The Lord shall to His people say,
Lo ! I again Mine own will feed,
With corn and wine and oil convey
Into your souls the living bread,
Send down My Spirit from above,
The oil of joy, the wine of love.
- 11 *Sion* I will no more expose
To heathens a reproach and prey,
But turn Mine hand against your foes,
And drive the alien host away,
Satan and all his powers subdue,
And slay the sins that wasted you.

XII.

PART III.

- 1 THEN, then, the gospel day shall rise,
(Jehovah speaks, let earth attend,)
I from My throne above the skies .
Will on all flesh My Spirit send;
Not one but may the promise find,
The gift pour'd out on all mankind.
- 2 Your sons and daughters at that day
Shall in the solemn worship join,
Or fervent in the Spirit pray,
Or utter words of praise Divine;

The old shall dream inspired by Me,
The young shall heavenly visions see.

- 3 I will to the whole ransom'd race
My glorious Deity reveal,
Pour out the Spirit of My grace,
My servants and My handmaids fill
With love, shed in their hearts abroad,
With all the plenitude of God.
- 4 Who slight My miracles of love,
On them I will My judgments show
Portentous signs in heaven above,
And prodigies in earth below;
The earth shall be burnt up with fire,
And all its works in smoke expire.
- 5 The sun shall black as sackcloth turn,
The moon shall redden into blood,
The' elements melt, the heavens shall burn,
At that great awful day of God,
The stars shall from their orbits fall,
And flames and darkness cover all.
- 6 Then shall the Lord His truth display
(The merciful almighty Lord)
To those that did His call obey,
The residue that kept His word;
He shall the full salvation give,
And bid His saints in glory live.
- 7 Then all that on the Lord rely,
And call in faith on Jesu's name,
Caught up to meet Him in the sky,
Their Master's glorious joy shall claim,

Joy to His faithful servants given,
Joy in a new eternal heaven.

XIII.

FOR HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE.

- 1 O GOD who hear'st the prayer
For Jesus' sake alone,
Receive Thy darling care,
Thy own anointed one,
Our king into Thine arms receive,
And let him to Thy glory live.
- 2 Thy minister for good
To us he long hath been,
And in the gap hath stood ;
And still he stands between
Thy little flock and papal power,
Nor lets the *Romish* wolf devour
- 3 His mild and gentle sway
Hath check'd our brethren's rage,
And spoil'd them of their prey,
And saved Thine heritage,
Who still, with his protection blest.
Beneath his sacred shadow rest.
- 4 O for Thy Jesus' sake,
Thy *Sion's* debt restore,
And pay the blessing back
In Thy protecting power ;
Ten thousand thousand blessings shed
In showers on our defender's head.

- 5 Prolong his glorious race,
 And let him late remove
 To see Thy blissful face,
 And take his seat above ;
Keep, till his full reward is given,
And guard him to a throne in heaven.

XIV.

- 1 THE Lord is King, ye saints rejoice,
 And ceaseless Hallelujahs sing !
The angry floods lift up their voice
 In vain, for lo ! the Lord is King.
- 2 All ocean's waves may swell and roar,
 They cannot break their sandy chain ;
Supreme in majesty and power
 Jehovah shall for ever reign.
- 3 Though war's devouring surges rise,
 Beyond their bounds they cannot go ;
Jehovah sits above the skies,
 And rules the' embattled hosts below.
- 4 The counsels vain of earthly kings
 He blasts and baffles at His will,
All their designs to naught He brings,
 And bids the madding world be still.
- 5 'Tis God who bids contentions cease,
 And makes the flames of war expire,
Destroys the cruel foes of peace,
 And burns the weapons of His ire.

- 6 Wherefore to Him our souls we raise,
Our souls are in His mighty hand;
We dwell within His secret place,
We on the Rock of Ages stand.
- 7 Thou, Lord, shalt take Thy people's part,
Our lives beneath Thy shadow hide:
Head over all to us Thou art,
To us, who in Thy name confide.
- 8 Jesus, we trust in Thee alone :
The strength that in Thy name we have,
The love that still preserves Thine own,
Through all eternity shall save.

XV.

- 1 HEAD of Thy church triumphant,
We joyfully adore Thee ;
Till Thou appear,
Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory.
We lift our hearts and voices
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud,
And give to God
The praise of our salvation.
- 2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise
Which knows our days,
And ever brings us nigher.

We clap our hands exulting
In Thine almighty favour ;
The love Divine
Which made us Thine
Shall keep us Thine for ever.

- 3 Thou dost conduct Thy people
Through torrents of temptation,
Nor will we fear,
While Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation.
The world with sin and Satan
In vain our march opposes,
Through Thee we shall
Break through them all
And sing the song of *Moses*.

- 4 By faith we see the glory
To which Thou shalt restore us,
The cross despise
For that high prize
Which Thou hast set before us.
And if Thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying *Stephen*,
Shall see Thee stand
At God's right hand
To take us up to heaven.

FINIS.

[The two Hymns which follow were published about the same time with the tracts between which they are now placed ; being appended to " A Word in Season, or Advice to an Englishman," which was written in 1745.]

AN HYMN.

- 1 REGARD, Thou righteous God and true,
 Regard Thy weeping people's prayer,
 Before the sword our land go through,
 Before Thy latest plague we bear,
 Let all to Thee their smiter turn,
 Let all beneath Thine anger mourn.
- 2 The sword which first bereaved abroad,
 We now within our borders see:
 We see but slight Thy nearer rod,
 So oft, so kindly warn'd by Thee :
 We still Thy warning love despise,
 And dare Thine utmost wrath to rise.
- 3 Yet for the faithful remnant's sake,
 Thine utmost wrath awhile defer,
 If haply we at last may wake,
 And trembling at destruction near
 The cause of all our evils own,
 And leave the sins for which we groan.
- 4 Or if the wicked will not mourn
 And 'scape the long-suspended blow.
 Yet shall it to Thy glory turn,
 Yet shall they all Thy patience know,
 Thy slighted love and mercy clear,
 And vindicate Thy justice here.

FOR HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE.

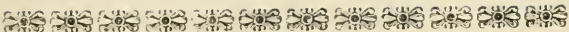
- 1 IMMORTAL King of kings,
 Whose favour or whose frown
 Monarchs and states to honour brings,
 Or turns them upside down ;

To Thee in danger's hour
We for our sovereign cry,
Protect him by Thy gracious power,
And set him up on high.

2 Not by a mighty host
Can he deliver'd be;
Let others in their numbers trust,
We look, O Lord, to Thee:
Help to Thy servant send,
And strengthen from above,
And still Thy minister defend
By Thine almighty love.

3 The Spirit of Thy grace,
Thy heavenly unction shed,
And hosts of guardian angels place
Around his sacred head:
Confound whoe'er oppose,
Or force them to retire;
Be Thou a tower against his foes,
Be Thou a wall of fire.

4 O bring him out of all
His *sanctified* distress,
And by his name Thy servant call,
And fill him with Thy peace;
Show him, Almighty Lord,
That Thou his Saviour art,
And speak the soul-converting word,
My son, give Me thy heart!



H Y M N S

F O R

Times of Trouble.

*Wherefore glorify ye the Lord in the Fires, even the Name
of the Lord GOD of Israel in the Isles of the Sea.*

Isaiah xxiv. 15.

H Y M N S

FOR

TIMES OF TROUBLE.

HYMN I.

- 1 My present Help in trouble,
My soul's eternal Lover,
Beneath Thy shade
I hide my head
Till all the storm is over.
O bring me by Thy mercy
Through this severe temptation,
And all day long
My joyful song
Shall publish Thy salvation.
- 2 Thine arm is still unshorten'd,
And ready to deliver,
Thy glorious name
Remains the same,
A Rock that stands for ever.
This, this is our sure refuge,
When earth and hell oppress us,
For earth and hell
Bow down, and feel
The' almighty name of Jesus.

- 3 Jesus, by faith I place me
Beneath Thy name's protection :
While Thou art nigh
I dare defy
The hellish insurrection.
On the accusing serpent
After Thy great example
Fearless I tread,
And bruise his head,
And on his kingdom trample.
- 4 I now admire the worthies,
And saints in sacred story ;
Their steps pursue,
Their wonders do,
And emulate their glory.
By faith they wax'd courageous,
And bade their foes defiance,
Strong in the Lord,
Escaped the sword,
And stopp'd the mouths of lions.
- 5 By faith they conquer'd kingdoms,
And higher rose and higher,
March'd through the sea
Convoy'd by Thee,
And walk'd unhurt in fire.
Them in the burning furnace
Thou didst, O Lord, deliver :
And in the flame
Thy help I claim,
And trust in Thee for ever.

- 6 I ask Thy promised succours,
Nor fear I a denial :
Thou Son of Man,
My soul sustain
Throughout the fiery trial.
With Thine almighty presence
Let me be still attended,
And lo ! I dwell
Secure in hell
Till all my days are ended.
-

HYMN II.

- 1 SAFE in the fiery furnace,
Joyful in tribulation,
My soul adores
With all its powers
The God of my salvation.
Walking through fire and water
I find His presence cheering,
By faith I see
The Deity,
And shout at His appearing.
- 2 The fire of persecution,
The floods of sin, surround me,
The flames forget
Their power to heat,
The waters cannot drown me.
Midst undevouring lions
The Saviour's arms embrace me,
And from their den
He up again
Shall for His glory raise me.

- 3 Kept by the strength of Jesus,
Almighty to deliver,
I find His name
Is still the same,
A Tower that stands for ever.
The wrath of men and devils
With feeble malice rages,
They cannot shock
Me on the Rock
Of everlasting Ages.
- 4 I see stretch'd out to save me
The arm of my Redeemer :
That arm shall quell
The powers of hell,
And silence the blasphemer.
The God of my salvation,
The mighty Serpent-bruise,
Shall soon o'erthrow
The brethren's foe,
And cast down our accuser.
- 5 He gives me now a token
Of His protecting favour,
I shall be more
Than conqueror
Through Thee my loving Saviour.
I render Thee the glory,
I know Thou wilt deliver:
But let me rise
Above the skies,
And praise Thy love for ever.
-

HYMN III.

- 1 SOME put their trust in chariots,
And horses some rely on,
But God alone
Our help we own,
God is the strength of *Sion*.
His name we will remember
In every sore temptation,
And feel its powers,
For Christ is ours,
With all His great salvation.
- 2 We are His ransom'd people,
And He that bought will have us,
Secure from harm,
Whilst Jesus' arm
Is still stretch'd out to save us.
He out of all our troubles
Shall mightily deliver,
And then receive
Us up, to live
And reign with Him for ever.
-

HYMN IV.

- 1 How happy are we Who trust in the Lord!
Untroubled we see The imminent sword,
Our merciless hater We calmly defy,
Secure in a nature That never can die.
- 2 Destruction may come, The scourge may o'erflow,
And bloodthirsty *Rome* Our country o'erthrow;
May torture and burn us, But never can shock,
But never o'erturn us Who stand on *the Rock*.

- 3 The waster of *Rome* Is now on his way,
The lion is come To scatter and slay:
Beyond his fierce power We run to the Lamb,
And rest in the tower Of Jesus's name.
- 4 Our life is secure, And hidden above,
Our safety as sure As Jesus's love;
Our joy and our heaven Within us shall stay;
What Jesus hath given None taketh away.
- 5 In tumult and war His tokens we hear,
The noise of His car Proclaims our Prince near:
Plague, earthquake, and famine Are awfully join'd
To publish His coming, Who ransoms mankind.
- 6 We know that His word And promise are past;
Thy kingdom, O Lord, Shall triumph at last:
The kingdoms before Thee And nations shall fall,
And all men adore Thee, The Monarch of all.

HYMN V.

- 1 OMNIPOTENT Lord, Whom armies obey,
And lose at Thy word, Or carry the day;
With faithful affection To Thee let us cleave,
And in Thy protection Triumphantly live.
- 2 Thou great God of war, Thine *Israel* bless,
For conquest prepare, And grant us success:
With sorrow before Thee And shame let us fall,
And meekly adore Thee, The Saviour of all.
- 3 If first Thou chastise Our insolent boast,
Yet bid us arise As out of the dust;
In deep tribulation Thy power let us own,
Ascribing salvation To Jesus alone.

- 4 O Jesus, if now Too many we are,
Too stubborn to bow And seek Thee in prayer,
By judgments subdue us, But show us Thy grace,
But hasten to show us 'The light of Thy face.
- 5 When humbly on Thee Alone we depend,
We trust Thou wilt be Our helper and friend;
Go forth with our armies, Our leader and guide;
And nothing shall harm us With God on our side.
-

HYMN VI.

- 1 O SAVIOUR of all Who trust in Thy love
And faithfully call For help from above,
To our supplication In mercy attend,
And send us salvation, And victory send.
- 2 To Thee with our heart And spirit we cleave,
Who takest the part Of all that believe:
Our Lord we confess Thee, Whoever oppose,
And joyfully bless Thee In sight of Thy foes.
- 3 Pluck'd out of the flame, Thy soldiers we stand;
Fight under Thy name, And love Thy command:
Our Captain and Saviour Thee, Jesus, we hail,
And trust in Thy favour, Which never shall fail.
- 4 Whatever Thy will And wisdom ordain,
Our safety is still With Thee to remain:
Our lives are all hidden, Our souls are above,
And rest in the *Eden* Of ransoming love.
- 5 In Thee we have hope, In Thee we have peace,
And calmly go up To final success:
Thy fear is our treasure, Thy service our gain,
And we in Thy pleasure Eternally reign.
-

H Y M N S

FOR THE

Public Thanksgiving-Day,

October 9, 1746.



L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year, M DCC XLVI.

H Y M N S

FOR THE

PUBLIC THANKSGIVING-DAY,*

October 9th, 1746.

HYMN I. °

- 1 BRITONS, rejoice, the Lord is King !
The Lord of Hosts and nations sing,
Whose arm hath now your foes o'erthrown ;
Ascribe the praise to God alone,
The Giver of success proclaim,
And shout your thanks in Jesus' name !
- 2 'Twas not a feeble arm of ours
Which chased the fierce contending powers,
Jehovah turn'd the scale of fight,
Jehovah quell'd their boasted might,
And knapp'd their spears, and broke their swords,
And show'd—*the battle is the Lord's*.
- 3 He beckon'd to the savage band,
And bade them sweep through *half* the land :
The savage band their terror spread,
With *Rome* and Satan at their head,
But, stopp'd by His almighty breath,
Rush'd back—into the arms of death.

* For the victory of Culloden.

- 4 Thou Lord, alone, hast laid them low,
In pieces dash'd the' invading foe,
Thy breath which did their fury raise
Hath quench'd, at once, the sudden blaze,
Destroy'd the weapons of Thine ire,
And cast the rods into the fire.
- 5 O that we all might see the Hand
Which still protects a guilty land ;
Glory and strength ascribe to Thee
Who giv'st to kings the victory ;
And yield, while yet Thy Spirit strives,
And thank Thee with our hearts and lives !
- 6 O that we might to God rejoice,
And tremble at Thy mercy's voice :
Nor fondly dream the danger past,
While yet *our own* rebellions last !
O that our wars with heaven might cease,
And all receive the Prince of Peace !
- 7 Or if, before the scourge return,
The thankless crowd disdains to mourn,
Yet, Lord, with reverential joy,
We vow for Thee *our* all to' employ,
And bless Thee for the kind reprieve,
And to our Saviour's glory live.
- 8 Long as Thou lengthen'st out our days,
We live to testify Thy grace ;
Secure beneath Thy mercy's wings,
We triumph in the King of kings,
The Giver of success proclaim,
And shout our thanks in Jesus' name.
-

HYMN II.

- 1 THANKS be to God, the God of power,
Who shelter'd us in danger's hour;
The God of truth, who heard the prayer,
Let all His faithfulness declare;
Who sent us succours from above,
Let all adore the God of love!
- 2 God sitting on His holy seat
Compels the heathen to submit,
The grasshoppers of earth He sees,
And mocks their prosperous wickedness,
Frustrates their counsels with a frown,
And turns their *Babels* upside down.
- 3 His eye observed the dark design,
To blast our rightful monarch's line,
The scheme in Satan's *conclave* laid,
Improved by *Rome's* unerring head,
To gall us with their yoke abhorr'd,
And plant *their* faith with fire and sword.
- 4 He saw the serpent's egg break forth,
The cloud arising in the north,
He let the *slighted* mischief spread,
And hang in thunder o'er our head;
And while we scorn'd our abject foes,
The drop into a torrent rose.
- 5 Lured by the grateful scent of blood,
The vultures hasten'd to their food,
The aliens urged their rapid way,
Resolved to die, or win the day;
Madly resolved their doom to brave,
And gain a *kingdom or a grave*.

- 6 Swell'd to an host, the daring few
Through ours as waving lightning flew,
Rush'd on with *unresisted* power,
And scaled the wall, and storm'd the tower,
While God *seem'd* pleased their cause to bless,
And cursed them with a short success.
- 7 Drunk with the bold aspiring hope,
Behold them march triumphant up ;
Of conquest fatally secure,
They vow to make our ruin sure,
And shout around our threaten'd towers,
“ *The day, the crown, and all is ours !*”
- 8 Who was it then dispersed the snare,
And choked those ravening dogs of war ?
Jehovah curb'd their furious speed,
Jehovah sent the panic dread,
And damp'd and fill'd them with dismay,
And scared the vultures from their prey.
- 9 His hidden power controll'd the foe,
And said, “ No farther shalt thou go.”
His bridle in their mouths they found,
And fled subdued without a wound,
(As stubble by the whirlwind driven,)
They fled before the frown of heaven.
- 10 Thanks be to God, the God of power,
Who shelter'd us in danger's hour ;
The God of truth, who heard the prayer,
Let all His faithfulness declare ;
Who sent deliverance from above,
Let all adore the God of love !
-

HYMN III.

- 1 STILL let us in our rising song
Pursue the wild rebellious throng,
With tenfold rage and fury fired,
With all the zeal of hell inspired,
The sons of *Rome* and Satan see,
And trace them to their destiny.
- 2 Bold they return to sure success,
Whom all *the saints* conspire to bless,
Supported by their friends *beneath*,
In covenant with hell and death ;
And *Spanish* gold, and *Gallic* pride,
And *Holy Church* is on their side.
- 3 See how they fly to set us free
From all our *northern heresy*,
Our feuds and grievances to heal,
And purge the land with northern steel,
Bring back to *their* infernal god,
And re-baptize us in our blood.
- 4 Bent to devour the total prey,
They leave our troops an open way,
An uncontested passage yield,
And draw their conquerors to the field,
And, sworn our ruin to secure,
They make their own destruction sure.
- 5 Lo ! the audacious hopes of *Rome*
Rush headlong to their instant doom,
Slaughter and threats the aliens breathe,
Nor see the Lord of life and death,
Till struck with lightning from His eye,
They fear, they turn, they fall, they die !

- 6 How are the mighty fallen ! dead !
Who fill'd our conscious land with dread ;
Perish'd the keenest tools of war,
The crafty caught in their own snare,
And Antichrist robb'd of his plea,
His blind infallibility !
- 7 'T was not the *number* of our hosts,
That baffled all their furious boasts,
Our wisdom did not cast them down,
Our courage, Lord, was not *our own* ;
From Thee the sacred ardour came,
And WILLIAM* breathed an heavenly flame !
- 8 O let him thankfully submit
To lay his laurels at Thy feet,
By faith a *Christian* hero stand,
And hang on Thine all-ruling hand,
Supporter of his father's throne,
Upheld himself by Thee alone !
- 9 Give him, and us, and all to see
Our strength and life secured in Thee,
By whom Thy dread vicegerents reign,
And righteous kings their sway maintain,
Assured, who on Thy love depend,
Their God and Maker is their friend.
- 10 O that we all may seek and find
The Saviour, Friend of human kind,
People and prince be still employ'd
To' ensure the lasting peace of God,
And strive, till all obtain above
Eternal rest in Jesus' love !

* The Duke of Cumberland commanding His Majesty's forces.

HYMN IV.

- 1 JOIN all who know the Name
That sure deliverance brings,
The conquering God proclaim,
The guardian King of kings :
Saved from the peril of the sword,
Rejoice, and glory in the Lord.
- 2 He on our *Israel's* side
In glorious power hath stood,
And quell'd their cruel pride,
Who thirsted for our blood :
Saved from the peril of the sword,
Rejoice, and glory in the Lord.
- 3 Forth with our armies went
The God of victory,
And bless'd the instrument
That set our nation free :
Saved from the peril of the sword,
Rejoice, and glory in the Lord.
- 4 The means His wisdom chose
We honour, and *look through*
To Him, who all our foes,
When flush'd with conquest, slew :
Saved from the peril of the sword,
Rejoice, and glory in the Lord.
- 5 Wisdom as strength belongs
To Jesu's only name,
He claims our thankful songs,
From whom our safety came :
Saved from the peril of the sword,
Rejoice, and glory in the Lord.

- 6 To Him let us restore
 The lives He doth redeem,
 And praise Him evermore,
 And live and die to Him:
 Saved from the peril of the sword,
 Rejoice, and glory in the Lord.
-

HYMN V.

- 1 WHAT recompence, or meet reward
 Shall sinners render to the Lord
 For all His saving grace?
 We only can with thanks receive
 The utmost grace He deigns to give,
 And sing the Giver's praise.
- 2 Saved from the *Romish* fowler's snare,
 Our Saviour's glory to declare
 We joyfully agree:
 Jesus, we now Thy praise proclaim,
 And rescued by Thy conquering name,
 Give back our lives to Thee.
- 3 Thou hast Thy praying remnant heard,
 Thou hast our sinful *Sodom* spared
 For the ten righteous' sake:
 Thou between God and us hast stood,
 And pleaded Thine atoning blood,
 And turn'd the waster back.
- 4 Pluck'd as a brand out of the fire,
 Let us to greater things aspire,
 And mightier wonders see,
 Deliverance from death, hell, and sin,
 From all these rebel foes *within*,
 And more than victory.

- 5 Jesu, convert and stir us up
With transport to receive the cup
Of full salvation *here* :
And let us then by love restored
Behold Thee, our triumphant Lord,
With all Thy saints *appear* !
-

HYMN VI.

- 1 GOD of love, who hear'st the prayer
Offer'd for a guilty land,
Thou dost yet Thy wrath forbear,
Hold awhile Thy lifted hand ;
Thou with bowels of compassion
Giv'st us still a longer space :
Turn us then, the sinful nation
Conquer by Thy pardoning grace.
- 2 Thee in dreadful indignation
Marching through the land we saw,
Stopp'd by *Israel's* supplication,
Lo ! Thou dost the scourge withdraw :
O that all might hear and tremble
At the long-suspended rod,
All in Jesu's name assemble,
All confess the Son of God.
- 3 Grant us in this awful crisis,
Hearts Thy warning to receive,
Hearts to cast away our vices,
Hearts to sorrow and believe :
Humbly at Thy footstool mourning,
Let us groan Thy face to see,
Let us all at last returning
Find our help and rest in Thee.

- 4 Come, the contrite heart's Desire,
Friend of helpless sinners, come !
Hear and answer us by fire,
All our sins forgive—consume,
Humble us, and *then* deliver
Whom Thou dost awhile reprove,
Save us then, and save for ever,
God of everlasting love !
-

HYMN VII.

- 1 WHILE void of care, the cheerful crowd
In shouts and acclamations loud
The festal time employ ;
Let us, who still the rod revere,
With pitying grief and humble fear
Correct the lighter joy.
- 2 Not but Thou read'st our thankful heart,
Thankful that Thou hast took our part,
And saved the sinful land ;
Thou hast preserved the best of kings,
And shadow'd with thy mercy's wings
The man of Thy right hand.
- 3 Yet must we, Lord, with shame confess,
Nor for our nation's righteousness
Hast Thou deliverance sent,
But grantest us a longer space,
To try, if those who scorn'd Thy grace
Will now at last repent.

- 4 Thou hast not dropp'd Thy quarrel, Lord,
Thou hast not from the threatening sword
Revoked its charge to kill :
Thine anger is not turn'd away,
Thy justice still demands its prey,
Thine hand is stretch'd out still.
- 5 Conquerors of our intestine foes,
We spurn the authors of our woes ;
But can our tears be dry
While just necessity commands,
And slaughter'd by *fraternal* hands,
Whole troops of *Britons* die ?
- 6 Thousands to their account are fled
With all their sins upon their head,
(Sins against man and God,)
Their lives are lost to ransom ours :
And still the sword *abroad* devours,
And thirsts for nobler blood.
- 7 The man who sits on the *red* horse
Holds on his bloody rapid course,
And peace from earth destroys ;
And O ! what crowds of *Britain's* sons
Have own'd his power in dying groans,
And answer'd to his voice !
- 8 O might we mercy seek and find,
Ere yet he calls the man behind,
Who rides the *sable* steed ;
Ere yet the meagre form appears,
With a long train of dearthy years,
And famine lifts his head.

- 9 Before with fruitless horror we
 The man on the *pale* courser see,
 And feel his blasting breath,
 Jesu, regard the nation's cry,
 Reverse our doom, nor let us die
 The *pestilential* death.
- 10 O might we all to Thee submit,
 And fall, and kiss Thy bleeding feet,
 And own Thee for our King,
 Bright in Thy glorious image rise,
 And rapt at last above the skies,
 Thine endless praises sing.
-



H Y M N S

FOR THE

NATIVITY

OF

OUR LORD.



H Y M N S

FOR THE

NATIVITY OF OUR LORD.

HYMN I.

- 1 YE simple men of heart sincere,
 Shepherds who watch your flocks by night,
Start not to see an angel near,
 Nor tremble at this glorious light.
 - 2 An herald from the heavenly King,
 I come your every fear to chase:
Good tidings of great joy I bring,
 Great joy to all the fallen race !
 - 3 To you is born on this glad day
 A Saviour, by our host adored ;
Our God in *Bethlehem* survey,
 Make haste to worship Christ the Lord.
 - 4 By this the Saviour of mankind,
 The' incarnate God, shall be display'd,
The Babe ye wrapp'd in swathes shall find
 And humbly in a manger laid.
-

HYMN II.

- 1 YE heavenly choir, Assist me to sing,
And strike the soft lyre, And honour our King :
His mighty salvation Demands all our praise,
Our best adoration, And loftiest lays.
 - 2 All glory to God, Who ruleth on high,
And now hath bestow'd And sent from the sky
Christ Jesus the Saviour, Poor mortals to bless :
The pledge of His favour, The seal of His peace.
-

HYMN III.

- 1 ANGELS speak, let men give ear,
Sent from high, They are nigh,
And forbid our fear.
- 2 News they bring us of salvation,
Sounds of joy To employ
Every tongue and nation.
- 3 Welcome tidings ! to retrieve us
From our fall, Born for all,
Christ is born to save us.
- 4 Born His creatures to restore,
Abject earth Sees His birth,
Whom the heavens adore.
- 5 Wrapp'd in swathes the' immortal Stranger.
Man with men, We have seen
Lying in a manger.
- 6 All to God's free grace is owing ;
We are His Witnesses,
Poor and nothing knowing.

- 7 Simple shepherds us He raises,
Bids us sing Christ the King,
And show forth His praises.
- 8 We have seen the King of Glory,
We proclaim Christ His name,
And record His story.
- 9 Sing we with the host of heaven,
Reconciled By a Child
Who to us is given.
- 10 Glory be to God the Giver,
Peace and love From above
Reign on earth for ever.
-

HYMN IV.

- 1 GLORY be to God on high,
And peace on earth descend ;
God comes down : He bows the sky,
And shows Himself our Friend !
God the' invisible *appears*,
God, the blest, the great I AM,
Sojourns in this vale of tears,
And Jesus is His name.
- 2 Him the angels all adored,
Their Maker and their King :
Tidings of their humbled Lord
They now to mortals bring :
Emptied of His majesty,
Of His dazzling glories shorn,
Being's Source *begins to be*,
And God Himself is born !

- 3 See the' eternal Son of God
 A mortal son of man,
 Dwelling in an earthly clod,
 Whom heaven cannot contain !
 Stand amazed, ye heavens, at this !
 See the Lord of earth and skies !
 Humbled to the dust He is,
 And in a manger lies !
- 4 We the sons of men rejoice,
 The Prince of Peace proclaim,
 With heaven's host lift up our voice,
 And shout *Immanuel's* name :
 Knees and hearts to Him we bow,
 Of our flesh, and of our bone,
 Jesus is our brother now,
 And God is all our own !

HYMN V.

- 1 LET earth and heaven combine,
 Angels and men agree,
 To praise in songs Divine
 The' incarnate Deity,
 Our God contracted to a span,
 Incomprehensibly made man.
- 2 He laid His glory by,
 He wrapp'd Him in our clay,
 Unmark'd by human eye
 The latent Godhead lay ;
 Infant of days He here became,
 And bore the mild *Immanuel's* name.

- 3 See in that Infant's face
 The depths of Deity,
 And labour while ye gaze
 To sound the mystery :
In vain ; ye angels, gaze no more,
But fall, and silently adore.
- 4 Unsearchable the love
 That hath the Saviour brought,
 The grace is far above
 Or man or angel's thought ;
Suffice for us, that God we know,
Our God is manifest below.
- 5 He deigns in flesh to' appear,
 Widest extremes to join,
 To bring our vileness near,
 And make us all Divine ;
And we the life of God shall know,
For God is manifest below.
- 6 Made perfect first in love,
 And sanctified by grace,
 We shall from earth remove,
 And see His glorious face ;
His love shall then be fully show'd,
And man shall all be lost in God.
-

HYMN VI.

- 1 JOIN, all ye joyful nations,
 The' acclaiming host of heaven !
 This happy morn
 A Child is born,
 To us a Son is given :

The messenger and token
Of God's eternal favour,
God hath sent down
To us His Son,
An universal Saviour !

- 2 The wonderful Messias,
The Joy of every nation,
Jesus His name,
With God the same,
The Lord of all creation :

The Counsellor of sinners,
Almighty to deliver,
The Prince of Peace
Whose love's increase
Shall reign in man for ever.

- 3 Go see the King of Glory,
Discern the heavenly Stranger,
So poor and mean,
His court an inn,
His cradle is a manger :

Who from His Father's bosom,
But now for us descended,
Who built the skies,
On earth He lies,
With only beasts attended.

- 4 Whom all the angels worship
Lies hid in human nature ;
Incarnate see
The Deity,
The infinite Creator :

- See the stupendous blessing
Which God to us hath given,
A child of man,
In length a span,
Who fills both earth and heaven.
- 5 Gaze on that helpless Object
Of endless adoration !
Those infant hands
Shall burst our bands,
And work out our salvation :
Strangle the crooked serpent,
Destroy his works for ever,
And open set
The heavenly gate
To every true believer.
- 6 Till then, Thou holy Jesus,
We humbly bow before Thee,
Our treasures bring
To serve our King,
And joyfully adore Thee :
To Thee we gladly render
Whate'er Thy grace hath given,
Till Thou appear
In glory here,
And take us up to heaven.
-

HYMN VII.

- 1 ALL glory to God, And peace upon earth.
Be publish'd abroad At Jesus's birth ;
The forfeited favour Of heaven we find
Restored in the Saviour And Friend of mankind.

-
- 2 Then let us behold Messiah the Lord,
By prophets foretold, By angels adored ;
Our God's incarnation With angels proclaim,
And publish salvation In Jesus's name.
- 3 Our newly born King By faith we have seen,
And joyfully sing His goodness to men,
That all men may wonder At what we impart,
And thankfully ponder His love in their heart.
- 4 What moved the Most High So greatly to stoop ?
He comes from the sky Our souls to lift up ;
That sinners forgiven Might sinless return
To God and to heaven ; Their Maker is born.
- 5 Immanuel's love Let sinners confess,
Who comes from above, To bring us His peace :
Let every believer His mercy adore,
And praise Him for ever, When time is no more.
-

HYMN VIII.

- 1 AWAY with our fears !
The Godhead appears
In Christ reconciled,
The Father of Mercies in Jesus the Child.
- 2 He comes from above,
In manifest love,
The Desire of our eyes,
The meek Lamb of God in a manger He lies.
- 3 At Immanuel's birth
What a triumph on earth !
Yet could it afford
No better a place for its heavenly Lord !

- 4 The Ancient of Days
 To redeem a lost race,
 From His glory comes down,
Self-humbled to carry us up to a crown.
- 5 Made flesh for our sake,
 That we might partake
 The nature Divine,
And again in His image, His holiness shine ;
- 6 An heavenly birth
 Experience on earth,
 And rise on His throne,
And live with our Jesus eternally one.
- 7 Then let us believe,
 And gladly receive
 The tidings they bring,
Who publish to sinners their Saviour and King.
- 8 And while we are here
 Our King shall appear,
 His Spirit impart,
And form His full image of love in our heart.
-

HYMN IX.

- 1 FATHER, our hearts we lift
 Up to Thy gracious throne,
And bless Thee for the precious gift
 Of Thine incarnate Son ;
 The Gift unspeakable
 We thankfully receive,
And to the world Thy goodness tell,
 And to Thy glory live.

- 2 Jesus, the holy child,
Doth by His birth declare
That God and man are reconciled,
And one in Him we are :
Salvation through His name
To all mankind is given,
And loud His infant cries proclaim
A peace 'twixt earth and heaven.
- 3 A peace on earth He brings,
Which never more shall end :
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings,
Declares Himself our friend :
Assumes our flesh and blood,
That we His Spirit may gain ;
The everlasting Son of God,
The mortal son of man.
- 4 His kingdom from above
He doth to us impart,
And pure benevolence and love
O'erflow the faithful heart :
Changed in a moment, we
The sweet attraction find,
With open arms of charity
Embracing all mankind.
- 5 O might they all receive
The new-born Prince of Peace,
And meekly in His Spirit live,
And in His love increase !
Till He convey us home,
Cry every soul aloud,
Come, Thou Desire of nations, come,
And take us all to God.

HYMN X.

- 1 COME, Thou long expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free,
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee :
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art,
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.
 - 2 Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a child and yet a king,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring :
By Thy own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone,
By Thy all-sufficient merit
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.
-

HYMN XI.

- 1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and by Thy love's revealing
Dissipate the clouds beneath :
The new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring eyesight on our eyes.
- 2 Still we wait for Thy appearing,
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart :

Come and manifest the favour
 God hath for our ransom'd race ;
 Come, Thou universal Saviour,
 Come, and bring the gospel grace.

- 3 Save us in Thy great compassion,
 O Thou mild pacific Prince,
 Give the knowledge of salvation,
 Give the pardon of our sins ;
 By Thine all-restoring merit
 Every burden'd soul release,
 Every weary, wandering spirit
 Guide into Thy perfect peace.

HYMN XII.

- 1 SING, ye ransom'd nations, sing
 Praises to our new-born King,
 Son of Man our Maker is,
 Lord of Hosts and Prince of Peace.
- 2 Lo ! He lays His glory by,
 Emptied of His majesty ;
 See the God who all things made,
 Humbly in a manger laid.
- 3 Cast we off our needless fear,
 Boldly to His cratch draw near,
 Jesus is our flesh and bone,
 God *with us* is all our own.
- 4 Let us then with angels gaze
 On our new-born Monarch's face,
 With the choir celestial join'd,
 Shout the Saviour of mankind.

- 5 Son of Man, will He despise
Man's well-meaning sacrifice?
No ; with condescending grace
He accepts His creature's praise.
- 6 Will His majesty disdain
The poor shepherds' simple strain?
No ; for *Israel's* Shepherd, He
Loves their artless melody.
- 7 He will not refuse the song
Of the stammering infant's tongue,
Babes He hears humanely mild,
Once Himself a little child.
- 8 Let us then our Prince proclaim,
Humbly chant *Immanuel's* name,
Publish at His wondrous birth
Praise in heaven, and peace on earth !
- 9 Triumph in our Saviour's love,
Till He takes us up above,
All His majesty displays,
Shows us all His glorious face.
-

HYMN XIII.

- 1 LET angels and archangels sing
The wonderful *Immanuel's* name,
Adore with us our new-born King,
And still the joyful news proclaim ;
All earth and heaven be ever join'd,
To praise the Saviour of mankind.

- 2 The everlasting God comes down
 To sojourn with the sons of men ;
Without His majesty or crown
 The Great Invisible is *seen* ;
Of all His dazzling glories shorn,
The everlasting God is born !
- 3 Angels, behold that Infant's face,
 With rapturous awe the Godhead own :
'Tis all your heaven on Him to gaze,
 And cast your crowns before His throne ;
Though now He on His footstool lies,
Ye know He built both earth and skies.
- 4 By Him into existence brought,
 Ye sang the all-creating word ;
Ye heard Him call our world from nought ;
 Again, in honour of your Lord,
Ye morning stars, your hymns employ,
And shout, ye sons of God, for joy.
-

HYMN XIV.

- 1 O ASTONISHING grace,
 That the reprobate race
 Should be so reconciled !
What a wonder of wonders that God is a child !
- 2 The Creator of all,
 To repair our sad fall,
 From heaven stoops down ;
Lays hold of our nature, and joins to His own.

- 3 Our Immanuel came,
 The whole world to redeem,
 And incarnated show'd
 That man may again be united to God !
- 4 And shall we not hope
 After God to wake up,
 His nature to know ?
 His nature is spotless perfection below.
- 5 To this heavenly prize
 By faith let us rise,
 To His image ascend ;
 Apprehended of God, let us God apprehend.
-

HYMN XV.

- 1 ALL-WISE, all-good, almighty Lord,
 Jesus, by highest heavens adored,
 Ere time its course began,
 How did Thy glorious mercy stoop
 To take the fallen nature up,
 When Thou Thyself wert man !
- 2 The' eternal God from heaven came down,
 The King of Glory dropp'd His crown,
 And veil'd His majesty ;
 Emptied of all but love He came ;
 Jesus, I call Thee by the name
 Thy pity bore for me.
- 3 O Holy Child, still let Thy birth
 Bring peace to us poor worms on earth,
 And praise to God on high !

Come, Thou who didst my flesh assume,
Now to the abject sinner come,
And in a manger lie.

4 Didst Thou not in Thy person join
The natures human and Divine,
That God and man might be
Henceforth inseparably one?
Haste then, and make Thy nature known,
Incarnated in me.

5 In my weak sinful flesh appear,
O God, be manifested here,
Peace, righteousness, and joy,
Thy kingdom, Lord, set up within
My faithful heart ; and all my sin,
The devil's work, destroy.

6 I long Thy coming to confess,
The mystic power of godliness,
The life Divine to prove :
The fulness of Thy life to know,
Redeem'd from all my sin below,
And perfected in love.

7 O Christ, my Hope, make known in me
The great, the glorious mystery,
The hidden life impart :
Come, Thou Desire of nations, come,
Form'd in a spotless virgin's womb,
A pure believing heart.

8 Come quickly, gracious Lord, that I
May own, though antichrist deny,
Thy incarnation's power.

May cry, a witness to my Lord,
"Come in my flesh is Christ the Word,
And I can sin no more!"

HYMN XVI.

- 1 O MERCY Divine,
How couldst Thou incline,
My God, to become such an infant as *mine*?
- 2 What a wonder of grace,
The Ancient of Days
Is found in the likeness of *Adam's* frail race !
- 3 He comes from on high,
Who fashion'd the sky,
And meekly vouchsafes in a manger to lie.
- 4 Our God, ever blest,
With oxen doth rest,
Is nursed by His creature, and hangs at the breast.
- 5 So heavenly mild
His innocence smiled,
No wonder the mother should worship the Child.
- 6 The angels she knew
Had worshipp'd Him too,
And still they confess adoration His due.
- 7 On Jesus's face
With eager amaze,
And pleasures ecstatic, the cherubim gaze.
- 8 Their newly born King
Transported they sing,
And heaven and earth with the triumph cloth ring.

- 9 The shepherds behold
 Him promised of old
By angels attended, by prophets foretold.
- 10 The wise men adore,
 And bring Him their store,
The rich are permitted to follow the poor.
- 11 To the inn they repair,
 To see the young Heir ;
The inn is a palace, for Jesus is there.
- 12 Who now would be great,
 And not rather wait
On Jesus, their Lord, in His humble estate ?
- 13 Like Him would I be,
 My Master I see
In a stable ; a stable shall satisfy me.
- 14 With Him I reside ;
 The manger shall hide
Mine honour, the manger shall bury my pride.
- 15 And here will I lie,
 Till raised up on high,
With Him on the cross, I recover the sky.
-

HYMN XVII.

- 1 WHERE is the holy heaven-born Child,
 Heir of the everlasting throne,
Who heaven and earth hath reconciled,
 And God and man rejoin'd in one ?

-
- 2 Shall we of earthly kings inquire,
To courts or palaces repair ?
The nation's Hope, the world's Desire,
Alas ! we cannot find Him there.
- 3 Shall learning show the Sinner's Friend,
Or scribes a sight of Christ afford ?
Us to His natal place they send,
But never go to see the Lord.
- 4 We search the outward church in vain,
They cannot Him we seek declare,
They have not found the Son of Man,
Or known the sacred Name they bear.
- 5 Then let us turn no more aside,
But use the Light Himself imparts ;
His Spirit is our surest guide,
His Spirit glimmering in our hearts.
- 6 Drawn by His grace we come from far,
And fix on heaven our wishful eyes ;
That ray Divine, that orient star
Directs us where the Infant lies.
- 7 See there ! The new-born Saviour see,
By faith discern the great I AM ;
'Tis He ! The eternal God ! 'Tis He
That bears the mild *Immanuel's* name.
- 8 The Prince of Peace on earth is found,
The Child is born, the Son is given,
Tell it to all the nations round,
Jehovah is come down from heaven.

- 9 Jehovah is come down to raise
His dying creatures from their fall,
And all may now receive the grace
Which brings eternal life to all.
- 10 Lord, *we* receive the grace, and Thee,
With joy unspeakable receive,
And rise Thine open face to see,
And one with God for ever live.
-

HYMN XVIII.

- 1 ALL glory to God in the sky,
And peace upon earth be restored !
O Jesus, exalted on high,
Appear, our omnipotent Lord !
Who, meanly in *Bethlehem* born,
Didst stoop to redeem a lost race,
Once more to Thy creatures return,
And reign in Thy kingdom of grace.
- 2 When Thou in our flesh didst appear,
All nature acknowledged Thy birth ;
Arose the acceptable year,
And heaven was open'd on earth ;
Receiving its Lord from above,
The world was united to bless
The Giver of concord and love,
The Prince and the Author of peace.
- 3 O wouldst Thou again be made known,
Again in Thy Spirit descend,
And set up in each of Thine own
A kingdom that never shall end !

- Thou only art able to bless,
And make the glad nations obey,
And bid the dire enmity cease,
And bow the whole world to Thy sway.
- 4 Come then to Thy servants again,
Who long Thy appearing to know,
Thy quiet and peaceable reign
In mercy establish below :
All sorrow before Thee shall fly,
And anger and hatred be o'er,
And envy and malice shall die,
And discord afflict us no more.
- 5 No horrid alarum of war
Shall break our eternal repose,
No sound of the trumpet is there,
Where Jesus's Spirit o'erflows :
Appeas'd by the charms of Thy grace
We all shall in amity join,
And kindly each other embrace,
And love with a passion like Thine.
-

H Y M N S

F O R O U R

LORD'S Resurrection.

The THIRD EDITION.



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H Y M N S

FOR OUR

LORD'S RESURRECTION.

HYMN I.

- 1 ALL ye that seek the Lord who died,
Your God for sinners crucified,
Prevent the earliest dawn, and come
To worship at His sacred tomb.
- 2 Bring the sweet spices of your sighs,
Your contrite hearts, and streaming eyes,
Your sad complaints, and humble fears ;
Come, and embalm Him with your tears.
- 3 While thus ye love your souls to' employ,
Your sorrow shall be turn'd to joy :
Now, now let all your grief be o'er !
Believe ; and ye shall weep no more.
- 4 An earthquake hath the cavern shook,
And burst the door, and rent the rock ;
The Lord hath sent His angel down,
And he hath roll'd away the stone.

- 5 As snow behold his garment white,
His countenance as lightning bright :
He sits, and waves a flaming sword,
And waits upon his rising Lord.
- 6 The third auspicious morn is come,
And calls your Saviour from the tomb,
The bands of death are torn away,
The yawning tomb gives back its prey.
- 7 Could neither seal nor stone secure,
Nor men, nor devils make it sure ?
The seal is broke, the stone cast by,
And all the powers of darkness fly.
- 8 The Body breathes, and lifts His head,
The keepers sink, and fall as dead,
The dead restored to life appear,
The living quake and die for fear.
- 9 The Lord of life is risen indeed,
To death deliver'd in your stead ;
His rise proclaims your sins forgiven,
And shows the living way to heaven.
- 10 Haste then, ye souls that first believe,
Who dare the gospel word receive,
Your faith with joyful hearts confess,
Be bold, be Jesus' witnesses.
- 11 Go tell the followers of your Lord
Their Jesus is to life restored ;
He lives, that they His life may find ;
He lives to quicken all mankind.
-

HYMN II.

- 1 SINNERS, dismiss your fear,
 The joyful tidings hear !
This the word that Jesus said,
 O believe and feel it true,
Christ is risen from the dead,
 Lives the Lord who died for you !
- 2 Haste, to His tomb repair,
 And see the tokens there ;
See the place where Jesus lay,
 Mark the burial clothes He wore,
Angels near His relics stay,
 Guards of Him who dies no more.
- 3 Why then art thou cast down,
 Thou poor afflicted one ?
Full of doubts, and griefs, and fears,
 Look into that open grave !
Died He not to dry thy tears ?
 Rose He not thy soul to save ?
- 4 Know'st thou not where to find
 The Saviour of mankind ?
He hath borne Himself away,
 He from death Himself hath freed,
He on the third glorious day
 Rose triumphant from the dead.
- 5 To purge thy guilty stain
 He died, and rose again :
Wherefore dost thou weep and mourn ?
 Sinner, lift thine heart and eye,
Turn thee, to thy Jesus turn,
 See thy loving Saviour nigh.

- 6 He comes His own to claim,
 He calls thee by thy name ;
Drooping soul, rejoice, rejoice,
 See Him there to life restored !
Mary—know thy Saviour's voice,
 Hear it, and reply, *My Lord* !
-

HYMN III.

- 1 *HAPPY Magdalene*, to whom
 Christ the Lord vouchsafed to' appear !
Newly risen from the tomb,
 Would He first be seen by her ?
Her by seven devils possess'd,
 'Till His word the fiends expell'd ;
Quench'd the hell within her breast,
 All her sins and sickness heal'd.
- 2 Yes, to her the Master came,
 First His welcome voice she hears :
Jesus calls her by her name,
 He the weeping sinner cheers,
Lets her the dear task repeat,
 While her eyes again run o'er,
Lets her wash His bleeding feet,
 Kiss them, and with joy adore.
- 3 Highly favour'd soul ! to her
 Farther still His grace extends,
Raises the glad messenger,
 Sends her to His drooping friends :
Tidings of their living Lord
 First in her report they find :
She must spread the gospel-word,
 Teach the teachers of mankind.

-
- 4 Who can now *presume* to fear ?
 Who despair his Lord to see ?
 Jesus, wilt Thou not appear,
 Show Thyself alive to *me* ?
 Yes, my God, I dare not doubt,
 Thou shalt all my sins remove ;
 Thou hast cast a legion out,
 Thou wilt perfect me in love.
- 5 Surely Thou hast call'd me now,
 Now I hear the voice Divine,
 At Thy wounded feet I bow,
 Wounded for whose sins but mine !
 I have nail'd Him to the tree,
 I have sent Him to the grave :
 But the Lord is risen for me,
 Hold of Him by faith I have.
- 6 Here for ever would I lie,
 Didst Thou not Thy servant raise,
 Send me forth to testify
 All the wonders of Thy grace.
 Lo ! I 'at Thy bidding go,
 Gladly to Thy followers tell
 They their rising God may know,
 They the life of Christ may feel.
- 7 Hear, ye brethren of the Lord,
 (Such He you vouchsafes to call,)
 O believe the gospel word,
 Christ hath died, and rose for all :
 Turn ye from your sins to God,
 Haste to *Galilee*, and see
 Him, who bought *thee* with His blood,
 Him, who rose to live in *thee*.

HYMN IV.

- 1 JESUS, the rising Lord of all,
His love to man commends,
Poor worms He blushes not to call
His brethren and His friends.
- 2 Who basely all forsook their Lord
In His distress, and fled,
To these He sends the joyful word,
When risen from the dead.
- 3 Go tell the vile deserters !—No :
My dearest brethren tell,
Their Advocate to heaven I go,
To rescue them from hell.
- 4 Lo ! to *My* Father I ascend !
Your Father now is He,
My God, and yours, whoc'er depend
For endless life on Me.
- 5 Henceforth I ever live above
For you to intercede,
The merit of My dying love,
For all mankind to plead.
- 6 Sinners, I rose again to show*
Your sins are all forgiven,
And mount above the skies, that you
May follow Me to heaven.

HYMN V.

- 1 OBJECT of all our knowledge here,
Our one Desire and Hope below,
Jesus, the crucified, draw near,
And with Thy sad disciples go :
Our thoughts and words to Thee are known,
We commune of Thyself alone.

- 2 How can it be, our reason cries,
That God should leave His throne above?
Is it for man the' Immortal dies!
For man, who tramples on His love!
For man, who nail'd Him to the tree,
O Love! O God! He died for me!
- 3 Why, then, if Thou for me hast died,
Dost Thou not yet Thyself impart?
We hoped to feel Thy blood *applied*,
To find Thee risen in our heart,
Redeem'd from all iniquity,
Saved, to the utmost saved, through Thee.
- 4 Have we not then believed in vain,
By Christ unsanctified, unfreed?
In us He is not risen again,
We *know* not but still He is dead;
No life, no righteousness we have,
Our hopes seem buried in His grave.
- 5 Ah! Lord, if Thou indeed art ours,
If Thou for us hast burst the tomb,
Visit us with Thy quickening powers,
Come to Thy mournful followers, come,
Thyself to Thy weak members join,
And fill us with the life Divine.
- 6 Thee, the great Prophet sent from God,
Mighty in deed and word we own;
Thou hast on some the grace bestow'd,
Thy rising in *their* hearts made known;
They publish Thee, to life restored,
Attesting they have seen the Lord.

- 7 Alas for us, whose eyes are held !
 Why cannot we our Saviour see ?
With us Thou art, yet still conceal'd :
 O might we hear one word from Thee !
Speak, and our unbelief reprove,
Our baseness to mistrust Thy love.
- 8 Fools as we are, and slow of heart,
 So backward to believe the word !
The prophets' only aim Thou art :
 They sang the sufferings of their Lord,
Thy life for ours a ransom given,
Thy rising to ensure our heaven.
- 9 Ought not our Lord the death to die,
 And then the glorious life to live ?
To stoop, and then go up on high ?
 The pain, and then the joy receive ?
His blood the purchase price lay down,
Endure the cross, and claim the crown ?
- 10 Ought not the members all to pass
 The way their Head had pass'd before ?
Through sufferings perfected He was,
 The garment dipp'd in blood He wore,
That we with Him might die, and rise
And bear His nature to the skies.
-

HYMN VI.

- 1 COME then, Thou Prophet of the Lord,
 Thou great Interpreter Divine,
Explain Thine own transmitted word ;
 To teach, and to inspire is Thine,
Thou only canst Thyself reveal,
Open the book, and loose the seal.

-
- 2 Whate'er the ancient prophets spoke
Concerning Thee, O Christ, make known.
Sole Subject of the Sacred Book,
Thou fillest all, and Thou alone ;
Yet there our Lord we cannot see,
Unless Thy Spirit lend the key.
- 3 Now, Jesu, now the veil remove,
The folly of our darken'd heart,
Unfold the wonders of Thy love,
The knowledge of Thyself impart :
Our ear, our inmost soul we bow ;
Speak, Lord, Thy servants hearken now.
- 4 Make not as Thou wouldst farther go,
Our Friend, and Counsellor, and Guide ;
But stay, the path of life to show,
Still with our souls vouchsafe to' abide,
Constrain'd by Thy own mercy stay,
Nor leave us at our close of day.
- 5 Come in, with Thy disciples sit,
Nor suffer us to ask in vain,
Nourish us, Lord, with living meat,
Our souls with heavenly bread sustain ;
Break to us now the mystic bread,
And bid us on Thy body feed.
- 6 Honour the means ordain'd by Thee,
The great unbloody sacrifice,
The deep tremendous mystery ;
Thyself in our enlighten'd eyes
Now in the broken bread make known,
And show us Thou art all our own.
-

HYMN VII.

“ By the mystery of Thy holy incarnation; by Thy holy nativity and circumcision; by Thy baptism, fasting, and temptation; by Thine agony and bloody sweat; by Thy cross and passion; by Thy precious death and burial; by Thy glorious resurrection and ascension; and by the coming of the Holy Ghost, good Lord, deliver us.” Litany.

- 1 JESU, show us Thy salvation,
 (In Thy strength we strive with Thee,)
By Thy mystic incarnation,
 By Thy pure nativity,
Save us Thou, our new Creator,
 Into all our souls impart
Thy Divine unsinning nature,
 Form Thyself within our heart.
- 2 By Thy first blood-shedding heal us;
 Cut us off from every sin,
By Thy circumcision seal us,
 Write Thy law of love within;
By Thy Spirit circumcise us:
 Kindle in our hearts a flame;
By Thy baptism, Lord, baptize us
 Into all Thy glorious name.
- 3 By Thy fasting and temptation
 Mortify our vain desires,
Take away what sense, or passion,
 Appetite or flesh requires:
Arm us with Thy self-denial,
 Every tempted soul defend,
Save us in the fiery trial,
 Make us faithful to the end.

-
- 4 By Thy sorer suffering save us,
Save us when conform'd to Thee,
By Thy miseries relieve us,
By Thy painful agony ;
When beneath Thy frown we languish,
When we feel Thine anger's weight,
Save us by Thine unknown anguish,
Save us by Thy bloody sweat.
- 5 By that highest point of passion.
By Thy sufferings on the tree,
Save us from the indignation
Due to all mankind, and *me* :
Hanging, bleeding, panting, dying,
Gasp'g out Thy latest breath,
By Thy precious death's applying
Save us from eternal death.
- 6 From the world of care release us,
By Thy decent burial save,
Crucified with Thee, O Jesus,
Hide us in Thy quiet grave :
By Thy power divinely glorious,
By Thy resurrection's power,
Raise us up o'er sin victorious,
Raise us up to fall no more.
- 7 By the pomp of Thine ascending,
Live we here to heaven restored,
Live in pleasures never ending,
Share the portion of our Lord :
Let us have our conversation
With the blessed spirits above,
Saved with all Thy great salvation,
Perfectly renew'd in love.

- 8 Glorious Head, triumphant Saviour,
High enthroned above all height,
We have now through Thee found favour,
Righteous in Thy Father's sight :
Hears He not Thy prayer unceasing ?
Can He turn away Thy face ?
Send us down the purchased blessing,
Fulness of the gospel grace.
- 9 By the coming of Thy Spirit
As a mighty rushing wind,
Save us into all Thy merit,
Into all Thy sinless mind ;
Let the perfect gift be given,
Let Thy will in us be seen,
Done on earth as 't is in heaven :
Lord, Thy Spirit cries Amen !
-

HYMN VIII.

- 1 REJOICE, the Lord is King !
Your Lord and King adore,
Mortals, give thanks, and sing,
And triumph evermore :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love,
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er earth and heaven,
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Jesus given :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 4 He sits at God's right hand,
 Till all His foes submit,
 And bow to His command,
 And fall beneath His feet :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 5 He all His foes shall quell,
 Shall all our sins destroy,
 And every bosom swell
 With pure seraphic joy :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
 Jesus the Judge shall come ;
 And take His servants up
 To their eternal home :
We soon shall hear the' archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice.
-

HYMN IX.

- 1 FATHER, God, we glorify
 Thy love to *Adam's* seed,
Love that gave Thy Son to die,
 And raised Him from the dead ;

Him for our offences slain,
That we all might pardon find,
Thou hast brought to life again,
The Saviour of mankind.

2 By Thy own right hand of power
Thou hast exalted Him,
Sent the mighty Conqueror
Thy people to redeem;
King of saints, and Prince of peace,
Him Thou hast to sinners given,
Sinners from their sins to bless,
And lift them up to heaven.

3 Father, God, to us impart
The gift unspeakable;
Now in every waiting heart
Thy glorious Son reveal:
Quicken'd with our living Lord
Let us in Thy Spirit rise,
Rise to all Thy life restored,
And thank Thee in the skies.

HYMN X.

1 O JESUS, our King,
Thy glory we sing,
Thy rising declare,
And join in the pomp, and the benefit share.
Thy conquest we feel
O'er death and o'er hell,
Redeem'd from the grave,
We are bold to proclaim Thee almighty to save.

- 2 We know that our Head
 Is risen indeed,
 Thy record receive,
And raised by the power of Thy Spirit we live.
 Thy Spirit attests
 The truth in our breasts,
 Thy Witness imparts
The first resurrection of faith to our hearts.
- 3 Thou hast conquer'd beneath
 The sharpness of death,
 Our souls to retrieve,
And open the kingdom to all that believe.
 Believing on Thee
 We rise from the tree,
 And heavenward move,
And fly to Thy throne on the wings of Thy love.
- 4 Thy love that o'ercame
 Our sorrow and shame,
 And ransom'd our race,
And sent Thee to God to prepare us a place ;
 Follow after, it cries,
 To your place in the skies,
 By Immanuel led,
Follow after, and suffer, and reign with your Head.
-

HYMN XI.

- 1 COME ye that seek the Lord,
 Him that was crucified,
Come listen to the gospel word,
 And feel it now applied :

To every soul of man
The joyful news we show,
Jesus, for every sinner slain,
Is risen again for you.

2 The Lord is risen indeed,
And did to us appear,
He hath been seen, our living Head,
By many a *Peter* here :
We, who so oft denied
Our Master and our God,
Have thrust our hand into His side,
And felt the streaming blood.

3 Raised from the dead we are,
The members with their Lord,
And boldly in His name declare
The soul-reviving word ;
Salvation we proclaim
Which every soul may find,
Pardon and peace in Jesus' name,
And life for all mankind.

4 O might they all receive
The bleeding Prince of Peace !
Sinners, the glad report believe
Of Jesus' witnesses :
He lives, who spilt His blood ;
Believe our record true,
The Arm, the Power, the Son of God
Shall be reveal'd in you.

HYMN XII.

- 1 RISE all who seek the Crucified,
The God that once for sinners died
With lifted voice and heart adore ;
Chasing our griefs, and sins, and fears,
The Sun of Righteousness appears,
Appears to set in blood no more.
- 2 To death deliver'd in our stead,
For us He rises from the dead,
And life to all His members brings ;
He gives us, while He soars above,
The dew of grace, the balm of love,
And drops salvation from His wings.
- 3 This day the Scripture is fulfill'd,
The Father now His Son has seal'd,
And own'd Him for His Son with power ;
God from the belly of the earth
Hath call'd Him forth to second birth,
Nor let the greedy deep devour.
- 4 Cast for our sins into the deep,
His life hath saved the sinking ship,
His life for ours a ransom given ;
But lo ! on the third joyful morn
Our *Jonas* doth for us return,
Emerging from His tomb to heaven.

HYMN XIII.

- 1 BREAK forth into praise ! Our Surety and Head,
His members to raise, Hath rose from the dead :
The power of His Spirit Hath quicken'd our Lord,
That we by His merit May all be restored.

- 2 Our Captain and King With shouts we proclaim,
And joyfully sing The wonderful name ;
The name all-victorious We publish and *feel*,
Triumphantly glorious O'er sin, earth, and hell.
- 3 The power of His rise We know and declare,
And rapt to the skies, His happiness share ;
In heavenly places With Jesus we sit,
And Jesus's praises With angels repeat.
- 4 We sing of His love While sojourning here,
Till Christ from above Our Saviour appear ;
The heirs of salvation With triumph receive,
In full consummation Of glory to live.
-

HYMN XIV.

- 1 YE men of *Israel*, hear
The words of truth and grace,
Jesus did in the flesh appear,
To save a sinking race ;
A man of God approved,
By signs and wonders known,
Jesus, the Father's Well-beloved,
The co-eternal Son.
- 2 The Prince of life and peace,
By heaven's supreme decree,
Deliver'd up, ye dared to seize,
And nail Him to the tree ;
Taken by wicked hands,
And crucified and slain ;
But God hath loosed the mortal bands,
And raised Him up again.

- 3 It was not possible
 That death should keep its Prey ;
 God would not leave His soul in hell,
 Or let His flesh decay :

 His flesh reposed in hope
 Of the third joyful morn,
 And then the Father raised Him up,
 And God again was born.

- 4 This Jesus is restored
 To life by power Divine ;
 We all proclaim our living Lord,
 And in His praises join :

 We are His witnesses,
 He *is* gone up on high,
 Exalted to His native place,
 He lives no more to die.

- 5 Again at God's right hand
 Our Lord is call'd to sit,
 Till all who now His sway withstand,
 Are crush'd beneath His feet :

 Be it to *Israel's* seed,
 To every sinner known,
 God hath perform'd His oath indeed,
 Hath glorified His Son.

- 6 Sinners, believe He died,
 And rose to buy your peace ;
 Jesus the Christ, the Crucified,
 The Lord of life confess :

Repent in Jesus' name,
Believe and be forgiven,
And take the Holy Ghost ye claim,
And rise with us to heaven.

HYMN XV.

- 1 CHRIST, our living Head, draw near,
At our call, Quicken all
Thy true members here.
- 2 Fill'd with faith's eternal Spirit,
Grant that we, Dead with Thee,
May Thy life inherit.
- 3 All Thy resurrection's power,
All Thy love, From above,
On Thy servants shower.
- 4 Perfect love ! we long to' attain it,
Following fast, If at last
We, even we may gain it.
- 5 Partners of Thy death and passion,
O that we All might see
All Thy great salvation.
- 6 Saved beyond the dread of falling,
Let us rise To the prize
Of our glorious calling.
- 7 Children of the resurrection,
Lead us on To the crown
Of our full perfection.

- 8 There, where Thou art gone before us,
Christ, our Hope, Take us up,
To Thy heaven restore us.
-

HYMN XVI.

FOR ASCENSION-DAY.

- 1 ALL hail the true *Elijah*,
The Lord our God* and Saviour !
Who leaves behind,
For all mankind,
The token of His favour.
The never-dying Prophet,
Awhile to mortals given,
This solemn day
Is rapt away
By flaming steeds to heaven.
- 2 Come see the rising triumph,
And prostrate fall before Him :
He mounts, He flies
Above the skies,
Where all His hosts adore Him.
Borne on His fiery chariot,
With joyful acclamation
Pursue the Lord,
To heaven restored,
The God of our salvation.
- 3 Who see their Lord at parting,
They shall on earth inherit
A double power,
A larger shower
Of His descending Spirit.

* So *Elijah* signifies.

The Spirit of our Master
 Shall rest on each believer,
 And surely we
 Our Master see,
 Who lives and reigns for ever.

4 Yes, our exalted Jesus,
 By faith we now adore Thee,
 And still we sit
 Before Thy feet,
 And triumph in Thy glory.
 In vain the flaming chariot
 Hath parted us asunder,
 We still through grace
 Behold Thy face,
 And shout our loving wonder.

5 By faith we catch Thy mantle,
 The covering of Thy Spirit
 By faith we wear,
 And gladly share
 Thine all-involving merit.
 We rest beneath Thy shadow,
 Till, by the whirlwind driven,
 From earth we rise,
 And mount the skies,
 And grasp our Lord in heaven.

FINIS.

H Y M N S

FOR

Ascension-Day.



BRISTOL:

Printed by FELIX FARLEY, 1746.

H Y M N S

FOR

A S C E N S I O N - D A Y.

HYMN I.

- 1 LIFT up your heads, ye gates,
 To' admit your King again !
 Return'd from earth He waits
 With half His angel train :
Wide open throw the heavenly scene,
Receive the King of glory in.
- 2 Instinct with living powers
 The huge portcullis raise,
 Ye everlasting doors,
 Disclose the holiest place :
Wide open throw the heavenly scene,
Receive the King of glory in.
- 3 He comes, He comes from far,
 The strong and mighty Lord,
 Mighty and strong in war,
 To claim His just reward :
Wide open throw the heavenly scene,
Receive the King of glory in.

- 4 The Lord of Hosts is He,
 The' omnipotent I AM,
 Glorious in majesty,
 Jehovah is His name:
Wide open throw the heavenly scene,
Receive the King of glory in.
- 5 Jehovah, Jesus, Lord
 Of earth and heaven receive,
 Who comes, that man restored
 With God again may live:
Wide open throw the heavenly scene,
Receive the King of glory in.
- 6 Forerunner of mankind,
 For us He reigns on high,
 Till all His members join'd
 Repeat the joyful cry,
Wide open throw the heavenly scene,
Receive the sons of glory in!
-

HYMN II.

- 1 GOD is gone up on high
 With a triumphant noise,
 The clarions of the sky
 Proclaim the' angelic joys!
Join all on earth, rejoice, and sing,
Glory ascribe to glory's King.
- 2 God in the flesh below,
 For us He reigns above:
Let all the nations know
 Our Jesu's conquering love!

Join all on earth, rejoice, and sing,
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

3 All power to our great Lord
Is by His Father given,
By angel hosts adored
He reigns supreme in heaven:
Join all on earth, rejoice, and sing,
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

4 High on His holy seat
He bears the righteous sway,
His foes beneath His feet
Shall sink, and die away:
Join all on earth, rejoice, and sing,
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

5 His foes and ours are one,
Satan, the world, and sin;
But He shall tread them down,
And bring His kingdom in:
Join all on earth, rejoice, and sing,
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

6 Till all the earth renew'd
In righteousness Divine
With all the hosts of God
In one great chorus join,
Join all on earth, rejoice, and sing,
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

HYMN III.

- 1 AND is He removed,
 Our Master beloved,
 Our heavenly Lord,
Is Jesus again to His heaven restored?
 He is gone, He is gone
 To His dearly bought throne ;
 Vanish'd out of our sight
To His mansion of pure inaccessible light.
- 2 Yet still we all share
 His happiness there,
 The valley pass through,
And our Lord to His heaven of heavens pursue :
 In assurance of hope
 The members mount up,
 Where Jesus hath led
We follow, and reign with our glorified Head.
- 3 Our heart is above,
 Our treasure and love
 Laid up in the sky,
And thither in all our affections we fly :
 No longer inclined
 To the flesh-pots behind,
 The world we forego,
Not a wish, or a passion shall wander below.
- 4 Our spirit is flown
 To Jesus's throne,
 Our bodies are here,
But wait when our Lord in the clouds shall appear.

In the clouds He shall come
And take His bride home,
To His banquet above,
To His heavenly fulness of glory and love.

HYMN IV.

- 1 HAIL, Jesus, hail, our great High-Priest,
Enter'd into Thy glorious rest,
That holy happy place above !
Thou hast the conquest more than gain'd,
The everlasting bliss obtain'd
For all who trust Thy dying love.
- 2 The blood of goats and bullocks slain
Could never purge our guilty stain,
Could never for our sins atone ;
But Thou Thine own most precious blood
Hast spilt to quench the wrath of God,
Hast saved us by Thy blood alone.
- 3 Shed on the altar of Thy cross,
Thy blood to God presented was
Through the Eternal Spirit's power :
Thou didst a spotless Victim bleed,
That we from sin and suffering freed
Might live to God, and sin no more.
- 4 That we the promise might receive,
Might soon with Thee in glory live,
Thou stand'st before Thy Father now !
For us Thou dost in heaven appear,
Our Surety, Head, and Harbinger,
Our Saviour to the utmost Thou.

- 5 Not without blood—Thou pray'st above:
The marks of Thy expiring love
God on Thy hands engraven sees!
He hears Thy blood for mercy cry,
And sends His Spirit from the sky,
And seals our everlasting peace.
- 6 Thankful we now the earnest take,
The pledge Thou wilt at last come back
And openly Thy servants own;
To us, who long to see Thee here,
Thou shalt a second time appear,
And bear us to Thy glorious throne.
-

HYMN V.

John xiv. 1, 2, 3.

- 1 JESUS, we long to know Thy name,
To-day as yesterday the same
Our Lord and Saviour be,
That comfort of the troubled heart,
That gift unspeakable impart,
That faith which is in Thee.
- 2 Surely we do in God believe;
Yet oh we still must fear and grieve
Till Thou the secret tell,
The end of Thy departure show,
The heaven-ensuring faith bestow,
And all Thy love reveal.
- 3 Us by Thy Spirit certify,
That we, even we shall in the sky
Our happy mansions find,

- There in Thy Father's house above,
Celestial thrones of glorious love
For us, and all mankind.
- 4 Art Thou not our Forerunner gone
To claim the kingdom for Thine own,
Through Thee to all men given,
To challenge and prepare a place
For us, and every child of grace,
And write our names in heaven?
- 5 Yes, Thou art surely gone before;
We see Thee, Lord, on earth no more,
And for Thy absence mourn;
But lo! we on Thy word depend;
Our griefs and miseries to end
Thou wilt at last return.
- 6 Soon as Thou hast our place prepared,
And made us meet for our reward,
Thou wilt come back again,
Wilt to Thyself our souls receive
With Thee eternally to live,
Eternally to reign.
-

HYMN VI.

- 1 SINNERS, rejoice; your peace is made,
Your Saviour on the cross hath bled,
Your God, in Jesus reconciled,
On all His works again hath smiled,
Hath grace through Him and blessing given
To all in earth and all in heaven.

- 2 Angels, rejoice in Jesus' grace,
And vie with man's more favour'd race,
The blood that did for us atone
Conferr'd on you some gift unknown,
Your joys through Jesus' pains abound,
Ye triumph by His glorious wound.
- 3 Or stablish'd and confirm'd by Him
Who did our lower world redeem,
Secure ye keep your blest estate
Firm on an everlasting seat ;
Or raised above yourselves, aspire,
In bliss improved, in glory higher.
- 4 Him ye beheld, our conquering God,
Return with garments roll'd in blood !
Ye saw, and kindled at the sight,
And fill'd with shouts the realms of light,
With loudest hallelujahs met,
And fell and kiss'd His bleeding feet.
- 5 Ye saw Him in the courts above
With all His recent prints of love :
The wounds, the blood ! ye heard its voice
That heighten'd all your highest joys,
Ye felt it sprinkled through the skies,
And shared that better sacrifice.*
- 6 But who of all your hosts can tell
The mystic bliss unspeakable,
The joy that issued from His side,
And how the pure it purified,
The grace supreme by Jesus given,
When heaven itself was double heaven ?

* Hebrews ix. 23.

- 7 Nor angel tongues can e'er express
The' unutterable happiness,
Nor human hearts can e'er conceive
The bliss wherein through Christ ye live,
But all your heaven, ye glorious powers,
And all your God is doubly ours !
-

HYMN VII.

- 1 JESUS, to Thee we fly,
On Thee for help rely:
Thou our only Refuge art,
Thou dost all our fears control,
Rest of every troubled heart,
Life of every dying soul.
- 2 We lift our joyful eyes,
And see the dazzling prize,
See the purchase of Thy blood,
Freely now to sinners given;
Thou the living way hast show'd,
Thou to us hast open'd heaven.
- 3 We now divinely bold,
Of Thy reward lay hold:
All Thy glorious joy is ours,
All the treasures of Thy love:
Now we taste the heavenly powers,
Now we reign with Thee above.
- 4 Our anchor sure and fast
Within the veil is cast,

Stands our never-failing hope
Grounded in the holy place,
We shall after Thee mount up,
See the Godhead face to face.

5 By faith already there
 In Thee our Head we are,
With our great Forerunner we
 Now in heavenly places sit,
Banquet with the Deity,
 See the world beneath our feet.

6 Thou art our flesh and bone,
 Thou art to heaven gone !
Gone that we might all pursue,
 Closely in Thy footsteps tread,
Gone that we might follow too,
 Reign triumphant with our Head.

H Y M N S
OF
Petition and Thanksgiving
FOR
THE PROMISE
OF THE
FATHER.

+++++

By the Reverend
Mr. JOHN and CHARLES WESLEY.

+++++

• B R I S T O L :

Printed by FELIX FARLEY, 1746.

H Y M N S

FOR

W H I T - S U N D A Y .

HYMN I.

- 1 FATHER of everlasting grace,
Thy goodness and Thy truth we praise,
Thy goodness and Thy truth we prove :
Thou hast in honour of Thy Son
THE GIFT unspeakable sent down,
The Spirit of life, and power, and love :
- 2 Thou hast THE PROPHECY fulfill'd,
The grand original compact seal'd,
For which Thy word and oath were join'd :
THE PROMISE to our fallen head,
To every child of *Adam* made,
Is now pour'd out on all mankind.
- 3 The purchased Comforter *is* given,
For Jesus is return'd to heaven,
To claim, and then THE GRACE impart :
Our day of Pentecost is come,
And God vouchsafes to fix His home
In every poor expecting heart.

- 4 Father, on Thee whoever call,
Confess Thy promise is for all,
While every one that asks receives,
Receives the Gift, and Giver too,
And witnesses that Thou art true,
And in Thy Spirit walks, and lives.
- 5 Not to a single age confined,
For every soul of man design'd,
O God, we now that Spirit claim:
To us the Holy Ghost impart,
Breathe Him into our panting heart,
Thou hear'st us ask in Jesu's name.
- 6 Send us the Spirit of Thy Son,
To make the depths of Godhead known,
To make us share the life Divine;
Send Him the sprinkled blood to' apply,
Send Him, our souls to sanctify,
And show, and seal us ever Thine.
- 7 So shall we pray, and never cease,
So shall we thankfully confess
Thy wisdom, truth, and power, and love;
With joy unspeakable adore,
And bless, and praise Thee evermore,
And serve Thee like Thy hosts above:
- 8 Till added to that heavenly choir,
We raise our songs of triumph higher,
And praise Thee in a bolder strain,
Out-soar the first-born seraph's flight,
And sing with all our friends in light
Thine everlasting love to man.
-

HYMN II.

- 1 JESUS, Lord, in pity hear us,
O return, While we mourn,
By Thy Spirit cheer us.
 - 2 Swallow'd up in sin and sadness
O relieve Us that grieve,
Turn our grief to gladness.
 - 3 Send the Comforter to raise us,
Let us see God in Thee
Merciful and gracious.
 - 4 Him the purchase of Thy passion
O impart, Cleanse our heart
By His inspiration.
 - 5 By the earnest of Thy Spirit
Let us know Heaven below,
Heaven above inherit.
 - 6 Perfect when we walk before Thee,
Fill'd with love Then remove
To our thrones of glory.
-

HYMN III.

- 1 ETERNAL Spirit, come
Into Thy meanest home,
From Thine high and holy place
Where Thou dost in glory reign,
Stoop in condescending grace,
Stoop to the poor heart of man.

- 2 For Thee our hearts we lift,
 And wait the heavenly Gift:
Giver, Lord, of life Divine,
 To our dying souls appear,
Grant the grace for which we pine,
 Give Thyself THE COMFORTER.
- 3 No gift or comfort we
 Would have distinct from Thee,
Spirit, principle of grace,
 Sum of our desires Thou art,
Fill us with Thy holiness,
 Breathe Thyself into our heart.
- 4 Our ruin'd souls repair,
 And fix Thy mansion there,
Claim us for Thy constant shrine,
 All Thy glorious Self reveal,
Life, and power, and love Divine,
 God in us for ever dwell.
-

HYMN IV.

- 1 SINNERS, lift up your hearts,
 THE PROMISE to receive!
Jesus Himself imparts,
 He comes in man to live;
The Holy Ghost to man is given;
Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.
- 2 Jesus is glorified,
 And gives the Comforter,
His Spirit, to reside
 In all His members here:

The Holy Ghost to man is given;
Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.

3 To make an end of sin,
 And Satan's works destroy,
 He brings His kingdom in,
 Peace, righteousness, and joy,
The Holy Ghost to man is given;
Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.

4 The cleansing blood to' apply,
 The heavenly life display,
 And wholly sanctify,
 And seal us to that day,
The Holy Ghost to man is given;
Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.

5 Sent down to make us meet
 To see His glorious face,
 And grant us each a seat
 In that thrice happy place,
The Holy Ghost to man is given;
Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.

6 From heaven He shall once more
 Triumphantly descend,
 And all His saints restore
 To joys that never end :
Then, then, when all our joys are given,
Rejoice in God, rejoice in heaven.

HYMN V.

- 1 FATHER, admit our lawful claim,
Let us that ask receive:
To us that ask in Jesus' name
Thou *shalt* Thy Spirit give.
 - 2 Jesus hath spoke the faithful word
On them that ask Him here,
Thou shalt, in honour of our Lord,
The Holy Ghost confer.
 - 3 If evil we, by nature know
To give our children food,
Much more Thou wilt on us bestow
The soul-sustaining good.
 - 4 Our holy heavenly Father Thou
Regard'st Thy children's prayer :
Answer, and send, O send us now
The promised Comforter.
 - 5 We seek, Thou know'st, we seek Thy face ;
Let us the blessing find :
Open the door of faith and grace
To us, and all mankind.
 - 6 Surely Thou wilt, we dare believe,
For Jesus' sake alone,
Thou wilt to us the Spirit give,
Give all good gifts in One.
-

HYMN VI.

John vii. 37, 38, 39.

1. HEAR all the Saviour's cry
On this great festal day,
"The man that would on Me rely,
That *would* be happy, may:
If any of all mankind
Is now athirst for God,
Now let him come to Me, and find
And drink the living flood.
2. "He that believes on Me,
The word of truth shall feel,
The wilderness a pool shall be,
The heath a springing well;
Forth from that faithful soul
Rivers of life shall flow,
And streams of grace eternal roll
O'er all the earth below."
3. Lord, we with joy embrace,
(What all may find fulfill'd,)
The promise made to all our race,
And to believers seal'd:
Who in Thy merit trust,
Thy Spirit *still* receive,
And temples of the Holy Ghost,
And fill'd with God they live.
4. The Spirit of their God,
Doth in the saints abide,
He is, He is by Thee bestow'd,
For Thou *art* glorified;

Thy blood's unceasing prayer,
And strong prevailing plea,
Hath now obtain'd the Comforter
For all mankind, and me.

5 Lord, I believe the sure
Irrevocable word,
And come to Thee distress'd and poor,
To Thee my faithful Lord;
I come athirst and faint
Thy Spirit to receive,
Give me the Gift for which I pant,
Thyself the Giver give.

6 In this accepted hour
The promised GOD impart,
Open a spring of life and power
Eternal in my heart;
To all the world below
So shall my bowels move,
So shall my heart like Thine o'erflow
With everlasting love.

HYMN VII.

John xiv. 16.

1 JESU, we hang upon the word
Our faithful souls have heard from Thee,
Be mindful of Thy promise, Lord,
Thy promise made to all, and me,
Thy followers who Thy steps pursue,
And dare believe that God is true.

- 2 Thou saidst, I will the Father pray,
And He THE PARACLETE* shall give,
Shall give Him in your hearts to *stay*,
And never more His temples leave;
Myself will to My orphans come,
And make you My eternal home.
- 3 Come, then, dear Lord, Thyself reveal,
And let the promise now take place,
Be it according to Thy will,
According to Thy word of grace,
Thy sorrowful disciples cheer,
And send us down THE COMFORTER.
- 4 He visits now the troubled breast,
And oft relieves our sad complaint,
But soon we lose the transient Guest,
But soon we droop again, and faint,
Repeat the melancholy moan,
Our joy is fled, our comfort gone.
- 5 Hasten Him, Lord, into our heart,
Our sure inseparable Guide;
O might we meet and never part,
O might He in our heart *abide*,
And keep His house of praise and prayer,
And rest and reign for ever there.

HYMN VIII.

John xiv. 16.

- 1 JESUS, Thy word we dare believe!
To us the Father in Thy name
Another PARACLETE shall give,
Another, yet with Thee the same.

* *i. e.* Pleader, Advocate, or Comforter.

- 2 The Father shall Thy Spirit send,
Send Him no more to take away,
Send Him to guide us to the end,
And *always* in His temple stay.
- 3 THE COMFORTER shall surely come,
And all the heirs of glory seal,
And GOD in us shall fix His home,
And in His church for ever dwell.
- 4 He *doth* in all His saints reside,
The promised PARACLETE *is* given,
The Saviour's word is verified,
The *Holy Ghost* sent down from heaven.
- 5 We for Thy fleshly presence here
The presence of Thy Spirit receive,
That everlasting Comforter
Doth still in all His people live.
- 6 THE PROMISE of our God and Lord
In vain doth Antichrist deny,
And scoff the everlasting word,
And give the Truth Himself the lie.
- 7 In vain the world as madness brands
Our gospel hope which cannot fail,
THE PROMISE OF THE FATHER stands,
And mocks the rage of earth and hell.
- 8 'The' apostates toil with fruitless pain
The word of none effect to prove,
'To' exclude Thee from the heart of man,
And drive Thee to Thy saints above.

- 9 "The Spirit Himself Thou wilt not give,"
Thy truth and mercy they blaspheme,
Without His inspiration live,
And call it all a madman's dream.
- 10 The grace, but not the *Spirit* of grace,
Their *learned* fools vouchsafe to' allow,
He might be given in ancient days,
But GOD, they teach, is needless now.
- 11 But GOD, *we know*, is given indeed,
And still doth in His people dwell,
And Him we every moment *need*,
And Him we every moment *feel*.
- 12 The life of our indwelling GOD
We feel by faith's eternal sense,
Our heart He makes His blest abode,
And who shall force the Saviour thence?
- 13 Believing still in Jesu's name
The witness in ourselves we know,
And tell the world they all may claim
The Gift, and dwell with GOD below.
- 14 The Holy Ghost, whom we partake,
To all that ask is freely given ;
And lo! on this great truth we stake
Our present and eternal heaven.

HYMN IX.

John xiv. 16, 17.

- 1 FATHER, glorify Thy Son,
Answer His prevailing prayer,
Send that Intercessor down,
Send that other Comforter

Whom believingly we claim,
Whom we ask in Jesu's name.

- 2 Him the world cannot receive,
Him they neither see nor know.
Blind in unbelief they live,
All His inward work below,
All His inspirations deem
Foolish as a madman's dream.
- 3 But we know by faith and feel
Him the Spirit of truth and grace,
With us He vouchsafes to dwell,
With us, when unseen, He stays;
All our help and good we own
Freely flows from Him alone.
- 4 Yet, alas, we cannot rest
Help'd with an *external* guide,
Till the transitory Guest
Enter, and *in* us abide:
Give Him, Lord, Thy Spirit give,
In us *constantly* to live.
- 5 Wilt Thou not the promise seal,
True and gracious as Thou art,
Send the Comforter to dwell
Every moment in our heart?
Yes, Thou *must* the grace bestow,
Jesus said, It shall be so!
-

HYMN X.

John xiv. 18, 19, 20, 21.

- 1 SAVIOUR and Prince of peace,
Thy saying we receive ;
Thou wilt not leave us comfortless,
Thine own Thou wilt not leave :
Poor helpless orphans we
Awhile Thine absence mourn,
But we Thy face again shall see,
But Thou wilt soon return.
- 2 No longer visible
To eyes of flesh and blood,
Come, Lord, to us Thyself reveal,
O come, and show us God :
Because Thou liv'st above
Let us Thy Spirit know,
And in the glorious knowledge prove
Eternal life below.
- 3 Hasten the day, when we
Shall surely know and feel
Thou art in God, and God in Thee,
And Thou in us dost dwell :
To us, who keep Thy word
Thou with Thy Father come,
And love, and make us, gracious Lord,
Thine everlasting home.
-

HYMN XI.

John xiv. 21, 22, 23.

- 1 O HAPPY state of grace
In which by faith we stand !
Who Jesu's word obeys,
And keeps His kind command,
Communion closer still shall know,
And dwell with GOD *in Him*, below.
- 2 The man whose heart approves
The precepts of his Lord,
The path of duty loves
And practises the word,
To Jesus and His Father dear
Shall entertain the Godhead here.
- 3 Not to those earliest days
The promise was confined,
The Spirit of His grace
Extends to all mankind,
And all who love the LORD, receive
The LORD within their hearts to live.
- 4 O Son of God, to Thee
We make our bold appeal;
Wouldst Thou the Deity
To all the world reveal ?
Thou, Lord, the faithful Witness art ;
Return the answer in our heart.
- 5 Come quickly from above
And bring the Father down,
Infuse the perfect love,
Make all the Godhead known :

Come, Father, Son, and Spirit, come,
And seal us Thine eternal home.

HYMN XII.

John xiv. 25, 26, 27.

- 1 JESUS, we on the word depend
Spoken by Thee while present here,
The Father in My name shall send
The Holy Ghost, the Comforter.
 - 2 That promise made to *Adam's* race,
Now, Lord, in us, even us fulfil,
And give the Spirit of Thy grace,
To teach us all Thy perfect will.
 - 3 That heavenly Teacher of mankind,
That Guide infallible impart,
To bring Thy sayings to our mind,
And write them on our faithful heart.
 - 4 He only can the words apply
Through which we endless life possess,
And deal to each *his* legacy,
His Lord's unutterable peace.
 - 5 That peace of God, that peace of Thine
O might He now to us bring in,
And fill our souls with power Divine,
And make an end of fear and sin;
 - 6 The length and breadth of love reveal,
The height and depth of Deity,
And all the sons of glory seal,
And change, and make us all like Thee.
-

HYMN XIII.

John xvi. 1, 2, 3, 4.

- 1 SAVIOUR, Lord, who at Thy death
Peace didst to Thy church bequeath,
Now confer the peace on me,
Bring me now *my* legacy.
 - 2 Grant me (not as mortals give
Hoping better to receive)
That for which I sigh and mourn,
Give, and look for no return.
 - 3 Grant me for Thy mercy sake,
Me, who no return can make,
That which I can never buy,
Save, and freely justify.
 - 4 Grant me (not as childish men
Grant, and ask their gifts again)
Peace, which none can take away,
Peace which shall for ever stay.
 - 5 Now the benefit impart,
Speak it to my troubled heart,
Comfort, and Thyself restore,
Come, and bid me sin no more.
 - 6 Come, and wipe away my tears,
Come, and scatter all my fears,
Come, and take me to Thy breast,
Lull me to eternal rest.
-

HYMN XIV.

John xv. 26, 27.

- 1 JESUS, our exalted Head,
 Regard Thy people's prayer,
Send us in Thy body's stead
 The' abiding Comforter,
From Thy dazzling throne above,
 From Thy Father's glorious seat
Send the Spirit of truth and love,
 The' eternal PARACLETE.
- 2 Issuing forth from Him and Thee
 O let THE BLESSING flow,
Pour the streaming Deity
 On all Thy church below;
Him to testify Thy grace,
 Him to teach how good Thou art,
Him to vouch Thy Godhead, place
 In every faithful heart.
- 3 God of God, and Light of light,
 Thee let Him now reveal,
Justify us by Thy right,
 And stamp us with Thy seal ;
Fill our souls with joy and peace,
 Wisdom, grace, and utterance give,
Constitute Thy witnesses,
 And in Thy members live.
- 4 By the HOLY GHOST we wait
 To say Thou art the Lord,
Saved, and to our first estate
 In perfect love restored ;

Then we shall in every breath
Testify the power we prove,
Publish 'Thee in life and death
The God of truth and love.

HYMN XV.

John xvi. 6, 7.

- 1 SON of God, for Thee we languish,
Still Thy absence we bemoan,
Overwhelm'd with grief and anguish,
Poor, forsaken, and alone :
Thou art to Thy heaven departed ;
See us thence with pity see,
Comfortless and broken-hearted,
Drooping, dead for want of Thee.
- 2 Once Thy blissful love we tasted,
Cheer'd by Thee with living bread ;
O how short a time it lasted,
O how soon the joy is fled !
Where is now our boasted Saviour,
Where our rapture of delight !
Thou hast, Lord, withdrawn Thy favour,
Thou art vanish'd from our sight.
- 3 Yet Thou hast the cause unfolded,
Could we but the truth receive,
Thou in humbling love hast told it,
Needful 'tis for us to grieve :*
Stript of that *excessive* pleasure,
Fondly we the loss deplore,
Till we find again our Treasure,
Find, and never lose Thee more.

* Compare Wesley's Works, vol. vi., pp. 84—91.

- 4 That we may Thyself inherit,
Us Thou dost awhile forsake,
That we may receive Thy Spirit,
Thou hast took His comforts back :
After a short night of mourning
We again shall see Thy face,
Triumph in Thy full returning,
Glory in Thy perfect grace.
- 5 For Thy transient outward presence
We Thine endless love shall feel,
Seated in our inmost essence
Thou shalt by Thy Spirit dwell :
Jesus come ! Thyself the Giver
Let us for the Gift receive,
Let us live in God for ever,
God in us for ever live !

HYMN XVI.*John xvi. 7.*

- 1 O THOU who by Thy blood
Hast brought a world to God,
Thou who to Thy Father gone
Dost in our behalf appear,
Hear Thy desolate servants groan,
Send us down the Comforter.
- 2 Hadst Thou not purged our stain,
And gone to God again,
None of *Adam's* helpless race
Could that blessed Spirit find ;
But Thou hast obtain'd the grace,
Purchased Him for all mankind.

- 3 Didst Thou not plead above
 For us Thy dying love,
 Never could we hope Thine aid,
 Never for Thy Spirit call :
 But Thou hast the Father pray'd,
 Hast received the Gift for all.
- 4 “ And if I go away
 (By faith we hear Thee say)
 I the Comforter will send,
 Comforter of you that grieve,
 All your goings to attend,
 Ever in your hearts to live.”
- 5 Amen our hearts reply
 Uplifted to the sky,
 Pant to be Thy bless'd abode,
 Swell to be possess'd by Thee,
 Fill'd with the indwelling God,
 Fill'd to all eternity.

HYMN XVII.

John xvi. 18.

- 1 ETERNAL PARACLETE, descend,
 Thou gift and promise of our Lord,
 To every soul, till time shall end,
 Thy succour, and Thyself afford,
 Convince, convert us, and inspire ;
 Come, and baptize the world with fire.
- 2 Come, and display the power below,
 And work Thy threefold work of grace :
 Compel mankind themselves to know,
 Convince of sin the' apostate race,

- Brood o'er the deep of nature's night,
And speak again, Let there be light.
- 3 Thou only know'st the fallen man,
Thou only canst his fall reveal,
The monster to himself explain,
And make his darkness visible,
Pierce all the folds of hellish art,
And rent the covering from his heart.
- 4 Come then, Thou soul-dividing Sword,
That dost from Jesu's mouth proceed,
The foes and haters of their Lord
Find out, o'erturn, and strike them dead,
Destroy the sin that keeps them blind,
And slay the pride of all mankind.
- 5 Spirit of Truth, in all begin
That work of Thine awakening power,
Convince the *Christian* world of sin,
Who *Satan* and not Christ adore ;
Who Jesus slight, reject, disclaim,
And never knew His saving name.
- 6 Show them they never yet received
In truth whom they in words profess,
They never yet in Christ believed,
Or own'd the Lord *their righteousness*,
Still in the *damning sin* they lie,
As pleased in unbelief to die.
- 7 People and priest are doubly dead,
Are aliens from the life Divine,
Gross darkness o'er the earth is spread,
Till Thou into the conscience shine,
The powerful quick conviction dart,
And sound the unbelieving heart.

- 8 Oh would'st 'Thou now in all reveal
The righteous wrath of hostile heaven,
Because the blood they will not feel,
The blood that shows their sins forgiven ;
They will not Him, their Lord, receive,
They will not come to Christ and live.
-

HYMN XVIII.

- 1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake,
The terrors of the Lord display ;
Out of their sins the nations shake,
Tear their vain confidence away ;
Conclude them all in unbelief,
And fill their hearts with sacred grief.
- 2 Impart the salutary pain,
The sudden soul-condemning power,
Blow on the goodness of man,
Wither the grass, and blast the flower,
That, when their works are all o'erthrown,
The word of grace may stand alone.
- 3 Trouble the souls who know not God,
Their careless, *Christless* spirits wound,
O'erwhelm with their own sinful load,
And all their virtuous pride confound,
Their depth of wickedness reveal,
And shake them o'er the mouth of hell.
- 4 Naked and destitute and blind
Themselves let the poor wretches see,
Their total fall lament to find ;
Till every mouth is stopp'd by Thee,

And all the world with conscious fear
Guilty before their God appear.

- 5 Guilty because they know not Him,
Who lived and died, their souls to save,
Who came His people to redeem :
No part or lot in Christ they have,
Till Thou the painful veil remove,
And show their hearts His dying love.

HYMN XIX.

John xvi. 10.

- 1 COME then to those who want Thine aid,
Who now beneath their burden groan,
Bind up the wound Thyself hast made,
The righteousness of faith make known,
(Offer'd to all of *Adam's* line,)
The perfect righteousness Divine.
- 2 Convince the souls, who feel their sin,
There is, there is a ransom found,
A better righteousness brought in,
And grace doth more than sin abound ;
Pardon to all is freely given,
For Jesus is return'd to heaven.
- 3 He died to purge our guilty stain,
He rose the world to justify ;
And while the heavens our Lord contain,
No longer seen by mortal eye,
He reigns our Advocate above,
And pleads for all His bleeding love.

- 4 His bleeding love 'tis Thine to seal
 With pardon on the contrite heart :
 To us, to us the grace reveal,
 The righteousness impute, impart ;
 Discharge Thy second function here,
 And now descend the Comforter.
- 5 The righteousness of Christ our Lord,
 For pardon of our sins, declare,
 Inspeak the everlasting word
 That freely justified we are,
 By grace received and brought to God,
 And saved through faith in Jesu's blood.
-

HYMN XX.

- 1 SPIRIT of Faith, on Thee we call,
 The merits of our Lord apply,
 Convince, and then convert us all,
 Condemn, and freely justify ;
 Set forth the all-atoning Lamb,
 And spread the powers of Jesu's name.
- 2 Jesus the merciful and just
 To every heart of man reveal,
 In Him enable us to trust,
 Forgiveness through His blood to feel ;
 Let all in Him redemption find ;
 Sprinkle the blood on all mankind.
- 3 Is He not to His Father gone,
 That we His righteousness might share !
 And art Thou not on earth sent down,
 The fruit of His prevailing prayer,

The witness of His grace, and seal,
The heavenly gift unspeakable !

- 4 O might we each receive the grace
By Thee to call the Saviour *mine* !
Come, Holy Ghost, to all our race,
Bring in the righteousness Divine,
Inspire the sense of sin forgiven,
And give our earth a taste of heaven.

HYMN XXI.

- 1 AGAIN, Thou Spirit of Burning come,
Thy last great office to fulfil,
To *show* the hellish tyrant's doom,
The hellish tyrant's doom to *seal*,
To drive him from Thy sacred shrine,
And fill our souls with life Divine.
- 2 Of *judgment* now the world convince,
The end of Jesu's coming show,
To sentence their usurping prince,
Him and his works destroy below,
To finish, end, abolish sin,
And bring the heavenly nature in.
- 3 Who galls the nations with his yoke,
And bruises with an iron rod,
And smites with a continual stroke,
The world's fierce ruler and its God
Wilt Thou not, Lord, from earth expel,
And chase the fiend to his own hell?

- 4 Yes, Thou shalt soon pronounce his doom,
Who rules in wrath the realms below ;
That Wicked One reveal, consume,
Avenge the nations of their foe,
In bright vindictive lightning shine,
And slay him with the breath Divine.
-

HYMN XXII.

- 1 THEN the whole earth again shall rest,
And see its paradise restored ;
Then every soul in Jesus bless'd
Shall bear the image of its Lord,
In finish'd holiness renew'd,
Immeasurably fill'd with God.
- 2 Spirit of sanctifying grace,
Hasten that happy gospel day ;
Come, and restore the fallen race,
Purge all our filth and blood away,
Our inmost soul redeem, repair,
And fix Thy seat of judgment there.
- 3 Judgment to execute is Thine,
To kill and save is Thine alone ;
Exert that energy Divine,
Set up the everlasting throne,
The inward kingdom from above,
The glorious power of perfect love.
- 4 O wouldst Thou bring the final scene,
Accomplish the redeeming plan,
Thy great millennial reign begin ;
That every ransom'd child of man,

That every soul may bow the knee,
And rise, to reign with God in Thee.

HYMN XXIII.

John xvi. 13, 14, 15.

- 1 SPIRIT of Truth descend,
And with Thy church abide,
Our Guardian to the end,
Our sure unerring Guide :
Us into the whole counsel lead
Of God reveal'd below,
And teach us all the truth we need
To life eternal know.
- 2 Whate'er Thou hear'st above
To us with power impart,
And shed abroad the love
Of Jesus in our heart :
One with the Father, and the Son,
Thy record is the same,
O make to us the Godhead known
Through faith in Jesu's name.
- 3 To all our souls apply
The doctrine of our Lord,
Our conscience certify,
And witness with the word
Thy realizing light display,
And show us things to come,
The after state, the final day,
And man's eternal doom.

- 4 The Judge of quick and dead,
 The God of truth and love,
 Who doth for sinners plead,
 Our Advocate above ;
Exalted by His Father there
 Thou dost exalt below,
And all His grace on earth declare,
 And all His glory show.
- 5 Sent in His name Thou art,
 His work to carry on,
 His Godhead to assert,
 And make His mercy known :
Thou searchest the deep things of God,
 Thou know'st the Saviour's mind,
And tak'st of His atoning blood,
 To sprinkle all mankind.
- 6 Now then of His receive,
 And show to us the grace,
 And all His fulness give
 To all the ransom'd race ;
Whate'er He did for sinners buy
 With His expiring groan,
By faith, in us reveal, apply,
 And make it all our own.
- 7 Descending from above,
 Into our souls convey
 His comfort, joy, and love,
 Which none can take away ;
His merit, and His righteousness,
 Which makes an end of sin,
Apply to every heart His peace,
 And bring His kingdom in !

- 8 The plenitude of God
That doth in Jesus dwell,
On us through Him bestow'd,
To us secure and seal :
Now let us taste our Master's bliss,
The glorious heavenly powers,
For all the Father hath is His,
And all He hath is ours.
-

HYMN XXIV.

John xvi. 20, 21, 22.

- 1 JESU, dear departed Lord,
True and gracious is Thy word,
We in part have found it true ;
All Thy faithful mercies show.
- 2 Thou art to Thy Father gone,
Thou hast left us here alone,
Left us a long fast to keep,
Left us for Thy loss to weep.
- 3 Laugh the world, secure and glad,
They rejoice, but we are sad ;
We alas ! lament and grieve,
Comfortless till Thou relieve.
- 4 As a woman in her throes
Sinks o'erwhelm'd with fears and woes,
Sinks our soul through grief and pain,
Struggling to be born again :
- 5 As she soon forgets to mourn,
Glad that a man-child is born,
Let us, lighten'd of our load,
Find relief in Thee our God.

- 6 Jesus, visit us again,
Look us out of sin and pain,
Kindly comfort us that mourn,
Into joy our sorrow turn.
- 7 Thy own joy to us impart,
Root it deeply in our heart,
Joy which none can take away,
Joy which shall for ever stay:
- 8 All the kingdom from above,
All the happiness of love,
Be it to Thy servants given,
Pardon, holiness, and heaven.
-

HYMN XXV.

FOR THE FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT.

- 1 JESUS, God of peace and love,
Send Thy blessing from above,
Take, and seal us for Thine own,
'Touch our hearts, and make them one.
- 2 By the sense of sin forgiven
Purge out all the former leaven,
Malice, guile, and proud offence ;
Take the stone of stumbling hence.
- 3 Root up every bitter root,
Multiply the Spirit's fruit,
Love, and joy, and quiet peace,
Meek, long-suffering gentleness :

- 4 Strict and general temperance,
Boundless, pure benevolence,
Cordial firm fidelity ;
All the mind which was in Thee.
-

HYMN XXVI.

- 1 COME, Holy celestial Dove,
To visit a sorrowful breast,
My burden of guilt to remove,
And bring me assurance and rest :
Thou only hast power to relieve
A sinner o'erwhelm'd with his load,
The sense of acceptance to give,
And sprinkle his heart with the blood.
- 2 With me if of old Thou hast strove,
And strangely withheld from *my* sin,
And tried by the lure of Thy love
My worthless affections to win ;
The work of Thy mercy revive,
Thine uttermost mercy exert,
And kindly continue to strive,
And hold, till I yield Thee, my heart.
- 3 Thy call if I ever have known,
And sigh'd from myself to get free,
And groan'd the unspeakable groan,
And long'd to be happy in Thee ;
Fulfil the imperfect desire,
Thy peace to my conscience reveal,
The sense of Thy favour inspire,
And give me my pardon to feel.

- 4 If, when I had put Thee to grief,
And madly to folly return'd,
Thy pity hath been my relief,
And lifted me up as I mourn'd ;
Most pitiful Spirit of Grace,
Relieve me again, and restore,
My spirit in holiness raise,
To fall, and to suffer no more.
- 5 If now I lament after God,
And gasp for a drop of Thy love,
If Jesus hath bought Thee with blood,
For me to receive from above ;
Come, heavenly Comforter, come,
True Witness of mercy Divine,
And make me Thy permanent home,
And seal me eternally Thine.
-

HYMN XXVII.

- 1 SPIRIT of Faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God,
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood :
'Tis Thine the blood to' apply,
And give us eyes to see
Who did for every sinner die
Hath surely died for *me*.
- 2 No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless Thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word :

Then, only then we feel
Our interest in His blood,
And cry with joy unspeakable
Thou art my Lord, my God !

3 I know my Saviour lives,
He lives, who died for me,
My inmost soul His voice receives
Who hangs on yonder tree :
Set forth before my eyes
Even now I see Him bleed,
And hear His mortal groans, and cries,
While suffering in my stead.

4 O that the world might know
The great atoning Lamb !
Spirit of Faith, descend, and show
The virtue of His name :
The grace which all may find,
The saving power impart,
And testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

5 Inspire the living faith,
(Which whosoe'er receives
The witness in himself he hath,
And consciously believes ;)
The faith that conquers all,
And doth the mountain move,
And saves whoe'er on Jesus call,
And perfects them in love.

HYMN XXVIII.

- 1 AUTHOR of every work Divine,
Who dost through both creations shine,
The God of nature and of grace,
Thy glorious steps in all we see,
And wisdom attribute to Thee,
And power, and majesty, and praise.
- 2 Thou didst Thy mighty wings outspread,
And brooding o'er the chaos, shed
Thy life into the' impregn'd abyss,
The vital principle infuse,
And out of nothing's womb produce
The earth and heaven, and all that is.
- 3 That all-informing breath Thou art
Who dost continued life impart,
And bidd'st the world persist to be :
Garnish'd by Thee yon azure sky,
And all those beauteous orbs on high
Depend in golden chains from Thee.
- 4 Thou dost create the earth anew,
(Its Maker and Preserver too,)
By Thine almighty arm sustain :
Nature *perceives* Thy secret force,
And still holds on her even course,
And owns Thy providential reign.
- 5 Thou art the *Universal* Soul,
The plastic power that fills the whole,
And governs earth, air, sea, and sky :
The creatures all Thy breath receive,
And who by Thy inspiring live,
Without Thy inspiration die.

- 6 Spirit immense, eternal Mind,
Thou on the souls of lost mankind
Dost with benignest influence move,
Pleased to restore the ruin'd race,
And new-create a world of grace
In all the image of Thy love.
-

HYMN XXIX.

- 1 SPIRIT of Grace, we bless Thy name,
Thy works and offices proclaim,
Thy fruits, and properties, and powers :
Thou dost with kind intendering care
The godless heart of man prepare,
That God may yet again be ours.
- 2 Thou didst Thy fallen creature see,
Fallen from happiness and Thee,
And swiftly to our rescue come ;
Well-pleased amongst the sons of men
To fix Thy residence again,
And make them Thy eternal home.
- 3 Thou dost the first good thought inspire,
The first faint spark of pure desire
Is kindled by Thy gracious breath ;
By Thee made conscious of his fall,
The sinner hears Thy *sudden* call,
And starts out of the sleep of death.
- 4 Convinced of sin and unbelief
He sinks o'erwhelm'd with sacred grief,
And pines disconsolate for God,

Till Thou the healing balm apply,
The sinner freely justify
In Jesu's name, and Jesu's blood.

HYMN XXX.

- 1 SPIRIT of Power, 'tis Thine alone
To finish what Thyself begun,
And crown Thy work with full success;
To them that groan beneath their sin,
Thou bring'st the sweet refreshment in,
The everlasting righteousness.
- 2 Thou dost by Thine almighty grace
Again the abject sinner raise,
Again our fleshly souls refine ;
Spirit of spirit born, we love,
And only seek, the things above,
And live on earth the life Divine.
- 3 Thou dost the vital seed infuse,
Thou dost the creature new produce
In all its glorious parts complete ;
The subjects of the kingdom here
Thou makest, ere the Judge appear,
For all Thy heavenly kingdom meet.
- 4 Thou that revealing Spirit art
Who dost the hearing ear impart,
The clear illuminated sight ;
Spirit of wisdom from on high,
Of knowledge that shall never die,
Of holy, true, eternal light.

-
- 5 Thou art the end of doubtful care,
The antidote of sad despair
We feel in that sweet power of Thine ;
Through Thee, who lift'st the fallen up,
We rise, rejoice, abound in hope,
And bless Thine energy Divine.
- 6 Author of never-failing peace,
Whene'er we languish in distress,
O'erwhelm'd with sin and misery,
Thy presence brings us sure relief,
To gladness turns our every grief ;
And joy in God is joy in Thee.
- 7 Spirit of meek and godly fear,
The children, taught of Thee, revere,
And do their heavenly Father's will ;
Pierced with an humble filial awe,
They love to keep His blessed law,
And all His kind commands fulfil.
- 8 Spirit of pure and holy love,
We feel Thee streaming from above
In calm unutterable peace ;
The love by Thee diffused abroad
Unites our happy hearts to God,
And seals our everlasting bliss.
-

HYMN XXXI.

- 1 SPIRIT of holiness, and Root,
Thy gracious God-delighting fruit
Is joy, fidelity, and peace ;

Meekness which no affront can move,
Truth, temperance, long-suffering, love,
And universal righteousness.

2 Restorer of the sin-sick mind,
Our souls a perfect soundness find
Through all their powers in Thee renew'd ;
Spirit of life and might Divine,
By Thee we in the image shine,
In all the strength and life of God.

3 Thou dost the living power exert
To' invigorate and confirm the heart
Of those who feel Thy work begun,
To exercise our every grace,
Quicken us in the glorious race,
Till all the glorious race is run.

4 Through Thee the flesh we mortify,
A daily death rejoice to die,
To live from sin for ever free :
An holy sinless life to lead
Is only in Thy track to tread,
To walk in love, in God, in Thee.

5 Through Thee we render God His due,
The worship spiritual and true
With loving hearts rejoice to pay :
Him, while we find Thy present power,
In truth and spirit we adore,
And pray—whene'er in Thee we pray.

6 Thou pleadest in the living stones
With speechless eloquence of groans,
Which pierce our pitying Father's ear ;

The answer of *Thy* prayer we feel,
The glorious joy unspeakable,
And triumph in the Comforter.

7 True Witness of our sonship Thee
We feel, from fear and sorrow free,
And Father, Abba Father, cry ;
Seal of our endless bliss Thou art,
Foretaste, and earnest in our heart
Of pleasures that shall never die.

8 First-fruits of yonder land above,
Celestial joy, seraphic love
To us, to us in Thee is given :
And all that to the Spirit sow,
Shall of the Spirit reap, and know
The ripest happiness of heaven.

HYMN XXXII.

1 AWAY with our fears,
Our troubles and tears !
The Spirit is come,
The Witness of Jesus return'd to His home :
The pledge of our Lord
To His heaven restored,
Is sent from the sky,
And tells us our Head is exalted on high.

2 Our Advocate there
By His blood and His prayer
The Gift hath obtain'd,
For us He hath pray'd, and the Comforter gain'd :

Our glorified Head
His Spirit hath shed,
With His people to stay,
And never again will He take Him away.

3 Our heavenly Guide
 With us shall abide ;
 His comfort impart,
And set up His kingdom of love in the heart :
 The heart that believes
 His kingdom receives,
 His power and His peace,
His life, and His joy's everlasting increase.

4 The Presence Divine
 Doth inwardly shine,
 The *Shechinah* rests
On all our assemblies, and glows in our breasts.
 By day and by night
 The pillar of light
 Our steps shall attend,
And convoy us safe to our prosperous end.

5 Then let us rejoice
 In heart and in voice,
 Our Leader pursue,
And shout as we travel the wilderness through ;
 With the Spirit remove
 To *Sion* above,
 Triumphant arise,
And walk in our God, till we fly to the skies.

H Y M N S

FOR

THOSE THAT SEEK AND THOSE THAT HAVE

REDEMPTION

I N T H E

BLOOD

O F

JESUS CHRIST.

L O N D O N :

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H Y M N S

FOR THOSE THAT SEEK AND THOSE THAT HAVE

R E D E M P T I O N

IN THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST.

HYMN I.

To—" *Father, our hearts we lift.*"*

- 1 JESUS, my Lord, attend
Thy fallen creature's cry,
And show Thyself the sinner's Friend,
And set me up on high:
From hell's oppressive power,
From earth and sin release,
And to Thy Father's grace restore,
And to Thy perfect peace.
- 2 For this, alas! I mourn
In helpless unbelief,
But Thou my wretched heart canst turn,
And heal my sin and grief;
Salvation in Thy name
To dying souls is given,
And all may, through Thy merit, claim
A right to life and heaven.

* The first of the "Hymns on the Great Festivals."

- 3 Thy blood and righteousness
I make my only plea,
My present and eternal peace
Are both derived from Thee :
Rivers of life Divine
From Thee their Fountain flow,
And all who know that love of Thine
The joy of angels know.
- 4 O then impute, impart
To me Thy righteousness,
And let me taste how good Thou art,
How full of truth and grace :
That Thou canst here forgive
I long to testify,
And justified by faith to live,
And in that faith to die.
-

HYMN II.

To—" *Angels speak, let men give ear.*"

- 1 O HOW sweet it is to languish
For our God,
Till His blood
Eases all our anguish !
Blest we are in expectation
Of the bliss,
Power and peace,
Pardon and salvation.
- 2 We shall soon enjoy the favour
(Now the hope
Lifts us up)
Of our loving Saviour.

- Confident, for God hath spoken,
Till the grace
We embrace,
Hold we fast the token.
- 3 Though the world will not believe it,
Sure the word
Of our Lord,
All that ask receive it.
We shall live the life of heaven,
While below
We shall know
Here our sins forgiven.
- 4 Though they call our hope delusion,
Jesus here
Shall appear,
To our sin's confusion.
All the virtues of His passion
We shall share,
And declare,
In the new creation.
- 5 Jesus shall impute His merit
Unto all
Those that call
For His promised Spirit:
Pour into our hearts the pardon,
Make us bud,
By His blood,
As a water'd garden.
- 6 O the soul-transporting pleasure
Which we feel,
Waiting still
For the heavenly treasure!

O the joy of expectation !
Happy we
Soon shall see
All the Lord's salvation.

HYMN III.
THANKSGIVING FOR THE SUCCESS OF
THE GOSPEL.

To—“ *Away with our fears.*”

- 1 ALL thanks be to God,
Who scatters abroad
Throughout every place,
By the least of His servants His savour of grace !
Who the victory gave,
The praise let Him have,
For the work He hath done,
All honour and glory to Jesus alone.
- 2 Our conquering Lord
Hath prosper'd His word,
Hath made it prevail,
And mightily shaken the kingdom of hell.
His arm He hath bared,
And a people prepared,
His glory to show,
And witness the power of His passion below.
- 3 He hath open'd a door
To the penitent poor,
And rescued from sin,
And admitted the harlots and publicans in :
They have heard the glad sound,
They have liberty found
Through the blood of the Lamb,
And plentiful pardon in Jesus's name.

- 4 The' opposers admire
 The hammer and fire,
 Which all things o'ercomes,
And breaks the hard rocks, and the mountains
 With quiet amaze [consumes.
 They listen and gaze,
 And their weapons resign,
Constrain'd to acknowledge — the work is Divine!
- 5 And shall *we* not sing
 Our Saviour and King?
 Thy witnesses, we
With rapture ascribe our salvation to Thee.
 Thou Jesus hast bless'd,
 And believers increased,
 Who thankfully own,
We are freely forgiven through mercy alone.
- 6 Thy Spirit revives
 His work in our lives,
 His wonders of grace,
So mightily wrought in the primitive days.
 O that all men might know
 Thy tokens below,
 Our Saviour confess,
And embrace the glad tidings of pardon and peace!
- 7 Thou Saviour of all,
 Effectually call
 The sinners that stray;
And O let a nation be born in a day!
 Thy sign let them see,
 And flow unto Thee,
 For the oil and the wine,
For the blissful assurance of favour Divine.

- 8 Our heathenish land
 Beneath Thy command
 In mercy receive,
 And make us a pattern to all that believe :
 Then, then let it spread,
 Thy knowledge and dread,
 Till the earth is o'erflow'd,
 And the universe fill'd with the glory of God.
-

HYMN IV.

THE INVITATION.

To—" *Hearts of stone, relent, relent.*"

- 1 WEARY souls, who wander wide
 From the central point of bliss,
 Turn to Jesus crucified,
 Fly to those dear wounds of His,
 Sink into the purple flood,
 Rise into the life of God!
- 2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
 Peace unspeakable, unknown :
 By His pain He gives you ease,
 Life by His expiring groan ;
 Rise exalted by His fall,
 Find in Christ your all in all.
- 3 O believe the record true,
 God to you His Son hath given,
 Ye may now be happy too,
 Live on earth the life of heaven ;
 Live the life of heaven above,
 All the life of glorious love.

- 4 This the universal bliss,
Bliss for every soul design'd,
God's original promise this,
God's great gift to all mankind :
Blest in Christ this moment be,
Blest to all eternity !
-

HYMN V.

To— "*All ye that pass by.*"

- 1 COME, Lord, from above,
The mountains remove,
Overturn all that hinders the course of Thy love.
My bosom inspire,
Inkindle the fire,
And wrap my whole soul in the flames of desire.
- 2 I languish and pine
For the comfort Divine :
O when shall I say, my Beloved is mine !
I have chose the good part,
My portion Thou art,
O Love, I have found Thee, O God, in my heart.
- 3 For this my heart sighs,
Nothing else can suffice :
How, Lord, shall I purchase the pearl of great price?
It cannot be bought :
And Thou know'st I have nought,
Not an action, a word, or a truly good thought.
- 4 But I hear a voice say,
Without money ye may
Receive it, whoever have nothing to pay :

- Who on Jesus relies,
Without money or price
The pearl of forgiveness and holiness buys.
- 5 The blessing is free :
So, Lord, let it be ;
I yield that Thy love should be given to me.
I freely receive
What Thou freely dost give,
And consent in Thy love, in Thine *Eden* to live.
- 6 The gift I embrace,
The Giver I praise,
And ascribe my salvation to Jesus's grace.
It comes from above,
The foretaste I prove,
And I soon shall receive all Thy fulness of love.

HYMN VI.

FOR A BELIEVER, IN WORLDLY BUSINESS.

To—" *Lamb of God, whose bleeding love.*"

- 1 Lo! I come with joy to do
The Master's blessed will,
Him in outward works pursue,
And serve His pleasure still ;
Faithful to my Lord's commands,
I still would choose the better part :
Serve with careful *Martha's* hands,
And humble *Mary's* heart.

- 2 Careful, without care I am,
Nor feel my happy toil,
Kept in peace by Jesu's name,
Supported by His smile ;
Joyful thus my faith to show,
I find His service my reward ;
Every work I do below,
I do it to the Lord.
- 3 Thou, O Lord, in tender love
Dost all my burdens bear,
Lift my heart to things above.
And fix it ever there :
Calm on tumult's wheel I sit,
'Midst busy multitudes, alone,
Sweetly waiting at Thy feet,
Till all Thy will be done.
- 4 To the desert, or the cell,
Let others blindly fly,
In this evil world I dwell,
Unhurt, unspotted, I :
Here I find an house of prayer,
To which I inwardly retire,
Walking unconcern'd in care,
And unconsumed in fire.
- 5 Thou, O Lord, my portion art.
Before I hence remove !
Now my treasure and my heart
Is all laid up above ;
Far above these earthly things
(While yet my hands are here employ'd)
Sees my soul the King of kings
And freely talks with God.

6 O that all the art might know,
Of living thus to Thee :
Find their heaven begun below,
And here Thy goodness see :
Walk in all the works prepared
By Thee to exercise their grace,
Till they gain their full reward,
And see Thy glorious face.

HYMN VII.

To—" *With pity, Lord, a sinner see.*"

- 1 WHAT would I have on earth beneath ?
Pardon, and an early death :
Out of the vale of tears
I long on mercy's wings to fly,
To leave my sins, and griefs, and fears,
To love my God, and die.
- 2 Jesu, I cry for help to Thee ;
Thou hast, Lord, the double key :
Open the gracious door,
And let me live with pardon blest,
And then obtain one blessing more,
And lay me down to rest.
- 3 In love forbid my longer stay,
Beckon me from earth away ;
Fulfil my heart's desire,
And sign my pardon'd soul's release ;
Now, now my pardon'd soul require,
And let me die in peace.
-

HYMN VIII.

To—" *Rejoice, the Lord is King.*"

- 1 YE tempted souls, that feel
The great and sore distress,
Waiting till Christ reveal
His joy, and love, and peace :
Lift up your heads, the signs appear,
Look up, and see your Saviour near !
- 2 Long have you heard and known
The wars that rage within,
And nature still fights on,
And grace opposes sin :
Lift up your heads, &c.
- 3 Those strong convulsive throes,
That shake your inmost frame,
Those fears, and griefs, and woes,
His sure approach proclaim :
Lift up your heads, &c.
- 4 Who pine for heavenly food,
As at the point to die,
Your aching want of God
Himself shall soon supply :
Lift up your heads, &c.
- 5 That plague of your own heart,
Which poisons all the race,
Shall suddenly depart,
Expell'd by sovereign grace :
Lift up your heads, &c.

- 6 Ye now afflicted are,
 And hated for His name,
 And in your bodies bear
 The tokens of the Lamb :
Lift up your heads, &c.
- 7 Who stumble at the cross,
 And vilely fall away,
 Deserters of the cause,
 Your brethren you betray ;
Lift up your heads, &c.
- 8 Lo ! the false prophets rise
 To vilify the true,
 The truth to scandalize,
 And make a prey of you :
Lift up your heads, &c.
- 9 Iniquities increase,
 And many are grown cold,
 And forfeiting their peace,
 Have wander'd from the fold :
Lift up your heads, &c.
- 10 Who patiently endure
 Till all their trials end,
 Are of salvation sure,
 And shall to heaven ascend :
Lift up your heads, the signs appear,
Look up, and see your Saviour here.
-

HYMN IX.

To—"Jesus, show us Thy salvation."

- 1 LOVE Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown :
Jesu, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art,
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.
- 2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit,
Into every troubled breast,
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest :
Take away our *power* of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith as its Beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive ;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.
- 4 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure, and spotless let us be,
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee :

Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise !

HYMN X.

To—"Happy Magdalene."

- 1 COME, ye weary sinners, come,
All who groan to bear your load,
Jesus calls His wanderers home :
Hasten to your pardoning God :
Come, ye guilty spirits oppress,
Answer to the Saviour's call,
"Come, and I will give you rest,
Come, and I will save you all."
- 2 Jesus, full of truth and love,
We Thy kindest word obey,
Faithful let Thy mercies prove,
Take our load of guilt away :
Now the promised rest bestow,
Rest from servitude severe,
Rest from all our toil and woe,
Rest from all our grief and fear.
- 3 Weary of this war within,
Weary of this endless strife,
Weary of ourselves and sin,
Weary of a wretched life ;
Fain we would on Thee rely,
Cast on Thee our sin and care,
To Thy arms of mercy fly,
Find our lasting quiet there.

- 4 Burden'd with a world of grief,
 Burden'd with our sinful load,
Burden'd with this unbelief,
 Burden'd with the wrath of God,
Lo! we come to Thee for ease,
 True and gracious as Thou art,
Now our groaning soul release,
 Write forgiveness on our heart.
-

HYMN XI.

A FUNERAL HYMN.

To—“ *Hail the day that sees Him rise!* ”

- 1 GLORY be to God on high,
 God in whom we live and die,
 God, who guides us by His love,
 Takes us to His throne above!
 Angels that surround His throne,
 Sing the wonders He hath done,
 Shout while we on earth reply,
 Glory be to God on high!
- 2 God of everlasting grace,
 Worthy Thou of endless praise,
 Thou hast all Thy blessings shed
 On the living and the dead :
 Thou wast here their sure defence,
 Thou hast borne their spirits hence,
 Worthy Thou of endless praise,
 God of everlasting grace!
- 3 Thanks be all ascribed to Thee,
 Blessing, power, and majesty,

Thee, by whose almighty name
 They their latest foe o'ercame :
 Thou the victory hast won,
 Saved them by Thy grace alone,
 Caught them up Thy face to see,
 Thanks be all ascribed to Thee !

- 4 Happy in Thy glorious love,
 We shall from the vale remove,
 Glad partakers of our hope,
 We shall soon be taken up,
 Meet again our heavenly friends,
 Blest with bliss that never ends,
 Join'd to all Thy hosts above,
 Happy in Thy glorious love !
-

HYMN XII.

To—" *Hail, Jesus, hail, our great High-Priest.*"

- 1 ARM of the Lord, awake for me !
 Art Thou not It that smote the sea,
 And all its mighty waters dried ?
 Art Thou not It that quell'd the boast
 Of haughty *Pharaoh* and his host,
 And baffled all their furious pride ?
- 2 Thou didst the' outrageous dragon wound.
 Thou hast the horse and rider drown'd,
 Glorious and excellent in power ;
 While *Israel* march'd in firm array,
 Triumphant through the wondrous way,
 Nor stumbled till they reach'd the shore.

- 3 Awake as in the ancient days :
See in our foes the' *Egyptian* race,
With hell's grim tyrant at their head :
Enraged at our escape, he roars,
And follows us with all his powers,
Out of his iron furnace freed.
- 4 " I will pursue, I will o'ertake,
I will my fugitives bring back,
And satisfy my lust of blood,
Draw out my sword of keenest lies,
Pour a whole flood of perjuries,
And make the rebels know their god."
- 5 Angel Divine, who still art near,
Remove, and guard Thy people's rear,
This day for Thine own *Israel* fight ;
O let the pillar interpose,
A cloud and darkness to our foes,
To us a flame of cheering light.
- 6 Hear us to Thee for succour cry,
Nor let the hostile powers come nigh,
In all our night of doubts and fears ;
They cannot force their way through Thee,
And Thou shalt our protection be,
Till the glad morning light appears.
- 7 Look through the tutelary cloud,
In which Thou dost our souls enshroud,
And blast the aliens with Thine eye,
Trouble the proud *Egyptian* host,
Confound their vain presumptuous boast
Who *Israel's* God in us defy.

- 8 Arrest our fierce pursuers' speed,
Take off their chariot-wheels : with dread
And heavy wrath their spirits pain ;
Extort the cry from every heart,
" Jehovah takes His people's part,
We fight against the Lord in vain."
-

HYMN XIII.

TE DEUM.

To—" *Sinners, rejoice, your peace is made.*"

- 1 INFINITE God, to Thee we raise
Our hearts in solemn songs of praise ;
By all Thy works on earth adored,
We worship Thee, the common Lord,
The everlasting Father own,
And bow our souls before the throne.
- 2 Thee all the choir of angels sings,
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings !
Cherubs proclaim Thy praise aloud,
And seraphs shout the triune God,
And Holy, holy, holy, cry,
Thy glory fills both earth and sky !
- 3 God of the patriarchal race,
The ancient seers record Thy praise,
The goodly apostolic band
In highest joy and glory stand,
And all the saints and prophets join
To' extol the Majesty Divine.

- 4 Head of the martyrs' noble host,
Of Thee they justly make their boast ;
The church to earth's remotest bounds,
Her heavenly Founder's praise resounds,
And strives with those around the throne
To hymn the mystic 'Three in One.
- 5 Father of endless majesty,
All might and love they render Thee,
Thy true and only Son adore,
The same in dignity and power,
And God the Holy Ghost declare,
The saints' eternal Comforter.
- 6 Messiah ! Joy of every heart,
Thou, Thou the King of glory art !
The Father's everlasting Son !
Thee, Thee we most delight to own ;
For all our hopes on Thee depend,
Whose glorious mercies never end.
- 7 Bent to redeem a sinful race,
Thou, Lord, with unexampled grace
Into our lower world didst come,
And stoop to a poor virgin's womb ;
Whom all the heavens cannot contain,
Our God appear'd—a child of man !
- 8 When Thou hadst render'd up Thy breath,
And dying drawn the sting of death,
Thou didst from earth triumphant rise,
And ope the portals of the skies,
That all who trust in Thee alone
Might follow, and partake Thy throne.

- 9 Seated at God's right hand again,
Thou dost in all His glory reign,
Thou dost, Thy Father's image, shine
In all the attributes Divine ;
And Thou in vengeance clad shalt come
To seal our everlasting doom.
- 10 Wherefore we now for mercy pray,
O Saviour, take our sins away !
Before Thou as our Judge appear
In dreadful majesty severe,
Appear our Advocate with God,
And save the purchase of Thy blood.
- 11 Hallow, and make Thy servants meet,
And with Thy saints in glory seat,
Sustain, and bless us by Thy sway,
And keep to that tremendous day,
When all Thy church shall chant above
The new eternal song of love.
- 12 Rejoicing now in glorious hope
That Thou at last wilt take us up,
With daily triumph we proclaim,
And bless, and magnify Thy name,
And wait Thy greatness to adore
When time and death shall be no more.
- 13 Till then with us vouchsafe to stay,
And keep us pure from sin to-day,
Thy great confirming grace bestow,
And guard us all our days below,
And ever mightily defend,
And save, O save us to the end !
- 14 Still let us, Lord, with love be blest,
Who on Thy guardian mercy rest ;

The weakest soul that trusts in Thee,
Extend Thy mercy's arms to me,
And never let me lose Thy love,
Till I, even I, am crown'd above.

HYMN XIV.

To — "*Jesus, we hang upon Thy word.*"

- 1 FATHER of Jesus Christ, the Just,
My Friend and Advocate with Thee,
Pity a soul, who fain would trust
In Him who lived and died for me :
But only Thou canst make Him known,
And in my heart reveal Thy Son.
- 2 If, drawn by Thine alluring grace,
My want of living faith I feel,
Show me in Christ Thy smiling face ;
What flesh and blood can ne'er reveal.
Thy co-eternal Son display,
And call my darkness into day.
- 3 The gift unspeakable impart,
Command the light of faith to shine,
To shine in my dark drooping heart,
And fill me with the life Divine :
Now bid the new creation be ;
O God, let there be faith in me !
- 4 Thee without faith I cannot please :
Faith without Thee I cannot have :
But Thou hast sent the Prince of peace
To seek my wandering soul, and save :
O Father ! glorify Thy Son,
And save me for His sake alone !

- 5 Save me, through faith in Jesu's blood,
That blood which He for all did shed ;
For me, for me, Thou know'st it flow'd,
For me, for me, Thou hear'st it plead ;
Assure me *now* my soul is Thine,
And all Thou art in Christ is mine !
-

HYMN XV.

To—"Jesus, dear, departed Lord."

- 1 GOD of love, that hear'st the prayer,
Kindly for Thy people care,
Who on Thee alone depend,
Save us, save us to the end !
Save us in the prosperous hour
From the flattering tempter's power,
From his unsuspected wiles,
From the world's pernicious smiles.
- 2 Cut off our dependance vain
On the help of feeble man,
Every arm of flesh remove,
Stay us on Thy only love ;
Let us still afflicted be,
Shelter'd in Thy poverty,
Cover'd with Thy sacred shame,
Kept by Thine almighty name.
- 3 Men of worldly, low design,
Let not these Thy people join,
Dare Thy hallow'd ark sustain,
Touch it with their hands profane ;

- Saviour, compass us about,
Keep the rich and noble out,
Till their all in heart they sell,
Till the worms their baseness feel.
- 4 Men of dignity and power,
Let not them Thy flock devour,
Poison our simplicity,
Drag us from our trust in Thee.
Save us from the great and wise,
Till they sink in their own eyes,
Till they to Thy yoke submit,
Lay their honour at Thy feet.
- 5 Never let the world break in,
Fix a mighty gulf between :
Keep us humble and unknown,
Prized and loved by God alone.
Let us still to Thee look up,
Thee Thy *Israel's* Strength and Hope ;
Nothing know or seek beside
Jesus, and Him crucified.
- 6 Dignified with worth Divine,
Let us in Thine image shine,
High in heavenly places sit,
See the moon beneath our feet.
Far above created things,
Look we down on earthly kings,
Taste our glorious liberty,
Find our happy all in Thee.
-

HYMN XVI.

To—" *Spirit of Truth, descend.*"

- 1 YE simple souls, that stray
 Far from the path of peace,
 (That unfrequented way
 To life and happiness,)
How long will ye your folly love,
 And throng the downward road,
And hate the wisdom from above,
 And mock the sons of God?
- 2 Madness and misery
 Ye count our life beneath.
 And nothing great can see
 Or glorious in our death ;
As born to suffer and to grieve.
 Beneath your feet we lie,
And utterly contemn'd we live.
 And unlamented die.
- 3 Poor, pensive sojourners,
 O'erwhelm'd with griefs and woes,
 Perplex'd with needless fears,
 And pleasure's mortal foes ;
More irksome than a gaping tomb
 Our sight ye cannot bear,
Wrapp'd in the melancholy gloom
 Of fanciful despair.
- 4 So wretched and obscure,
 The men whom ye despise,
 So foolish, weak, and poor.
 Above your scorn we rise :

Our conscience in the Holy Ghost
Can witness better things ;
For He, whose blood is all our boast,
Hath made us priests and kings.

- 5 Riches unsearchable
In Jesu's love we know,
And pleasures from the well
Of life, our souls o'erflow ;
From Him the Spirit we receive
Of wisdom, grace, and power,
And alway sorrowful we live,
Rejoicing evermore.
- 6 Angels our servants are,
And keep in all our ways,
And in their hands they bear
The sacred sons of grace ;
Our guardians to that heavenly bliss,
They all our steps attend,
And God Himself our Father is.
And Jesus is our Friend.
- 7 With Him we walk in white,
We in His image shine,
Our robes are robes of light,
Our righteousness Divine ;
On all the grov'ling kings of earth
With pity we look down,
And claim, in virtue of our birth,
A never-fading crown.
-

HYMN XVII.

FOR A MINISTER OF CHRIST.

To—"Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord!"

- 1 JESUS, my strength and righteousness.
My Saviour, and my King,
Triumphantly Thy name I bless,
Thy conquering name I sing.
Thou, Lord, hast magnified Thy name.
Thou hast maintain'd Thy cause,
And I enjoy the glorious shame,
The scandal of Thy cross.
- 2 Thou gavest me to speak Thy word
In the appointed hour,
I have proclaim'd my dying Lord,
And felt Thy Spirit's power :
Superior to my foes I stood,
Above their smile or frown,
On all the strangers to Thy blood
With pitying love look'd down.
- 3 O let me have Thy presence still,
Set as a flint my face,
To show the counsel of Thy will,
Which saves a world by grace.
O let me never blush to own
The glorious gospel word,
Which saves a world through faith alone,
Faith in a bleeding Lord !
- 4 This is the saving power of God :
Whoe'er this word receive,
Feel all the' effects of Jesu's blood,
And *sensibly* believe :

Saved from the guilt and power of sin
By instantaneous grace,
They trust to have *'Thy life brought in,*
And *always* see Thy face.

- 5 The pure in heart Thy face shall see
Before they hence remove,
Redeem'd from all iniquity,
And perfected in love.
This is the great salvation! This
The prize at which we aim,
The end of faith, the hidden bliss,
The new, mysterious name.
- 6 The name inscribed in the white stone,
The unbeginning Word,
The mystery so long unknown,
The secret of the Lord.
The living bread sent down from heaven,
The saints' and angels' food,
The' immortal seed, the little leaven,
The effluence of God !
- 7 The tree of life, that blooms and grows
In the' midst of paradise,
The pure and living stream, that flows
Back to its native skies :
The Spirit's law, the covenant seal,
The' eternal righteousness,
The glorious joy unspeakable,
The' unutterable peace !
- 8 The treasure in the gospel-field,
The wisdom from above,
Hid from the wise, to babes reveal'd,
The precious pearl of love ;

- The mystic power of godliness,
 The end of death and sin,
 The antepast of heavenly bliss.
 The kingdom fix'd within.
- 9 The Morning Star, that glittering bright,
 Shines to the perfect day,
 The Sun of Righteousness—the Light,
 The Life, the Truth, the Way :
 The image of the living God,
 His nature, and His mind,
 Himself He hath on us bestow'd,
 And all in Christ we find.

HYMN XVIII.

Proverbs iii. 13, &c.

To—“*Sinners, obey the gospel word.*”

- 1 HAPPY the man who finds the grace,
 The blessing of God's chosen race,
 The Wisdom coming from above,
 The faith that sweetly works by love.
- 2 Happy beyond description he,
 Who knows, *the Saviour died for me*,
 The gift unspeakable obtains,
 And heavenly understanding gains.
- 3 Wisdom Divine! who tells the price
 Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
 Wisdom to silver we prefer,
 And gold is dross compared to her.
- 4 Better she is than richest mines,
 All earthly treasures she outshines,
 Her value above rubies is,
 And precious pearls are vile to this.

- 5 Whate'er thy heart can wish, is poor
To Wisdom's all-sufficient store :
Pleasure, and fame, and health, and friends,
She all created good transcends.
- 6 Her hands are fill'd with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise,
Riches of Christ on all bestow'd,
And honour, that descends from God.
- 7 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.
- 8 He finds, who Wisdom apprehends,
A life begun that never ends,
The tree of life Divine she is,
Set in the midst of paradise.
- 9 Happy the man who Wisdom gains,
Thrice happy who his guest retains,
He owns and shall for ever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven are one.
-

HYMN XIX.

To—" *O Love Divine, how sweet Thou art !* "

- 1 THOU great mysterious God unknown,
Whose love hath gently led me on
Even from my infant days,
Mine inmost soul expose to view,
And tell me if I ever knew
Thy justifying grace.

- 2 If I have only known Thy fear,
And follow'd with an heart sincere,
Thy drawings from above,
Now, now the farther grace bestow,
And let my sprinkled conscience know
Thy sweet forgiving love.
- 3 Short of Thy love I would not stop,
A stranger to the gospel hope,
The sense of sin forgiven ;
I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,
Without Thy inward Witness live,
That antepast of heaven.
- 4 If now the Witness were in me,
Would He not testify of Thee
In Jesus reconciled ?
And should I not with faith draw nigh,
And boldly Abba Father cry,
I know myself Thy child ?
- 5 Ah never let Thy *servant* rest,
Till of my part in Christ possess'd,
I on Thy mercy feed,
Unworthy of the crumbs that fall,
Yet raised by Him who died for all,
To eat the children's bread.
- 6 O may I cast my rags aside,
My filthy rags of virtuous pride,
And for acceptance groan ;
My works of righteousness disclaim,
With all I have, or can, or am,
And trust in grace alone.

- 7 Whate'er obstructs Thy pardoning love,
Or sin, or righteousness remove,
Thy glory to display ;
Mine heart of unbelief convince,
And now absolve me from my sins,
And take them all away.
- 8 Father, in me reveal Thy Son,
And to my inmost soul make known
How merciful Thou art :
The secret of Thy love reveal,
And by Thine hallowing Spirit dwell
For ever in my heart.
-

HYMN XX.

WRITTEN AFTER A DELIVERANCE IN A
TUMULT.

To—" *Head of the church triumphant.*"

- 1 WORSHIP, and thanks, and blessing,
And strength ascribe to Jesus !
Jesus alone
Defends His own,
When earth and hell oppress us.
Jesus with joy we witness,
Almighty to deliver,
Our seal set to,
That God is true,
And reigns a King for ever.
- 2 Omnipotent Redeemer,
Our ransom'd souls adore Thee,
Our Saviour Thou,
We find it now,
And give Thee all the glory.

We sing Thine arm unshorten'd,
Brought through our sore temptation,
With heart and voice,
In Thee rejoice,
The God of our salvation.

- 3 Thine arm hath safely brought us
A way no more expected,
Than when Thy sheep
Pass'd through the deep,
By crystal walls protected.

Thy glory was our rereward,
Thine hand our lives did cover.
And we, even we
Have walk'd the sea,
And march'd triumphant over.

- 4 Thy works we now acknowledge,
Thy wondrous loving-kindness,
Which help'd Thine own,
By means unknown,
And smote our foes with blindness.

By Satan's host surrounded,
Thou didst with patience arm us,
But would'st not give
The *Syrians* leave,
Or *Sodom's* sons to harm us.

- 5 Safe as devoted *Peter*
Betwixt the soldiers sleeping,
Like sheep we lay
To wolves a prey,
Yet still in Jesu's keeping.

Thou from the' infernal *Herod*,
And *Jewish* expectation
Hast set us free :
All praise to Thee,
O God of our salvation !

6 The world and Satan's malice,
Thou, Jesus, hast confounded ;
And by Thy grace,
With songs of praise
Our happy souls resounded.

Accepting our deliverance,
We triumph in Thy favour,
And for the love
Which now we prove,
Shall praise Thy name for ever.

HYMN XXI.*

To—" *Ye servants of God.*"

HYMN XXII.

AT LYING DOWN.

To—" *Ah, lovely appearance of death !*"

1 AND can I in sorrow lay down
My weary and languishing head,
Nor think on the souls that are gone,
Nor envy the peaceable dead !

* Will be found on a future page of this volume as a paraphrase of Isaiah xlv. 23.

- The peaceable dead are set free,
The good which I covet they have,
An end of their sorrows they see,
And bury their cares in the grave.
- 2 Their souls are impassive above,
And nothing of mortals they know,
Unless on an errand of love
They visit a mourner below ;
With pity angelical view
A spirit imprison'd in pain,
And long for his happiness too.
And wait for his bursting the chain.
- 3 Ye souls of the righteous, appear,
If any are waiting around,
To look on a spectacle here,
In iron and misery bound ;
Survey the sad children of men,
The purchase of mercy Divine,
And say, if ye ever have seen
A soul so afflicted as mine.
- 4 When will the affliction be o'er,
When will the fierce agony cease !
With those that are gather'd before,
I press to the haven of peace :
I would as a shadow remove,
And suddenly vanish away.
Escape to the spirits above,
Ascend to the regions of day !
-

HYMN XXIII.

To—" 'Tis finish'd, 'tis done! "

- 1 REJOICE evermore With angels above,
In Jesus's power, In Jesus's love,
With glad exultation Your triumph proclaim.
Ascribing salvation To God and the Lamb.
- 2 Thou, Lord, our relief In trouble hast been,
Hast saved us from grief, Hast saved us from sin,
The power of Thy Spirit Hath set our hearts free,
And now we inherit All fulness in Thee.
- 3 All fulness of peace, All fulness of joy,
And spiritual bliss That never shall cloy ;
To us it is given In Jesus to know
A kingdom of heaven, A heaven below.
- 4 No longer we join While sinners invite,
Or envy the swine Their brutish delight :
Their joy is all sadness, Their mirth is all vain.
Their laughter is madness, Their pleasure is pain.
- 5 O might they at last With sorrow return,
The pleasures to taste For which they were born,
Our Jesus receiving, Our happiness prove,
The joy of believing, The heaven of love.

HYMN XXIV.

To—" *Thanks be to God alone.* "

- I O LAMB of God, to Thee
In deep distress I flee,

Thou didst purge my guilty stain,
Didst for all atonement make ;
Take away my sins and pain,
Save me for Thy mercy's sake.

2 Thy mercy is my prop,
And bears my weakness up :
Full of evil as I am,
Fuller 'Thou of pardoning grace,
Jesus is Thy healing name,
Saviour of the sinful race.

3 For Thine own sake I pray,
Take all my sins away :
Other refuge have I none,
None do I desire beside ;
Thou hast died for all to' atone,
Thou for me, for me hast died.

4 Hast died that I might live,
Might all Thy life receive ;
Hasten, Lord, my heart prepare,
Bring Thy death and suffering in,
Tear away my idols, tear,
Save me, save me from my sin.

5 O bid it all depart,
This unbelief of heart,
All my mountain sins remove ;
Wrath, concupiscence, and pride,
Cast them out by perfect love,
Save me, who for me hast died.

6 This, this is all my plea,
Thy blood was shed for me,

Shed, to wash my conscience clean,
Shed, to purify my heart,
Shed, to purge me from all sin,
Shed, to make me as Thou art.

- 7 O that the cleansing tide
Were now, even now applied ;
Plunge me in the crimson flood,
Drown my sins in the *Red Sea*,
Bring me now, even now to God,
Swallow up my soul in Thee !
-

HYMN XXV.

THE MUSICIAN'S HYMN.

- 1 THOU God of harmony and love,
Whose name transports the saints above,
And lulls the ravish'd spheres :
On Thee in feeble strains I call,
And mix my humble voice with all
The heavenly choristers.
- 2 If well I know the tuneful art
To captivate a human heart,
The glory, Lord, be Thine :
A servant of Thy blessed will,
I here devote my utmost skill
To sound the praise Divine.
- 3 With *Tubal's* wretched sons no more
I prostitute my sacred power,
To please the fiends beneath ;
Or modulate the wanton lay,
Or smooth with music's hand the way
To everlasting death.

- 4 Suffice for this the season past :
I come, great God, to learn at last
The lesson of Thy grace ;
Teach me the new, the gospel song,
And let my hand, my heart, my tongue,
Move only to Thy praise.
- 5 Thine own musician, Lord, inspire,
And let my consecrated lyre
Repeat the psalmist's part :
His Son and Thine reveal in me,
And fill with sacred melody
The fibres of my heart.
- 6 So shall I charm the listening throng,
And draw the living stones along,
By Jesu's tuneful name :
The living stones shall dance, shall rise,
And form a city in the skies,
The New Jerusalem !
- 7 O might I with Thy saints aspire,
The meanest of that dazzling choir,
Who chant Thy praise above ;
Mix'd with the bright musician-band,
May I an heavenly harper stand,
And sing the song of love.
- 8 What ecstasy of bliss is there,
While all the' angelic concert share,
And drink the floating joys !
What more than ecstasy, when all
Struck to the golden pavement fall
At Jesu's glorious voice !

- 9 Jesus, the heaven of heaven He is,
The soul of harmony and bliss !
And while on Him we gaze,
And while His glorious voice we hear,
Our spirits are all eye, all ear,*
And silence speaks His praise.
- 10 O might I die that awe to prove,
That prostrate awe which dares not move,
Before the great Three-One ;
To shout by turns the bursting joy,
And all eternity employ
In songs around the throne.
-

HYMN XXVI.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

- 1 AND is the lovely shadow fled,
The blooming wonder of her years !
So soon enshrined among the dead,
She justly claims our pious tears,
Who to those heavenly spirits join'd,
Hath left a wretched world behind.
- 2 Her early short-lived excellence
With meek submission we bemoan,
Snatch'd in a fatal moment hence,
Gone from our arms, to Jesus gone,
To heighten by her swift remove,
The grief below, and joy above.

* Compare "Young's Night Thoughts," Night v., 889.

- 3 In vain the dear departing saint
Forbids our gushing tears to flow,
“ Forbear, my friends, your fond complaint,
From earth to heaven I gladly go,
To glorious company above,
Bright angels, and the God of love.
- 4 “ O praise Him, and rejoice for me,
So happy, happy in my God !
So soon from all my pain set free,
And hasten to that bless'd abode,
With swift desire my steps pursue,
And take the prize prepared for you.
- 5 “ Meet am I for the great reward,
The great reward I know is mine,
Come, O my sweet redeeming Lord,
Open those loving arms of Thine,
And take me up Thy face to see,
And let me die to live with Thee.”
- 6 The prayer is seal'd, the soul is fled,
And sees her Saviour face to face :
But still she speaks to us, though dead,
She calls us to that heavenly place,
Where all the storms of life are o'er,
And pain and parting is no more.
-

HYMN XXVII.

To—“ *Ah woe is me, constrain'd to dwell.*”

- 1 THOU hidden God, for whom I groan,
Till Thou Thyself declare,
God inaccessible, unknown,
Regard a sinner's prayer ;

- A sinner weltering in his blood,
Unpurged and unforgiven,
Far distant from the living God,
As far as hell from heaven.
- 2 An unregenerate child of man,
On Thee for faith I call,
Pity Thy fallen creature's pain,
And raise me from my fall.
The darkness which through Thee I feel.
Thou only canst remove,
Thine own eternal power reveal,
Thy Deity of love.
- 3 Thou hast in unbelief shut up,
That grace may let me go :
In hope believing against hope.
I wait the truth to know.
Thou wilt in me reveal Thy name,
Thou wilt Thy light afford ;
Bound, and oppress'd, yet Thine I am,
The prisoner of the Lord.
- 4 I would not to Thy foe submit,
But hate the tyrant's chain ;
Send forth the prisoner from the pit,
Nor let me cry in vain :
Show me the blood that bought my peace.
The covenant blood apply,
And all my griefs at once shall cease,
And all my sins shall die.
- 5 Now, Lord, if Thou art power, descend,
The mountain sin remove,
My unbelief and troubles end,
If Thou art truth and love :

Speak, Jesu, speak into my heart
What Thou for me hast done,
One grain of living faith impart,
And God is all my own.

HYMN XXVIII.

To—"Faint is my head, and sick my heart."

- 1 JESU, as taught by Thee, I pray,
Preserve me till I see Thy light,
Still let me for Thy coming stay,
Stop a poor wavering sinner's flight,
Till Thou my full Redeemer art,
O keep, in mercy keep my heart.
- 2 Keep, till this *Jewish* state is past,
This wintry state of doubts and fears :
Exposed to passion's fiercest blast,
With horrors chill'd, and drown'd in tears,
Bound up in sin and grief I mourn,
And languish for the spring's return.
- 3 O might I hear the Turtle's voice,
The cooing of Thy gentle Dove,
The call that bids my heart rejoice,
"Arise, and come away My love,
The storm is gone, the winter's o'er,
Arise, for thou shalt weep no more."
- 4 When shall this shadowy sabbath end,
This tedious length of legal woe ?
O would my Lord the substance send !
O might I now His rising know !
Come, Lord, and chase the clouds away,
And bring Thine own auspicious day.

- 5 Give me to bow, with Thee, my head,
And sink into Thy silent grave,
To rest among the quiet dead,
Till Thou display Thy power to save;
Thy resurrection's power exert,
And rise triumphant in my heart.
-

HYMN XXIX.

To—“ *Saviour, the world's and mine!*”

- 1 OUT of the deep I cry,
 Just at the point to die ;
Hastening to eternal pain,
 Jesus, Lord, I cry to Thee ;
Help a feeble child of man,
 Show forth all Thy power in me.
- 2 On Thee I ever call,
 Saviour, and Friend of all :
Well Thou know'st my desperate case,
 Thou my curse of sin remove,
Save me by Thy richest grace,
 Save me by Thy pardoning love.
- 3 How shall a sinner find
 The Saviour of mankind ?
Canst Thou not accept my prayer,
 Not bestow the grace I claim ?
Where are Thy old mercies, where
 All the powers of Jesu's name ?
- 4 What shall I say to move
 The bowels of Thy love ?

Are they not already stirr'd ?
 Have I in Thy death no part ?
 Ask Thy own compassions, Lord,
 Ask the yearnings of Thy heart.

5 I will not let Thee go,
 Till I Thy mercy know ;
 Let me hear the welcome sound,
 Speak, if still Thou canst forgive,
 Speak, and let the lost be found,
 Speak, and let the dying live.

6 Thy love is all my plea,
 Thy passion speaks for me :
 By Thy pangs and bloody sweat,
 By Thy depths of grief unknown,
 Save me gasping at Thy feet,
 Save, O save Thy ransom'd one !

7 What hast Thou done for me ?
 O think on *Calvary* !
 By Thy mortal groans and sighs,
 By Thy precious death I pray,
 Hear my dying spirit's cries,
 Take, O take my sins away !

HYMN XXX.

To—" *Ministerial spirits, come.*"

1 WEARY world, when will it end,
 Destined to the purging fire !
 Fain I would to heaven ascend,
 Thitherward I still aspire :
 Saviour, this is not my place,
 Let me die to see Thy face.

- 2 O cut short the work in me,
 Make a speedy end of sin,
Set my heart at liberty,
 Bring the heavenly nature in :
Seal me to redemption's day,
 Bear my new-born soul away.
- 3 For this only thing I wait,
 This for which I here was born,
Raise me to my first estate,
 Bid me to Thy arms return :
Let me to Thine image rise,
 Give me back my paradise.
- 4 For Thine only love I pant,
 God of love Thyself reveal,
Love, Thou know'st, is all I want,
 Now my only want fulfil,
Answer now Thy Spirit's cry,
 Let me love my God and die.
-

HYMN XXXI.

FOR THE OUTCASTS OF ISRAEL.

- 1 SHEPHERD of souls, with pitying eye
 The thousand of our *Israel* see :
To Thee in their behalf we fly,
 Ourselves but newly found in Thee.
- 2 See where o'er desert wastes they err,
 And neither food nor feeder have,
Nor fold, nor place of refuge near,
 For no man cares their souls to save.

- 3 Wild as the untaught *Indian's* brood,
 The *Christian* savages remain,
 Strangers and enemies to God,
 They make Thee spend Thy blood in vain.
- 4 Thy people, Lord, are sold for nought,
 Nor know they their Redeemer nigh :
 They perish whom Thyself hast bought,
 Their souls for lack of knowledge die.
- 5 The pit its mouth hath open'd wide,
 To swallow up its careless prey :
 Why should they die, when Thou hast died,
 Hast died to bear their sins away ?
- 6 Why should the foe Thy purchase seize ?
 Remember, Lord, Thy dying groans :
 The meed of all Thy sufferings these,
 O claim them for 'Thy ransom'd ones !
- 7 Extend to these Thy pardoning grace,
 To these be Thy salvation show'd,
 O add them to Thy chosen race !
 O sprinkle all their hearts with blood !
- 8 Still let the publicans draw near,
 Open the door of faith and heaven,
 And grant their hearts Thy word to hear,
 And witness all their sins forgiven.
-

HYMN XXXII.

AT MEETING OF FRIENDS.

To—" *When all Thy mercies, O my God !*"

- 1 ALL praise to our redeeming Lord,
 Who joins us by His grace,
 And bids us, each to each restored,
 Together seek His face.

He bids us build each other up,
And gather'd into one,
To our high calling's glorious hope
We hand in hand go on.

2 The gift which He on one bestows,
We all delight to prove,
The grace through every vessel flows
In purest streams of love.
Even now we speak, and think the same.
And cordially agree,
Concentred all through Jesu's name
In perfect harmony.

3 We all partake the joy of one,
The common peace we feel,
A peace to sensual minds unknown,
A joy unspeakable.
And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What height of rapture shall we know
When round His throne we meet !

HYMN XXXIII.

THANKSGIVING.

To—“*Praise the Lord, who reigns above.*”

1 PRAISE the Lord, ye blessed ones,
Your glorious Lord, and ours,
Principalities and thrones,
And all the heavenly powers ;

Angels that in strength excel,
 Here your utmost strength employ,
 Let your ravish'd spirits swell
 With endless praise and joy.

2 Worms of earth, on Gods we call,*
 And challenge you to sing,
 Sing the sovereign Cause of all,
 The universal King ;
 While eternal ages last,
 The transporting theme repeat,
 Shout, and gaze, and fall, and cast
 Your crowns before His feet.

3 There with you we trust to lie,
 With you to rise again,
 Nearest Him that rules the sky,
 And foremost of His train ;
 We shall lead the heavenly choir,
 We shall give the key to you,
 Singing to our golden lyre
 The song for ever new.

HYMN XXXIV.

TO THE TRINITY.

To—" *Soldiers of Christ, arise.*"

1 FATHER, in whom we live,
 In whom we are, and move,
 The glory, power, and praise receive
 Of Thy creating love :

* Compare Psalm xcvi. 7, with Hebrews i. 6.

Let all the angel-throng
Give thanks to God on high,
While earth repeats the joyful song,
And echoes to the sky.

2 Incarnate Deity,
Let all the ransom'd race
Render in thanks their lives to Thee,
For Thy redeeming grace :
The grace to sinners show'd
Ye heavenly choirs proclaim,
And cry, Salvation to our God,
Salvation to the Lamb !

3 Spirit of Holiness,
Let all Thy saints adore
Thy sacred energy, and bless
Thine heart-renewing power :
Not angel-tongues can tell
Thy love's ecstatic height,
The glorious joy unspeakable,
The beatific sight.

4 Eternal triune Lord,
Let all the hosts above,
Let all the sons of men record,
And dwell upon Thy love :
When heaven and earth are fled
Before Thy glorious face,
Sing all the saints Thy love hath made,
Thine everlasting praise !

HYMN XXXV.

To—" *Father of everlasting love.*"

- 1 BLESSING, and praise, and thanks, and love,
To God, who draws us from above,
And stirs us up to seek His face !
For what Thou hast already done,
Father, we bless Thy name alone,
And look to taste Thy pardoning grace :
We, who among the flesh-pots lay,
The dawning of a gospel day
Have seen, and rise to meet our God ;
Our God hath heard His people's groans,
Hath out of *Egypt* call'd His sons,
And lo, we wait to pass the flood.
- 2 Prisoners of hope, we meekly stand,
To see the wonders of Thy hand,
The saving power Divine to see :
Father, till Thou our pardon seal,
Till Thou in us Thy Son reveal,
Our eyes, our hearts are all to Thee.
O that the blood were now applied !
O that into the crimson tide
Our sins might sink, and rise no more !
Now, Lord, Thy pardoning mercy show,
And bring Thy ransom'd people through,
And land us on the heavenly shore.
-

HYMN XXXVI.

To—" *All thanks to the Lamb.*"

- 1 My Jesus, my hope, When will He appear,
A soul to lift up, That waits for Him here,
In much tribulation, In trouble's excess,
In height of temptation, And depth of distress!
 - 2 O when shall I see An end of my pain,
And triumph in Thee, My Saviour, again?
Lord, hasten the hour, Thy kingdom bring in,
And give me the power To live without sin.
 - 3 O Jesus, Thou know'st My sorrowful load,
And seest that my trust Is all in Thy blood :
Thou wilt have compassion, My burden remove,
Thy name is salvation, Thy nature is love.
 - 4 Thy nature and name My portion shall be,
Who humbly lay claim To all things in Thee,
The days of my mourning And painful distress
Shall at Thy returning Eternally cease.
-

HYMN XXXVII.

To—" *Thou Man of griefs, I fain would be.*"

- 1 HELP, Jesus, help against my foe,
Pity on Thy captive show,
Entangled in the snare,
The hellish snare of sin, I lie :
O cast not out my plaintive prayer,
But save me, or I die.
- 2 With all my soul I seek Thy face ;
Give me Thy restoring grace ;
Mine agony of fear

And guilt, and shame, and sorrow end ;
Appear, my Advocate, appear,
And show Thyself my Friend.

- 3 O might I feel Thy blood applied,
Nothing would I ask beside ;
Thine only love be given,
I every other good resign,
Of all Thou hast in earth or heaven,
Let love alone be mine !
-

HYMN XXXVIII.

THANKSGIVING.

To—"Join, all ye joyful nations."

- 1 JESUS, take all the glory !
Thy meritorious passion
The pardon bought,
Thy mercy brought
To us the great salvation.
'Thee gladly we acknowledge,
Our only Lord and Saviour,
Thy name confess,
Thy goodness bless,
And triumph in Thy favour.
- 2 With angels and archangels,
We prostrate fall before Thee ;
Again we raise
Our souls in praise,
And thankfully adore Thee :

Honour, and power, and blessing,
To Thee be ever given,
By all who know
Thy love below,
And all our friends in heaven.

HYMN XXXIX.

BEFORE PRIVATE PRAYER.

To—" *Why should the children of a King?* "

- 1 FATHER of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
I humbly seek Thy face,
Encouraged by the Saviour's word
To ask Thy pardoning grace.
- 2 Entering into my closet, I
The busy world exclude,
In secret prayer for mercy cry,
And groan to be renew'd.
- 3 Far from the paths of men, to Thee
I solemnly retire ;
See Thou, who dost in secret see,
And grant my heart's desire.
- 4 Thy grace I languish to receive,
The Spirit of love and power,
Blameless before Thy face to live,
To live and sin no more.
- 5 Fain would I all Thy goodness feel,
And know my sins forgiven,
And do on earth Thy perfect will
As angels do in heaven.

- 6 O Father, glorify Thy Son,
And grant what I require,
For Jesu's sake the Gift send down,
And answer me by fire.
- 7 Kindle the flame of love within,
Which may to heaven ascend,
And now the work of grace begin,
Which shall in glory end.
-

HYMN XL.

To—" *The Lord my pasture shall prepare.*"

- 1 O WONDROUS power of faithful prayer,
What tongue can tell the' almighty grace?
God's hands or bound or open are,
As *Moses* or *Elijah* prays:
Let *Moses* in the spirit groan,
And God cries out, "*Let Me alone!*"
- 2 "Let Me alone,—that all My wrath
May rise, the wicked to consume:
While Justice hears thy praying faith
It cannot seal the rebel's doom,
My Son is in My servant's prayer,
And Jesus forces Me to spare."
- 3 O blessed words of gospel grace,
Which now we for our *Israel* plead;
A faithless and backsliding race,
Whom Thou hast out of *Egypt* freed:
O do not then in wrath chastise,
Nor let Thy whole displeasure rise.

- 4 Father, we ask in Jesu's name,
In Jesu's power and spirit pray,
Divert Thy vengeful thunder's aim,
O turn Thy threatening wrath away,
Our guilt and punishment remove,
And magnify Thy pardoning love.
- 5 Or if Thy hand be lifted up,
Now let it on Thy rebels fall,
Unless thy yearning bowels stop
The stroke, and Jesus prays for all,
Unless Thou hear'st His Spirit groan,
Who will not let Thy wrath alone.
- 6 Dost Thou not see our labouring heart
Big with unutterable prayer?
Thou shalt, Thou must Thy wrath avert,
And spare whom Jesus bids Thee spare :
His death demands that we should live,
And still the Victim gasps, Forgive !
- 7 He cries, and weeps, and groans, and bleeds,
As for our sins *this moment* slain,
The blood of sprinkling speaks, and pleads,
And lo ! we share His mortal pain !
Our cries are mingled with His cries,
Our tears gush out at Jesu's eyes.
- 8 Father, regard Thy pleading Son,
Accept His all-availing prayer,
And send the peaceful answer down,
In honour of our Spokesman there,
Whose blood proclaims our sins forgiven,
And speak Thy rebels up to heaven.
-

HYMN XLI.

THE TRAVELLER.

To—" *Oft have we pass'd the guilty night.*"

- 1 LEADER of faithful souls, and Guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, even us abide,
Who would on Thee alone rely :
On 'Thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.
- 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place :
And hasten through the vale of woe,
And restless to behold Thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.
- 3 We have no 'biding city here,
But seek a city out of sight :
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light,
Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
Whose Founder is the living God.
- 4 Patient the' appointed race to run,
This weary world we cast behind ;
From strength to strength we travel on,
The *New Jerusalem* to find,
Our labour this, our only aim,
To find the *New Jerusalem*.
- 5 Thither in all our thoughts we tend,
And still with longing eyes look up,
Our hearts and prayers before us send,
Our ready scouts of faith and hope,

- Who bring us news of *Sion* near,
We soon shall see the towers appear.
6 Through Thee, who all our sins hast borne.
 Freely and graciously forgiven,
With songs to *Sion* we return,
 Contending for our native heaven,
That palace of our glorious King,
We find it nearer while we sing.
7 Even now we taste the pleasures there.
 A cloud of spicy odours comes,
Soft wafted by the balmy air,
 Sweeter than *Araby's* perfumes :
From *Sion's* top the breezes blow,
And cheer us in the vale below.
8 Raised by the breath of Love Divine
 We urge our way with strength renew'd ;
The church of the first-born to join,
 We travel to the mount of God,
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Captain in the skies.

HYMN XLII.

To—" *O Love Divine, what hast Thou done ?* "

- 1 O THOU, whose Spirit hath made known
 My want of living faith Divine,
Hear Thy poor mournful captive groan,
 Now in my nature's darkness shine,
Now in mine inmost soul display
The glorious blaze of gospel day.
2 A stranger to Thy people's joys,
 An alien from the life of grace,
I never heard Thy pardoning voice,
 I never saw Thy smiling face,

- I never felt Thy blood applied,
Or knew for *me* the Saviour died.
- 3 Or if I did begin to taste
The sweetness of redeeming love,
The momentary bliss is past,
The tender joy no more I prove,
My faith is lost, my power is gone,
I sin, and Jesus have not known.
- 4 But wilt Thou not at last appear,
Object of all my wishful hope,
The conscious unbeliever cheer,
And raise the fallen sinner up,
The God-revealing Spirit give,
And kindly help me to believe?
- 5 Thou only dost the Godhead know,
Thou only canst to man reveal,
To me, to me the Father show,
To me, to me the secret tell ;
Now, Saviour, now the veil remove,
And tell my heart that God is love.
- 6 O never suffer me to rest,
Till I the rest of love obtain ;
With trouble fill my labouring breast,
My aching heart with grief and pain,
And give me still to weep and grieve,
Till Thou hast forced me to believe.
- 7 This, only this do I require,
Always to feel the load I bear ;
In vehemence of extreme desire,
To groan the Spirit's speechless prayer,
And cry, I will not, will not rest,
Till Jesus hath pronounced me blest.

- 8 I will not let my sorrow go,
Till Jesus wipes away my tears,
Kindly extorts the stubborn woe,
And lastingly His mourner cheers :
Constrain'd to cry by love Divine,
My God, Thou art for ever mine !
-

HYMN XLIII.

To—" *O Thou to whom, in flesh revealed.*"

- 1 WHAT shall I do my God to love,
My God, who loved, and died for me ?
Obdurate heart, will nothing move,
Will nothing melt or soften thee ?
- 2 Jesus, Thou lovely bleeding Lamb,
To Thee I pour out my complaint ;
I cannot hide from Thee my shame,
I own, and blush to own my want.
- 3 I want an heart to love my God,
I cannot bear this heart of stone ;
Soften it, Saviour, by Thy blood,
And melt the nether millstone down.
- 4 Thou know'st (but must I tell Thee so ?)
A wretch condemn'd and self-abhorr'd,
Accurst, and worthy endless woe !
Thou know'st I do not love Thee, Lord !
- 5 This is my shame, my curse, my hell,
I do not love the bleeding Lamb,
The Lamb who loved my soul so well ;
This is my hell, my curse, my shame.
- 6 The stone cries out, I do not love,
And breaks my heart, its want to own,
The mountain now begins to move,
And half relents my heart of stone.

- 7 The word hath pass'd Thy gracious lips,
I feel, I feel the waters flow,
The rock is cleft, the marble weeps,
And lo ! I mourn Thy love to know.
- 8 For Thee, not without hope I mourn,
I know, I feel Thy love to me,
Thy love my flinty heart shall turn,
And get itself the victory.
- 9 Thou lovedst before the world began,
This poor, unloving soul of mine ;
Jesus came down, my God was man,
That I might all become divine.
- 10 My anchor this, which cannot move.
The servant as his Lord shall be,
And I shall live my God to love,
And die for Him who died for me.
-

HYMN XLIV.

To—"Captain, we look to Thee."

- 1 COME, our redeeming Lord,
Come quickly from above,
Hasten, according to Thy word,
The kingdom of Thy love :
By all the signs foretold,
We know that Thou art near,
And lift our hands, divinely bold,
And long to grasp Thee here.
- 2 Sorrow and sins increase,
And wide destroying war,
Forerunners of the Prince of peace,
Thy sure approach declare ;

- In threaten'd famine we
Thy promised fulness find,
And close behind the plague we see
The Healer of mankind.
- 3 Beset on every side
With terror and distress,
Untroubled and unterrified,
We still our souls possess :
The coming of our Lord
In patient hope attend,
And see fulfill'd Thy faithful word,
And calmly wait the end.
- 4 Disturb'd the nations are
With sad perplexity,
Tost to and fro by stormy care,
And all a troubled sea ;
They faint through sore dismay,
At desolation near,
While we exult to see Thy day,
To see Thy face appear.
- 5 The waves lift up their voice,
And horribly they roar,
The more they rage, we shout our joys,
And praise our God the more :
Still in the general wreck
Immovable we stand ;
He comes, He comes, the Lord we seek,
His kingdom is at hand.
- 6 Jesus shall soon descend,
Our Saviour and our King,
And bring the joys that never end,
And full redemption bring :

- Redemption from the grave,
We know and feel it nigh,
Jesus shall soon descend and save
Us up above the sky.
- 7 Earth to her centre quakes,
And owns her Judge is near ;
Bowing the heavens, their powers He shakes,
And He shall soon appear :
Him we shall all survey
High on a glorious cloud,
Whose tokens cry, Prepare His way !
Prepare to meet your God !
- 8 Jesus, Thy word we own,
And wait the' appointed hour,
Come in Thy glorious kingdom down,
With majesty and power ;
Thy heavenly bliss reveal,
And bid us take our flight,
Caught up to meet Thee on the hill
With all Thy saints in light.
-

HYMN XLV.

To—" *All that pass by, behold the Man.*"

- 1 ETERNAL power of Jesu's name,
For Thee with broken heart I cry :
Saviour from sin, from fear, from shame,
Come down, or I for ever die !
- 2 Thy only name can be my balm,
My spirit's desperate sickness heal,
Thy only voice the storm can calm,
And bid my troubled heart be still.

- 3 If yet Thou canst compassion have,
If grace doth more than sin abound,
Exert Thine utmost power to save,
And let me in Thy rest be found.
- 4 The' irreparable loss repair,
Bind up the wound incurable,
Snatch from the jaws of deep despair,
And pluck the firebrand out of hell.
- 5 Lay to Thy hand, Almighty Love,
The work, O God, is worthy Thee,
Such huge destruction to remove,
And save a soul so lost as me !
- 6 The' intolerable load sustain,
The' inextricable knot untie,
Loose the indissoluble chain,
And show Thyself the Lord most high.
- 7 No opening door, no way to shun
The' inevitable death I see :
Out of the deep I cry—Undone !
Undone to all eternity !
- 8 No possibility of hope
Angels or saints can ever show,
Unless the' Almighty lift me up ;
I sink into infernal woe.
- 9 Nor can my desperate heart conceive
How God Himself should save so far :
But humbly all to Him I leave,
If yet He will His power declare.
- 10 Dying in sin, condemn'd and lost,
I cast me on a God unknown,
And cry, while rendering up the ghost,
Thy will, Thy only will be done !
-

HYMN XLVI.

To—"Ah! sister in Jesus, adieu."

- 1 STILL out of the deepest abyss
Of trouble I mournfully cry,
And pine to recover my peace,
To see my Redeemer and die :
I cannot, I cannot forbear
These passionate longings for home :
O when will my spirit be there ?
O when will the messenger come ?
- 2 Thy nature I long to put on,
Thine image on earth to regain,
And then in the grave to lay down
My burden of body and pain :
O Jesus, in pity draw near,
And lull me to sleep on Thy breast,
Appear, to my rescue, appear,
And gather me into Thy rest.
- 3 To take a poor fugitive in,
The arms of Thy mercy display,
And give me to rest from all sin,
And bear me triumphant away :
Away from a world of distress,
Away to the mansions above,
The heaven of seeing Thy face,
The heaven of feeling Thy love.
-

HYMN XLVII.

AT THE HOUR OF RETIREMENT.

To—"O for an heart to praise my God!"

- 1 FATHER, behold with gracious eyes
The souls before Thy throne,
Who now present their sacrifice,
And seek Thee in Thy Son.

- 2 Well-pleased in Him Thyself declare,
Thy pardoning love reveal,
The peaceful answer of our prayer
To every conscience seal.
 - 3 Meanest of all Thy servants, I
Those happier spirits meet,
And mix with theirs my feeble cry,
And worship at Thy feet.
 - 4 On me, on all some gift bestow,
Some blessing now impart,
The seed of life eternal sow
In every mournful heart.
 - 5 The loving powerful Spirit shed,
And speak our sins forgiven,
Or haste throughout the lump to spread
The sanctifying leaven.
 - 6 Refresh us with a ceaseless shower
Of graces from above,
Till all receive the perfect power
Of everlasting love.
-

HYMN XLVIII.

AT THE PARTING OF FRIENDS.

To—" *The Lord Jehovah reigns.*"

- 1 JESUS, accept the praise
That to Thy name belongs,
Matter of all our lays,
Subject of all our songs,
Through Thee we now together came,
And part exulting in Thy name.

- 2 In flesh we part awhile
(But still in spirit join'd)
To' embrace the happy toil
Thou hast for each assign'd :
And while we do Thy blessed will,
We bear our heaven about us still.
- 3 O let us thus go on
In all Thy pleasant ways,
And arm'd with patience run
With joy the' appointed race :
Keep us, and every seeking soul,
Till all attain the heavenly goal.
- 4 There we shall meet again,
When all our toil is o'er,
And death, and grief, and pain,
And parting is no more :
We shall with all our brethren rise,
And grasp Thee in the flaming skies.
- 5 O happy, happy day,
That calls Thy exiles home !
The heavens shall pass away,
The earth receive its doom,
Earth we shall view, and heaven destroy'd,
And shout above the fiery void.
- 6 These eyes shall see them fall,
Mountains, and stars and skies,
These eyes shall see them all
Out of their ashes rise :
These lips His praises shall rehearse,
Whose nod restores the universe.
- 7 According to His word,
His oath to sinners given,
We look to see restored
The ruin'd earth and heaven,

In a new world His truth to prove,
A world of righteousness and love.

- 8 Then let us wait the sound
That shall our souls release,
And labour to be found
Of Him in spotless peace ;
In perfect holiness renew'd,
Adorn'd with Christ, and meet for God.
-

HYMN XLIX.

To—" *O Jesus, my rest !*"

- 1 O ALL-LOVING Lamb,
A sinner I am,
And come as a sinner Thy mercy to claim.
2 With joy I embrace
The pardon and grace
Thy passion hath purchased for all the lost race.
3 For sinners like me
Thy mercy is free ;
O who would not love such a Saviour as Thee ?
4 Yet long I withstood,
And fled from my God,
But mercy pursued with the cry of Thy blood.
5 It challenged its stray,
And forced me to stay,
And wash'd all my sins in a moment away.
6 I felt it applied,
And joyfully cried,
Me, me Thou hast loved, and for me Thou hast died !
7 How mighty Thou art,
O love, to convert !
Love only could conquer so stubborn an heart.

- 8 The love of God-man
 Alone could constrain
 So sturdy a rebel to love Thee again.
- 9 But sure at the last
 Thy goodness I taste ;
 My soul on Thy goodness delighted I cast.
- 10 Thy goodness I praise,
 I sing of Thy grace,
 And joyfully live out my few happy days.
- 11 And when Thy dear love
 From earth shall remove,
 O then I shall sing like the angels above.
- 12 Yet there when I am,
 My work is the same,
 To ascribe my salvation to God and the Lamb.
- 13 Salvation to God,
 Will I publish abroad,
 And make heaven ring with the cry of Thy blood.
- 14 The Lamb that was slain,
 Lo ! He liveth again,
 And I with my Jesus eternally reign.
-

HYMN L.

THE GREAT SUPPER.

Luke xiv. 16—24.

To—"Awake, Jerusalem, awake."

- 1 COME, sinners, to the gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesu's guest,
You need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

- 2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call,
The invitation is to all,
Come all the world ; come, sinner, thou,
All things in Christ are ready now.
- 3 Jesus to you His fulness brings,
A feast of marrow and fat things :
All, all in Christ is freely given,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.
- 4 Do not begin to make excuse,
Ah! do not you His grace refuse ;
Your worldly cares and pleasures leave,
And take what Jesus hath to give.
- 5 Your grounds forsake, your oxen quit,
Your every earthly thought forget,
Seek not the comforts of this life,
Nor sell your Saviour for a wife.
- 6 "Have me excused," why will ye say?
Why will ye for damnation pray?
Have you excused—from joy and peace!
Have you excused—from happiness:
- 7 Excused from coming to a feast!
Excused from being Jesu's guest!
From knowing *now* your sins forgiven,
From tasting *here* the joys of heaven!
- 8 Excused, alas! why should you be
From health, and life, and liberty,
From entering into glorious rest,
From leaning on your Saviour's breast!
- 9 Yet must I, Lord, to Thee complain,
The world hath made Thy offers vain;
Too busy, or too happy they,
They will not, Lord, Thy call obey.

- 10 Go then, my angry Master said,
Since these on all My mercies tread,
Invite the rich and great no more,
But preach My gospel to the poor.
- 11 Confer not thou with flesh and blood,
Go quickly forth, invite the crowd,
Search every lane, and every street,
And bring in all the souls you meet.
- 12 Come then, ye souls by sin opprest,
Ye restless wanderers after rest,
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 13 Sinners my gracious Lord receives,
Harlots, and publicans, and thieves;
Drunkards, and all ye hellish crew,
I have a message now to you.
- 14 Come, and partake the gospel feast,
Be saved from sin, in Jesus rest:
O taste the goodness of our God,
And eat His flesh, and drink His blood.
- 15 'Tis done: my all-redeeming Lord,
I have gone forth, and preach'd the word,
The sinners to Thy feast are come,
And yet, O Saviour, there is room.
- 16 Go then, my Lord again enjoin'd,
And other wandering sinners find;
Go to the hedges and highways,
And offer all My pardoning grace.
- 17 The worst unto My supper press,
Monsters of daring wickedness,
Tell them My grace for all is free,
They cannot be too bad for Me.

- 18 Tell them, their sins are all forgiven,
Tell every creature under heaven
I died to save them from all sin,
And force the vagrants to come in.
- 19 Ye vagrant souls, on you I call,
(O that my voice could reach you all !)
Ye all are freely justified,
Ye all may live, for Christ hath died.
- 20 My message as from God receive,
Ye all may come to Christ, and live :
O let His love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer Him to die in vain.
- 21 His love is mighty to compel,
His conquering love consent to feel;
Yield to His love's resistless power,
And fight against your God no more!
- 22 See Him set forth before your eyes,
Behold the bleeding Sacrifice!
His offer'd love make haste to' embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.
- 23 Ye who believe His record true
Shall sup with Him, and He with you:
Come to the feast; be saved from sin,
For Jesus waits to take you in.
- 24 This is the time, no more delay,
This is the acceptable day,
Come in, this moment, at His call,
And live for Him who died for all.
-

HYMN LI.

THE PILGRIM.

To—" *Thee, Jesus, Thee, the sinner's Friend.*"

- 1 How happy is the pilgrim's lot,
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear !
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.
- 2 His happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from self-design,
From every creature-love !
Bless'd with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.
- 3 The things eternal I pursue,
A happiness beyond the view
Of those that basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen ;
Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have, nor want.
- 4 I have no sharer of my heart,
To rob my Saviour of a part,
And desecrate the whole :
Only betroth'd to Christ am I,
And wait His coming from the sky,
To wed my happy soul.
- 5 I have no babes to hold me here,
But children more securely dear
For mine I humbly claim :

Better than daughters, or than sons,
Temples divine of living stones
Inscribed with Jesu's name.

6 No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness ;
A poor wayfaring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my *Canaan* gain.

7 Nothing on earth I call my own,
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise ;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight,
A country in the skies.

8 There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart is there,
And my abiding home :
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

9 I come, Thy servant, Lord, replies,
I come to meet Thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest :
Now let the pilgrim's journey end,
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to Thy breast.

HYMN LII.

AT PARTING OF FRIENDS.

To—"Come, let us join our cheerful songs."

- 1 GOD of all consolation, take
The glory of Thy grace,
Thy gifts to Thee we render back
In ceaseless songs of praise.
Not unto us, but Thee, O Lord,
Glory to Thee be given,
For every gracious thought and word,
That brought us nearer heaven.
- 2 Further'd in faith, or hope, or love,
The praise to Thee we give,
Thy gifts descending from above,
We only can receive :
The gift, the grace, the work is Thine,
If ours the ministry,
We bow, and bless the hand Divine,
All, all descends from Thee.
- 3 Through Thee we now together came,
In singleness of heart,
We met, O Jesus, in Thy name,
And in Thy name we part :
We part in body, not in mind,
Our minds continue one,
And each to each in Jesus join'd,
We hand in hand go on.
- 4 Subsists as in us all one soul,
No power can make us twain,
And mountains rise, and oceans roll,
To sever us in vain.

Present we still in spirit are,
And intimately nigh,
While on the wings of faith and prayer
We each to other fly.

- 5 With Jesus Christ together we
In heavenly places sit,
Clothed with the sun, we smile to see
The moon beneath our feet.

Our life is hid with Christ in God,
Our Life shall soon appear,
And spread His glory all abroad,
In all His members here.

- 6 The heavenly treasure now we have
In a mean house of clay,
Which He shall to the utmost save,
And guard against that day.

Our souls are in His mighty hand,
And He will keep them still,
And you and I shall surely stand
With Him on *Sion's* hill.

- 7 Him eye to eye we there shall see,
Our face like His shall shine :
O what a glorious company,
When saints and angels join !

O what a joyful meeting there !
In robes of white array'd,
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns upon our head.

8 Then let us lawfully contend,
 And fight our passage through,
Bear in our faithful mind the end,
 And keep the prize in view :
Then let us hasten to the day
 When all shall be brought home :
Come, O Redeemer, come away !
 O Jesus, quickly come !

FINIS.

H Y M N S
A N D
S A C R E D
P O E M S.

I N
T W O V O L U M E S.



BY
CHARLES WESLEY, M. A.,
STUDENT of *Christ-Church, OXFORD.*



V O L. I.



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H Y M N S

AND

S A C R E D P O E M S.

P A R T I.

I. THE TWENTY-SIXTH CHAPTER OF ISAIAH.

PART I.

- 1 THE day, the gospel day draws near,
When sinners shall their voices raise,
Sing the new song with heart sincere,
Triumphant in the land of praise.
- 2 Glory to God ! they all shall cry :
Who is so great a God as ours !
We have a city strong and high,
Salvation is for walls and towers.
- 3 Salvation to our souls brought in,
Salvation from our guilty stains,
Salvation from the power of sin,
Salvation from its last remains.
- 4 Secure from danger, as from dread,
We never shall be put to shame,
Who hither have for refuge fled ;
For Jesus is our city's name.

- 5 Open the gates, and open wide,
Let every faithful soul go in ;
Open for all the justified,
Who keep the truth that frees from sin.
- 6 Who hold the truth in righteousness,
And hear their Lord's commands, and do,
Into the city gates shall press,
And all in Christ be creatures new.
- 7 They who the will Divine have done,
The promise shall through grace receive,
And gain their calling's glorious crown,
And free from sin in Jesus live.
- 8 Yes, Lord, Thy word for ever stands,
And shall from age to age endure ;
To us, who own Thy mild commands,
To working faith, the word is sure.
- 9 Who Thee remembers in Thy ways,
And follows after holiness,
Because on Thee his mind he stays,
Him Thou wilt keep in perfect peace.
- 10 Who trusts to be redeem'd from sin,
And all Thy holy will to prove,
Thy open arms shall take him in,
And root and 'stablish him in love.
- 11 Trust in the Lord, ye sons of men,
The Lord almighty to redeem ;
Your faith in Him shall not be vain,
He saves whoever trust in Him.
- 12 His saving power no limits knows,
In strength and goodness infinite ;
Satan and sin His arm o'erthrows,
And bruises them beneath our feet.

- 13 He brings down them who dwell on high,
Humbles each vain aspiring boast;
Bulwarks and towers, that threat the sky,
He fells, and levels with the dust.
- 14 He lays the lofty city low,
O'erturns, and brings it to the ground;
His hands destroy the inbred foe,
And all the strength of sin confound.
- 15 That haughty *Babylon* within
Shall to believing souls submit:
They shall not always strive with sin,
But tread it down beneath their feet.
- 16 *Satan's* strongholds o'erthrown shall be,
The poor shall on their ruins tread,
Lead captive their captivity,
From all their sins for ever freed.
- 17 This is the triumph of the just,
Whoe'er on Thee their spirit stay,
Shall find the God in whom they trust:
Perfection is their shining way.
- 18 Most holy, pure, and perfect Thou,
Just of Thyself, and good alone,
Dost all Thy children's paths allow,
When cleansed, and sanctified in One.

PART II.

- 1 AWAKEN'D by Thy threatenings, Lord,
We long have seen our lost estate,
And still we hang upon Thy word,
And still for full redemption wait.

- 2 'Tis all our soul's desire to know
Thy loveliness, and to proclaim,
To perfect holiness below,
And show forth all Thy glorious name.
- 3 Thee with my spirit have I desired,
And mourn'd throughout the livelong night,
To Thee my early soul aspired;
And still I want Thy blissful sight.
- 4 Still do I languish for Thy grace,
And groan in pain to be renew'd,
And all within me seeks Thy face,
And all I am cries out for God.
- 5 Thy awful judgments first awoke,
And fill'd with terrors from above,
We sunk beneath Thine anger's stroke,
And trembled till we felt Thy love.
- 6 Sinners shall hear Thy threatening rod,
Break off their sins, and stand in awe,
For when Thy judgments are abroad,
The guilty world will learn Thy law.
- 7 But neither threats nor smiles can move
The wretch self-harden'd, self-destroy'd ;
Who slights Thy wrath, will spurn Thy love,
And make Thy tender mercies void.
- 8 He in the land of uprightness
Rejects the grace he might receive,
He will not learn the way of peace,
He will not come to Thee, and live.
- 9 He will not taste Thy pardoning grace,
Thy bleeding love he will not see,
Behold his God in Jesu's face,
Or own the suffering Deity.

- 10 Lord, when Thine hand is lifted up,
They will not see, nor understand ;
But they shall soon be forced to stoop,
And feel Thy sin-avenging hand.
- 11 Who now their hellish malice show,
And in Thy people Thee defy,
Malign Thy little flock below,
And touch the apple of Thine eye ;
- 12 Confounded for their envious hate
They soon shall prove Thine utmost ire,
And tremble and confess too late
Our God is a consuming fire.
- 13 Judgment for those who slight Thy grace ;
But peace Thou wilt for us ordain,
Thou hast inclined us to embrace
Thyself, and bid our fruit remain.
- 14 O Lord, our God, (when all renew'd
And perfected in love, we say,)
We were by other lords subdued,
And basely yielded to their sway.
- 15 Long did our lusts and passions reign,
And ruled us with an iron rod ;
But lo ! we now their yoke disdain ;
And yield us servants to our God.
- 16 Redeem'd from all iniquity,
Thine all-victorious grace we own ;
Worship and power ascribe to Thee,
And live and die to Thee alone.
- 17 Through Thee Thy goodness we proclaim,
We glory in Thy gracious power,
And boast us of Thine only name,
And speak, and think, of sin no more.

- 18 Our old usurping sins are dead,
 Thou hast the lawless tyrants slain,
 Buried, no more to lift their head ;
 No, never shall they rise again.
- 19 No spark of sin is left alive,
 No least remains, or smallest seed ;
 That they might never more revive,
 The Son hath made us free indeed.
- 20 Thou all their memory hast erased,
 Their being utterly destroy'd,
 Their name eternally defaced,
 And fill'd our spotless souls with God.

PART III.

- 1 GOD of all power, and truth, and grace,
 Thou hast increased the holy seed,
 Thou hast increased the chosen race,
 The souls from sin for ever freed.
- 2 Thou in Thy saints art glorified,
 Thou hast in them Thine image shown ;
 Shepherdless souls they wander'd wide,
 Till call'd and perfected in One.
- 3 All we like sheep have gone astray,
 To earth's remotest bounds removed,
 Till Jesus show'd Himself the Way,
 And kindly chasten'd whom He loved.
- 4 To Thee we in our trouble turn'd,
 Constrain'd Thy chastisements to bear,
 We then our sin and folly mourn'd,
 And pour'd out all our soul in prayer.

- 5 As women, when their time draws nigh,
Cry out in sore distress, and pain,
So have we travail'd, in Thine eye,
And struggled to be born again.
- 6 In anguish, agony, and grief,
For years our labouring souls have been,
Nor could we bring ourselves relief,
Nor could we save ourselves from sin.
- 7 Our toil and strife avail'd us not,
Abortive proved our hope, and vain ;
For we have no deliverance wrought,
For yet we were not born again.
- 8 The world did not before us fall,
We wanted still the victory,
The mighty faith that conquers all,
And makes the soul for ever free.
- 9 But they who, sunk in self-despair,
Death's sentence in themselves receive.
The quickening voice Divine shall hear,
And dead with Christ, with Christ shall live.
- 10 The Spirit that raised Him from the dead.
My mortal body shall inspire,
Shall raise us all with Christ our Head,
And hallow and baptize with fire.
- 11 Awake and sing, ye souls that dwell
Indignant in the shade of death,
Our Lord, who burst the gates of hell,
Shall bear you from the gulf beneath.
- 12 As herbs revived by vernal dew,
Spring from the earth, and flourish fair.
Ye all shall rise with verdure new,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

- 13 The hour shall come, the gospel hour,
When all that wait, His power shall prove,
His resurrection's glorious power,
And live the life of faith and love.
- 14 They from the death of sin shall rise,
Preventing here the general doom,
When Christ the Lord shall bow the skies,
And all mankind to judgment come.
- 15 The earth shall then cast out its dead,
While all who perish'd unforgiven,
Horribly lift their guilty head,
And rise, to be shut out from heaven.
- 16 Come, little flock, (My people now,
My *Israel*, if thy heart be clean,)
Enter into thy chamber thou,
Exclude the world, the hell of sin.
- 17 Betake thee to the secret place,
Safe in My tabernacle rest,
O hide thee for a little space,
Be shelter'd in thy Saviour's breast.
- 18 Rest, till the storm is all o'erpast,
For lo ! the Lord from heaven shall come
Judgment to execute at last,
And seal the guilty sinner's doom.
- 19 The sea shall then its dead restore,
The earth shall then disclose her blood,
Shelter their carcasses no more,
Or screen them from an angry God.
- 20 Dragg'd from their graves, they then shall call
On rocks their quicken'd dust to' entomb,
And bid the burning mountains fall,
To hide them from the hell to come.

- 21 The wrath *is* come, the curse takes place,
The slaves of sin receive their hire,
And punish'd from My glorious face,
They sink into eternal fire.
-

II. ISAIAH XXVII. 1—6, &c.

- 1 THE Lord of Hosts, the' Almighty Lord
Shall punish in that vengeful day,
Shall with His Spirit's two-edged sword
The piercing crooked serpent slay.
- 2 *Leviathan*, that subtle fiend,
That soul-insinuating foe,
Jesus shall make his malice end,
And root out all our sins below.
- 3 Jesus shall make us free indeed,
Redeem from all iniquity,
And crush the hellish serpent's head,
And slay the dragon in the sea.
- 4 The sea is calm'd, the troubled soul,
In which he did his pastime take,
The sinner now by faith made whole,
Will never more his God forsake.
- 5 Sing to the church in that glad day,
(The church is join'd to those above,
When all their sins are wash'd away,
And they are perfected in love :
- 6 Partakers of the life Divine,
When grace the full salvation brings,)
Sing ye, a vineyard of red wine,
A vineyard for the King of kings !

- 7 I keep it, I the' almighty Lord
My Spirit every moment pour,
Descends the water and the word,
The gracious never-ceasing shower.
- 8 I water it with heavenly dew,
Satan and sin I chase away,
I water it, and keep it too,
I watch My vineyard night and day.
- 9 Fury is not in Me ; to all,
To all My mercies freely move :
Who would resist My gracious call,
Or spurn the bowels of My love ?
- 10 Who against Me would madly dare
To set the thorns and briers in fight ?
Through all I would My passage tear,
And trample on their feeble might.
- 11 The soul that will not taste My love
Shall perish by My righteous ire,
My vengeful indignation prove,
And feel Me a consuming fire.
- 12 But rather let him freely take
A power from Me to turn and live ;
Peace with his God he then shall make,
And Christ into his heart receive.
- 13 My Son from all, who come to Him,
Shall every spot of sin remove,
From all iniquity redeem,
And root and 'stablish them in love.
- 14 Grafted in Him they all shall share
The life and fatness of the Root,
And every holy temper bear,
And fill the world with golden fruit.

- 15 The trees of righteousness shall rise,
Water'd each moment from above,
And bear the fruits of paradise,
The glorious fruits of perfect love.
-

III. THE FORTY-FOURTH CHAPTER OF ISAIAH.

PART I.

- 1 YET now, My chosen servant, hear,
The Lord hath to His *Israel* said,
Who form'd thee from the womb is near,
To help, and save the souls He made.
- 2 *Jacob*, receive the word Divine,
Bid all thy fears and doubts depart ;
Jeshurun, I have called thee Mine,
My servant, and My son thou art.
- 3 On every soul that thirsts for grace,
I will the living water shower,
I will on all thy gasping race
The fulness of My Spirit pour.
- 4 The grace shall on thy sons descend,
Through all succeeding ages flow,
And all who on My truth depend,
The' indwelling Comforter shall know.
- 5 The holy seed shall soon spring up,
(Water'd each moment from above,)
In tender awe, and blooming hope,
And flowery joy, and ripen'd love.
- 6 Fast by the streams of paradise,
With never-fading verdure fair,
The trees of righteousness shall rise,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

- 7 In different states the ransom'd race
 Their still-increasing faith shall show,
 The babes shall rise from pardoning grace,
 And into youths and fathers grow.
- 8 The least shall say, the Lord's I am,
 He bought with blood this soul of mine :
 Another shall the blessing claim,
 While wrestling with the Man Divine.
- 9 Prevalent now with God and man,
 Sinners shall all My grace assert,
 Jacob shall the new name obtain,
 And *Israel* be, when pure in heart.
- 10 Thus saith the Lord of earth and heaven,
 The King of *Israel* and his God,
 Who hath for all a ransom given,
 And bought a guilty world with blood :
- 11 I am from all eternity,
 To all eternity I am :
 There is none other God but Me,
 Jehovah is My glorious name.
- 12 The Rise and End, the First and Last,
 The Alpha and Omega I ;
 Who could like Me ordain the past,
 Or who the things to come descry ?
- 13 Where is the wise, foreknowing man,
 Who hath to Me My model show'd,
 Prescribed the great, eternal plan,
 Or boldly taught the omniscient God ?
- 14 Stand forth the self-instructed seers,
 (Who ransack time's dark, burden'd womb,)
 Foretell the' events of distant years,
 And show mankind the things to come.

- 15 Foolish is all their strife, and vain
To' invade the property Divine ;
'Tis Mine the work undone to' explain,
To call the future now is Mine.
- 16 Fear not, My own peculiar race,
I have to thee My counsel show'd,
The word of sure prophetic grace,
And told thee all the mind of God.
- 17 Ye are My witnesses, to you
My name and nature is made known,
Ye only can your seal set to,
That I am God, and God alone.

PART II.

- 1 THOU, only thou My servant art,
I call'd thee by My grace alone,
I fashion'd, and prepared thy heart,
And now I claim thee for My own.
- 2 Who to My righteousness submit,
Shall all My great salvation see;
The poor, I never will forget,
Or cast him out who comes to Me.
- 3 Thy sins, which like a wide-spread cloud
Darken'd the face of angry heaven,
Lo ! I have blotted out with blood :
Thy sins are all through grace forgiven.
- 4 I, the bright Sun of Righteousness,
Have chased the darkness all away ;
Return to Me, who bought thy peace,
Rejoice to see My gospel day.

- 5 Ye heavens rejoice In Jesus's grace,*
Let earth make a noise, And echo His praise !
Our all-loving Saviour Hath pacified God,
And paid for His favour The price of His blood.
- 6 Ye mountains, and vales, In praises abound,
Ye hills, and ye dales, Continue the sound,
Break forth into singing Ye trees of the wood,
For Jesus is bringing Lost sinners to God.
- 7 Atonement He made For every one,
The debt He hath paid, The work He hath done,
Shout all the creation, Below and above,
Ascribing salvation To Jesus's love.
- 8 His mercy hath brought Salvation to all,
Who take it unbought He frees them from thrall,
Throughout the believer His glory displays,
And perfects for ever The vessels of grace.
- 9 O *Israel*, hear, thy God hath said,
The voice of thy Creator own,
I am the Lord, who all things made,
And still stretch out the heavens alone.
- 10 I hung the earth on empty space,
And still in equal poise sustain ;
I make, and mar, pull down, and raise,
And Lord of My creation reign.
- 11 I the weak sons of men o'errule,
Their tokens and their schemes o'erthrow.
Baffle their strength, their wisdom fool,
On all their blasted projects blow.

* Verses 5 to 8 were originally published as No. XXI. of the "Hymns for those that Seek and those that Have Redemption." See before, p. 239.

- 12 I the diviner's skill confound,
From sinners I their purpose hide,
Level their *Babels* with the ground,
And torture, and distract their pride.
- 13 I stop the wise, and drive them back,
Cross and defeat their surest aim,
Their knowledge foolishness I make,
And turn their glory into shame.
- 14 But I My servants' word fulfil,
My messengers Divine I own ;
Who show the counsel of My will,
Their word shall stand, and theirs alone.
- 15 I speak the' irrevocable word,
Which never unaccomplish'd dies ;
Jerusalem shall be restored,
Thy ruins from the dust shall rise.
- 16 I bid the' unfathom'd deep be dry,
I bid the streams their course forsake,
My will to kings I signify,
And *Cyrus* for My servant take.
- 17 He shall perform My word of grace,
Whate'er My love benign hath will'd,
My shepherd He shall *Salem* raise,
And all her desolate wastes rebuild.
- 18 He, He shall bid the temple rise,
Type of My *Cyrus* from above,
Who builds the church to touch the skies,
In symmetry of perfect love.
-

IV. THE FIFTY-FIRST CHAPTER OF ISAIAH.

PART I.

- 1 HEARKEN to Me, who seek the Lamb,
Who follow after righteousness ;
Look to the rock, from whence ye came,
The father of the faithful race :
- 2 Behold, and in his footsteps tread :
I call'd him by My grace alone,
And bless'd, and multiplied his seed,
Believers in the promised Son.
- 3 Children of faithful *Abraham* these,
Who dare expect salvation here,
The Lord shall give them gospel peace,
And all His hopeless mourners cheer :
- 4 Shall soon His fallen *Sion* raise,
Her waste and desolate places build,
Pour out the Spirit of His grace,
And make her wilds a fruitful field.
- 5 The barren souls shall be restored,
The desert all renew'd shall rise,
Bloom as the garden of the Lord,
A fair terrestrial paradise.
- 6 Gladness and joy shall there be found,
Thanksgiving and the voice of praise.
The voice of melody shall sound,
And every heart be fill'd with grace.
- 7 Hearken to Me, My chosen race,
My own peculiar people, hear,
Whoe'er the gospel word embrace,
Look to be pure and perfect *here*.

-
- 8 A law shall soon from Me proceed,
A living life-infusing word,
The truth that makes you free indeed,
The' eternal Spirit of your Lord.
- 9 My mercy will I cause to rest,
Where all may see their sins forgiven,
May rise no more by guilt opprest,
And bless the light that leads to heaven.
- 10 My righteousness shall soon appear ;
Already is the grace gone forth,
The grace that brings salvation near,
And offers all My pardoning worth.
- 11 Mine arms shall judge the world below,
The isles on Me shall humbly wait,
And long, through Me restored, to know
The glories of their first estate.
- 12 Not on an arm of flesh, but Mine,
Their steady confidence shall be ;
Pardon, and peace, and power Divine,
All, all they shall expect from Me.
- 13 Lift up your eyes, the heavens survey,
And look upon the earth below ;
The heavens like smoke shall pass away,
The earth its final period know.
- 14 Vanishes hence whate'er is seen,
The breath of life shall all expire,
The earth, and all that dwell therein
Shall perish in that fatal fire.
- 15 My righteousness shall stand alone,
My saving grace shall never move,
The basis cannot be o'erthrown,
The truth of My eternal love.

- 16 Harken to Me, ye souls who know
The righteousness which faith imparts,
And lovingly obedient show
The law engraven on your hearts.
- 17 Fear not the taunts of short-lived man,
His feeble calumnies despise,
Impotent all his rage, and vain,
The threatener, while he threatens, dies.
- 18 Perishing as the garb they wear,
Your enemies shall fade away,
Their breath shall vanish into air,
The worm shall on their carcase prey.
- 19 God only is unchangeable,
My righteousness remaineth sure,
My great salvation cannot fail,
But shall from age to age endure.

PART II.*

- 1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake !
Thine own immortal strength put on,
With terror clothed the nations shake,
And cast Thy foes in fury down.
- 2 As in the ancient days appear,
The sacred annals speak Thy fame.
Be now omnipotently near,
Through endless ages still the same.
- 3 Thy tenfold vengeance knew to quell,
And humble haughty *Rahab's* pride,
Groan'd her pale sons Thy stroke to feel,
The first-born victims groan'd, and died.

* Compare Vol. I., p. 194.

- 4 The wounded dragon raged in vain,
While bold Thine utmost plague to brave,
Madly he dared the parted main,
And sunk beneath the' o'erwhelming wave.
- 5 He sunk ; while *Israel's* chosen race
Triumphant urge their wondrous way ;
Divinely led, the favourites pass
The' unwatery deep, and emptied sea.
- 6 At distance heap'd on either hand,
Yielding a strange unbeaten road,
In crystal walls the waters stand,
And own the arm of *Israel's* God.
- 7 That arm which is not shorten'd now,
Which wants not now the power to save ;
Still present with Thy people Thou
Bear'st them through life's disparted wave.
- 8 By earth and hell pursued in vain,
To Thee the ransom'd seed shall come ;
Shouting, their heavenly *Sion* gain,
And pass through death triumphant home.
- 9 The pain of life shall there be o'er,
The anguish, and distracting care,
There sighing grief shall weep no more,
And sin shall never enter there.
- 10 Where pure essential joy is found,
The Lord's redeem'd their heads shall raise,
With everlasting gladness crown'd,
And fill'd with love, and lost in praise.

PART III.

- 1 I, EVEN I, am He that cheer
 My people in distress and pain ;
How weak thy heart, O man, to fear
 Thy feeble fellow-reptile man !
- 2 Withering as grass he fades, and dies :
 Yet hast thou been of man afraid,
Thoughtless of God, who earth and skies
 Hath built, and keeps the worlds He made.
- 3 The' oppressor's rage thou every day
 Hast fear'd, and trembled at his power,
As man like God thy soul could slay,
 As hell were ready to devour.
- 4 But where is all his furious boast,
 His idle wrath, and threatening vain ?
Spite of the world and Satan's host,
 Thou dost, Thou ever shalt remain.
- 5 The captive exile pines for ease,
 And trembles lest his bread should fail,
Groans in the pit for his release,
 Lest death consign his soul to hell.
- 6 But I the Lord thy Saviour am,
 Divider of the roaring sea,
The Lord of Hosts is still My name ;
 Mine arm is now stretch'd out for thee.
- 7 My Son I have for sinners given :
 Help upon thee, My Son, I place ;
Go, plant the new-made earth and heaven,
 And bring Me back the ransom'd race.

- 8 Thee have I shadow'd with My hand,
 In Thee Divine and human join'd,
 My Messenger of peace ordain'd,
 My Gift of Life to all mankind.
- 9 Thee more peculiarly I give,
 To souls who for redemption groan,
 Say to the dying sinner, Live,
 To *Sion* say, Thou art Mine own !

PART IV.

- 1 AWAKE, *Jerusalem*, awake,
 Thou that hast drunk the trembling cup,
 The slumber from thy spirit shake,
 Beneath thy mighty woes stand up.
- 2 Thou that hast drunk the deadly wine
 Of pain, astonishment, and fear,
 The last sad dregs of wrath Divine ;
 Awake, and see thy Saviour near.
- 3 Of all her sons whom she brought forth,
 Of all her sons whom *Sion* bred,
 Not one can help her by *his* worth,
 Not one can his weak mother lead.
- 4 Not one attempts with pious care
 To guide her in the paths of peace :
 Ah ! who shall *Sion's* burden bear ?
 Ah ! who shall bid thy sufferings cease ?
- 5 Famine, and sword, have laid thee waste ;
 Sin, the destroying angel's sword
 Throughout thy desolate land hath past,
 Join'd with a famine of the word.

- 6 By whom shall I thy sorrows cheer?
As a wild bull thy sons lie bound,
And struggling in the hunter's snare,
And bellowing through their spirit's wound.
- 7 Fainting in all the streets they lie,
O'erwhelm'd beneath their guilty load,
Rebuked by Him they dared defy,
Full of the fury of thy God.
- 8 Wherefore to thee the Lord hath said,
(Opprest and drunk with wrath Divine,)
The Lord thy God, who deigns to plead
His people's desperate cause, and thine ;
- 9 Lo ! I thy soul have freely loved,
I have display'd My mercy's power,
The cup out of thy hands removed,
And thou shalt never taste it more.
- 10 Mine indignation's dreadful cup
The portion of thy foes shall be,
They, they shall all the dregs drink up :
The cup of blessing is for thee.
- 11 Thee, *Sion*, thee : so long compell'd
To stoop at the oppressor's frown,
Enslaved by man, and forced to yield,
When sin, or *Satan*, cried, Bow down.
- 12 Poor vassal ! to rebel afraid,
Thy baseness bow'd to every lust,
As clay thou hast thy body laid,
And mix'd thy spirit with the dust.
- 13 But I, the righteous Lord, on all
That tread thee down will vengeance take,
My fury on thy sin shall fall,
Mine arm an end of sin shall make.

- 14 Its being with its power destroy,
The inward stumbling-block remove,
And fill thee with unfading joy,
And crown thee with eternal love.
-

V. THE SIXTY-FIRST CHAPTER OF ISAIAH.

PART I.

- 1 THE Spirit of the Lord My God
(Spirit of power, and health, and love)
My Father hath on Me bestow'd,
And sent Me from His throne above.
- 2 Prophet, and priest, and king of peace,
Anointed to declare His will,
To minister His pardoning grace,
And govern every soul I heal.
- 3 To sinners bruised, and meek, and poor,
Good tidings of great joy to' impart,
Sinners incurable to cure,
And bind up every broken heart.
- 4 The royal edict to proclaim,
Redemption for the captives found,
Mercy for all in Jesu's name,
And liberty to spirits bound.
- 5 Sinners, obey the heavenly call,
Your prison doors stand open wide ;
Go forth, for I have ransom'd all,
For every soul of man have died.
- 6 The Lord hath sent His only Son,
To preach His acceptable year,
To make the joyful tidings known
Of vengeance, and deliverance near.

- 7 To' avenge them of their tyrant foe,
From sin, and Satan's power to turn,
The gift of righteousness bestow,
And kindly comfort all that mourn.
- 8 To help their grovelling unbelief,
Beauty for ashes to confer,
The oil of joy for abject grief,
Confident joy for sad despair.
- 9 'Tis Mine the drooping soul to raise,
To rescue all by sin opprest,
To clothe them in the robes of praise,
And give their weary spirits rest ;
- 10 To make them trees of righteousness,
The planting of the Lord below ;
Planted in honour of His grace,
They here shall to perfection grow.
- 11 They all shall spread the gospel hope,
Soon as My righteousness they have,
Shall raise the guilty sinner up,
And saved themselves their brethren save.
- 12 Workers with God, they now shall rear
The church, that long in ruins lay,
Her desolate estate repair,
Her ancient piety's decay.
- 13 With zeal, and heavenly wisdom fill'd,
The faithful labourers shall work on,
Build the old wastes, the cities build,
'The souls by Satan broken down.
- 14 Strangers shall serve at your command,
Beneath your sacred burdens bow,
Labour for you, and till your land,
And gladly hold the gospel plough.

-
- 15 The *Alien's* sons your vine shall dress,
And feed your little flock and keep,
Themselves your little flock increase,
And play among your lambs and sheep.
- 16 Ye all My glory shall declare,
The chosen people of your God,
Mine image and inscription bear,
When wash'd from all your sins in blood.
- 17 A royal race of priests Divine,
Ye all shall minister My grace ;
In prayers and free-will offerings join,
And sacrificial songs of praise.
- 18 To you the *Gentile* world shall flow,
Their glory and their wealth resign,
Lords are ye now of all below,
For all is yours, when ye are Mine.
- 19 With Me is full redemption found,
Ye more than justified shall be,
Much more than sin shall grace abound,
My people shall be all like Me ;
- 20 Shall glory in My saving name :
I will remove the foul disgrace,
And swallow up their guilty shame,
And all their sins with blood efface.
- 21 Their glory shall their shame exceed,
When saved from all indwelling sin,
Doubly redeem'd, and free indeed,
Their conscience, and their heart is clean.
- 22 They now of double grace possess,
Shall all their souls in thanks employ,
Received into My perfect rest,
And crown'd with everlasting joy.

PART II.

- 1 FOR I the righteous Lord, and true,
Can only righteousness approve ;
My people all are creatures new,
And I in them My image love.
- 2 I hate the souls that preach a lie,
And stumble the believing race,
My truth and holiness deny,
To' exalt My justifying grace.
- 3 That rob Me of My utmost power,
Which would their bosom-sin remove,
And hug it to their latest hour,
In honour of My pardoning love.
- 4 But will I not confirm My word,
The purpose of My soul fulfil ?
The servant shall be as his lord,
For who can cross My sovereign will ?
- 5 I will, that they should holy be,
Myself will lead them by the hand,
Into the truth, the liberty,
The glorious rest, the promised land.
- 6 Patience its perfect work shall have,
They shall be all entire and whole,
I will to all perfection* save,
And fill their body, spirit, soul.
- 7 Thus will I make the covenant sure,
From them it never shall depart,
Who feel, while pure as God is pure,
My love, My nature in their heart.

* εἰς τὸ πανήλεις. (Hebrews vii. 25.)

-
- 8 Their seed by characters Divine
Shall be among the *Gentiles* known,
And in a land of darkness shine,
When all are perfected in One.
- 9 Whoe'er behold their heavenly grace,
Their glory shining from within,
Shall own them the peculiar race,
Whom God hath blest from all their sin.
- 10 My soul doth magnify the Lord,
(Then every chosen one shall cry,)
Wash'd by the water and the word,
I triumph in the Lord most High.
- 11 My God hath saved me from all sin,
His everlasting righteousness
Into my new-born soul brought in,
And fill'd with heavenly joy and peace.
- 12 The righteousness of saints I wear,
Which He the King of saints hath wrought ;
Salvation from all guilt, and fear,
From pride, and every evil thought.
- 13 Jesus my garments hath put on,
Hath clothed me with the milk-white vest,
And sanctified through faith alone,
And in His glorious image dress'd.
- 14 He now mine inmost soul hath turn'd,
And bid me in His nature shine,
With every perfect gift adorn'd,
And all my graces are Divine.
- 15 With faith, and every grace beside
He hath endow'd me from above,
My Lamb hath deck'd me like a bride,
And my best jewel is His love.

- 16 For as the plants in gardens grow,
Or cultured lands their product yield,
The Lord His righteousness shall show,
The treasure in the gospel field.
- 17 Surely the' incorruptible seed
Shall in our earthly hearts take root,
Spring up in works, its branches spread,
And holiness its golden fruit.
- 18 The Lord our God shall give the' increase,
Shall matter for His glory find,
And lo ! the perfect righteousness
Springs forth to gladden all mankind.
-

VI. THE SIXTY-SECOND CHAPTER OF ISAIAH.

- 1 FOR *Sion's* sake I will not cease
In agony of prayer to cry,
No, never will I hold my peace,
Till God proclaim salvation nigh :
- 2 Worthy in her great Saviour's worth
Till *Sion* doth illustrious shine,
And as a burning lamp goes forth
The blaze of righteousness Divine.
- 3 Thy righteousness the world shall see,
The *Gentiles* on thy beauty gaze,
And all the kings of earth agree
In wondering at thy glorious grace.
- 4 Thy glorious grace what tongue can tell ?
The Lord shall a new name impart,
The' unutterable name reveal,
And write it on His people's heart.

- 5 *Sion*, for thee thy God shall care,
And claim thee as His just reward,
Thee for His crown of glory wear,
The royal diadem of thy Lord.
- 6 Outcast of God and man no more,
No more forsaken and forlorn,
Thy desolate estate is o'er,
For God shall comfort all that mourn.
- 7 The widow'd church shall married be,
And soon a numerous offspring bear :
Thy every son shall comfort thee,
And cherish with a husband's care.
- 8 Thy duteous sons to thee shall cleave,
The barren woman that keeps house,
Nor ever more the bosom leave
Of their dear mother and their spouse.
- 9 The Lord Himself thy Husband is,
He bought, and claims thee for His own ;
Thy God delights to call thee His,
Flesh of His flesh, bone of His bone.
- 10 The joy that swells a bridegroom's breast,
When glorying o'er his long sought bride,
Shall swell thy God, of thee possess'd,
Of thee, for whom He lived and died.
- 11 Prophets to thee thy Lord hath raised,
O holy city of our God,
Hath on thy walls His watchmen placed,
And with a trumpet-voice endued.
- 12 They cry, and never hold their peace,
His promise day and night they plead,
Till God from all thy sins release,
And make thee like thy glorious Head.

- 13 Call on Him now, ye watchmen call,
Cry ye remembrancers Divine,
Give Him no rest, who died for all,
Till all in His pure worship join :
- 14 Till God appear the faithful God,
And make *Jerusalem* a praise,
And spread through all the earth abroad,
And 'stablish her with perfect grace.
- 15 The Lord by His right hand hath sworn,
The arm of His almighty power,
No more shalt thou to sin return,
Thy enemy shall no more devour.
- 16 Satan, the world, and sin too long
Have robb'd the children of their bread,
Poor labouring souls they suffer'd wrong,
Nor saw their legal toil succeed.
- 17 They sow'd the ground, and did not reap,
Planted, and did not drink the wine :
But I will comfort all that weep,
And fill the poor with food Divine.
- 18 No more shall strange desires consume
Their holy, pure and constant joy,
The waster pride no more shall come,
Their gifts and graces to destroy.
- 19 Surely the faithful seed at last
The labour of their hands shall eat,
Shall praise the Lord, and more than taste
The heavenly everlasting meat.
- 20 They all shall sit beneath the vine,
In calm inviolable peace,
And drink within My courts the wine,
My courts of perfect holiness.

-
- 21 Go through the gates, ('tis God commands,)
Workers with God, the charge obey,
Remove whate'er His work withstands,
Prepare, prepare His people's way.
- 22 Their even course let nothing stop,
Cast up the way, the stones remove,
The high and holy way cast up,
The gospel way of perfect love.
- 23 Lift up for all mankind to see
The standard of their dying God,
And point them to the shameful tree,
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood.
- 24 The Lord hath glorified His grace,
Throughout the earth proclaim'd His Son ;
Say ye to all the sinful race,
He died for all your sins to' atone.
- 25 *Sion*, thy suffering God behold,
Thy Saviour and salvation too,
He comes, He comes, so long foretold,
Clothed in a vest of bloody hue.
- 26 Himself prepares His people's hearts,
Breaks and binds up, and wounds and heals,
A mystic death, and life imparts,
Empties the full, the emptied fills.
- 27 He fills whom first He hath prepared,
With Him the perfect grace is given,
Himself is here their great reward,
Their future and their present heaven.
- 28 They now the holy people named,
Their glorious title shall express,
From all iniquity redeem'd,
Fill'd with the Lord their righteousness.

- 29 A chosen, saved, peculiar race,
 Sion, with all thy sons thou art,
Elect through sanctifying grace,
 Perfect in love, and pure in heart.
-

VII. AN HYMN FOR SERIOUSNESS.

- 1 THOU God of glorious majesty,
 To Thee against myself, to Thee
 A worm of earth I cry,
 An half-awaken'd child of man,
 An heir of endless bliss or pain,
 A sinner born to die.
- 2 Lo ! on a narrow neck of land,
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand
 Secure, insensible :
 A point of life, a moment's space
 Removes me to that heavenly place,
 Or shuts me up in hell.
- 3 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart
 Eternal things impress,
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,
 And tremble on the brink of fate,
 And wake to righteousness.
- 4 Before me place in dread array
 The pomp of that tremendous day,
 When Thou with clouds shalt come
 To judge the nations at Thy bar :
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
 To meet a *joyful* doom ?

- 5 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry, and fear,
My future bliss to' insure,
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all Thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.
- 6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from the vale, to live,
And reign with Thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.
-

VIII. THE BEATITUDES.

Matthew v. 3—12.

WHO believes the tidings? who
Witnesses that God is true?
Sees his sins and follies more
Than the sands upon the shore;
Sees his works with evil fraught,
All his life a constant blot;
Sees his heart of virtue void,
Alien from the life of God;
Tastes in every tainted breath
Pride, self-will, and sin, and death!

Who, ah, who deserves to feel
Never-ending pains in hell?
Conscious owns the just desert
Of his life, and of his heart?
Trembling views his long sought hire,
Vengeance of eternal fire?

Who hath fruitless toil bestow'd
To appease the wrath of God ?
Vain is all thy toil and care,
Vain all nature's treasures are,
More to buy one soul it cost,
More to save a spirit lost.

What then wilt thou, canst thou do ?
Canst thou form thyself anew ?
Canst thou cleanse a filthy heart,
Life to the dead soul impart ?
Canst thou thy lost powers restore,
Rise, go forth, and sin no more ?

Never, never can it be,
God alone can set thee free !
God alone the work hath done,
Fought the fight, the battle won :
God alone the price hath paid,
All thy sins on Him were laid.
Happy soul, from guilt set free,
Jesus died for thee, for thee !
Jesus does for thee atone,
Points thee to the' eternal crown,
Speaks to thee the kingdom given,
Kingdom of an inward heaven,
Glorious joy, unutter'd peace,
All-victorious righteousness.

Why then do thy fears return ?
Yet again why dost thou mourn ?
Whence the clouds that round thee roll ?
Whence the doubts that tear thy soul ?
Why are all thy comforts fled ?
"Sin revives, and I am dead."

Dead alas ! thou art within,
Still remains the inbred sin,
Dead within thou surely art,
Still unclean remains thy heart ;
Pride alas is still behind,
Still the earthly carnal mind,
The untamed rebellious will,
Foe to good, enslaved to ill ;
Still the nature unrenew'd,
Alien from the life of God.

Mourn awhile for God thy Rest,
God will soon pronounce thee blest,
Soon the Comforter will come,
Fix in thee His constant home,
With thy heart His witness bear
Strong, and permanent, and clear :
All thy griefs shall then be gone,
Doubt, and fear no more be known,
Holy love thy heart possess,
Silent joy, and steadfast peace,
Peace that never can decay,
Joy that none can take away.

Happy soul, as silver tried,
Silver seven times purified,
Love hath broke the rock of stone,
All thy hardness melted down,
Wrath, and pride, and hatred cease,
All thy heart is gentleness.
Let the waves around thee rise,
Let the tempest threat the skies,
Calm thou ever art within,
All unruffled, all serene :

Thy sure anchor cannot fail,
Enter'd now within the veil ;
Glad this earth thou canst resign :
The new heavens and earth are thine.

Why then heave again thy sighs,
Heir of all in earth and skies ?
Still thou feel'st the root within,
Bitter root of inbred sin ;
Nature still in thee hath part,
Unrenew'd is still thy heart,
Still thy heart is unrenew'd,
Alien from the life of God :
Hence with secret earnest moans,
Deep unutterable groans,
Day and night thy ceaseless cries
To the mercy-seat arise ;
"Come, Thou holy God and true !
Come, and my whole heart renew ;
Take me now, possess me whole,
Form the Saviour in my soul,
In my heart Thy name reveal,
Stamp me with Thy Spirit's seal,
Change my nature into Thine,
In me Thy whole image shine :
Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
Fill me with Thy fulness now."
Happy soul, thy suit is won,
As thou wilt it shall be done.

Happy soul, who now renew'd,
God in thee, and thou in God,
Only feel'st within thee move
Tenderness, compassion, love,

Love immense, and unconfined,
Love to all of humankind,
Love, which willeth all should live,
Love, which all to all would give,
Love, that over all prevails,
Love, that never, never fails :
Stand secure, for thou shalt prove
All the' eternity of love.

Happy soul, from every sin
Clean, even as thy Lord is clean,
God hath made thy footsteps sure,
Purified as He is pure.
God thou dost in all things see ;
God is all in all to thee ;
Heaven above, and earth abroad,
All to thee is full of God.

Happy soul, whose active love
Emulates the bless'd above,
In thy every action seen,
Sparkling from the soul within :
Thou to every sufferer nigh,
Hearest, not in vain, the cry
Of the widow in distress,
Of the poor and fatherless !
Raiment thou to all that need,
To the hungry deal'st thy bread,
To the sick thou givest relief,
Soothest the hapless prisoner's grief,
The weak hands thou liftest up,
Bidd'st the helpless mourners hope.
Givest to those in darkness light,
Guidest the weary wanderer right,

Break'st the roaring lion's teeth,
Savest the sinner's soul from death ;
Happy thou, for God doth own
Thee, His well-beloved son.

Let the sons of *Belial* rage,
Let all hell its powers engage,
Brand with infamy thy name,
Put thee to an open shame ;
Let earth's comforts be withdrawn,
Parents, kindred, friends be gone ;
Naked didst thou hither come ?
Naked let them send thee home :
Happy, O thrice happy thou,
Seal'd unto redemption now !
Let thy soul with transport swell
Glorious and unspeakable ;
All in earth thou well hast given,
God is thy reward in heaven.

IX. FOR ONE CONVINCED OF UNBELIEF.—

HYMN I.

- 1 AND have I measured half my days,
And half my journey run,
Nor tasted the Redeemer's grace,
Nor yet my work begun ?
- 2 The morning of my life is past,
The noon almost is o'er,
The night of death approaches fast,
When I can work no more.

- 3 O what a length of wretched years
Have I lived out in vain !
How fruitless all my toils and tears !
I am not born again.
- 4 Evil and sad my days have been,
And all a painful void,
For still I am not saved from sin ;
For still I know not God.
- 5 Darkness He makes His secret place,
Thick clouds surround His throne :
Nor can I yet behold His face,
Or find the God unknown.
- 6 A God that hides Himself He is,
Far off from mortal sight,
An inaccessible abyss
Of uncreated light.
- 7 Far off He is, yet always near,
He fills both earth and heaven,
But doth not to my soul appear,
My soul from *Eden* driven.
- 8 O'er earth a banish'd man I rove,
But cannot feel Him nigh ;
Where is the pardoning God of love,
Who stoop'd for me to die ?
- 9 I sought Him in the secret cell,
With unavailing care,
Long did I in the desert dwell,
Nor could I find Him there.
- 10 Still every means in vain I try,
I seek Him far and near,
Where'er I come, constrain'd to cry
My Saviour is not here.

- 11 God is in this, in every place :
Yet O ! how dark and void
To me ! 'Tis one great wilderness,
This earth without my God !
- 12 Empty of Him, who all things fills,
Till He His light impart !
Till He His glorious self reveals,
The veil is on my heart.
- 13 O Thou who seest and know'st my grief,
Thyself unseen unknown,
Pity my helpless unbelief,
And take away the stone.
- 14 Regard me with a gracious eye,
The long sought blessing give ;
And bid me, at the point to die,
Behold Thy face and live.
- 15 A darker soul did never yet
Thy promised help implore :
O that I now my Lord might meet,
And never lose Him more !
- 16 Now, Jesus, now the Father's love
Shed in my heart abroad,
The middle wall of sin remove,
And let me into God.
-

X. THE SAME.—HYMN 2.

- 1 AUTHOR of faith, to Thee I cry,
To Thee who wouldst not have me die,
But know the truth and live :
Open mine eyes to see Thy face,
Work in my heart the saving grace,
The life eternal give.

- 2 Shut up in unbelief I groan,
And blindly serve a God unknown,
Till Thou the veil remove,
The gift unspeakable impart,
And write Thy name upon my heart,
And manifest Thy love.
- 3 I know the work is only Thine,
The gift of faith is all Divine ;
But if on Thee we call,
Thou wouldst the benefit bestow,
And give us hearts to feel, and know
That Thou hast died for all.
- 4 Thou bidd'st us knock, and enter in,
Come unto Thee, and rest from sin,
The blessing seek, and find ;
Thou bidd'st us ask Thy grace, and have,
Thou canst, Thou wouldst, this moment save
Both me, and all mankind.
- 5 Be it according to Thy word,
Now let me find my pardoning Lord,
Let what I ask be given ;
The bar of unbelief remove,
Open the door of faith and love,
And take me into heaven.
-

XI. THE SAME.—HYMN 3.

- 1 OUT of the iron furnace, Lord,
To Thee for help I cry,
I listen to Thy warning word,
And would from *Egypt* fly.

- 2 Long have I bow'd to sin's command,
But now I would be free,
'Scape from the dire oppressor's land,
And live, O God, to Thee.
- 3 Hast Thou not surely seen my grief?
Hast Thou not heard me groan?
O hasten then to my relief,
In pitying love come down.
- 4 From *Pharaoh*, and the' *Egyptian's* power,
Redeem a wretched slave ;
Thou canst redeem me in this hour,
Thou wilt the sinner save.
- 5 Now, Lord, relieve my misery,
Stretch out Thy mighty hand,
Drown all my sins in the Red Sea,
And bring me safe to land.
- 6 Strength in the Lord my righteousness,
And pardon I receive,
And holy joy, and quiet peace,
The moment I believe.
-

XII. THE SAME. AT WAKING.—HYMN 4.

- 1 AGAIN my mournful sighs
Prevent the rising morn,
Again my wishful eyes
Look out for His return :
I weep, and languish for relief,
And long my Lord to find,
But wake alas ! to all the grief,
And load I left behind.

- 2 O depth of sad distress,
 When shall my sorrows end !
 When will the Prince of Peace
 Declare Himself my friend ?
Or must I thus for ever cry
 In hopeless misery,
My God, my God, and Saviour, why
 Hast Thou forsaken me !
- 3 Is there no balm of love
 Within Thy bosom found,
 My anguish to remove,
 And heal my spirit's wound ?
Or wilt Thou, Lord, my cure disclaim,
 Who need of healing have ?
Because the sinners' chief I am,
 Wilt Thou refuse to save ?
- 4 Most helpless is my soul
 Of all the sin-sick race,
 Thou therefore make it whole,
 In honour of Thy grace :
More honour will Thy grace receive
 By freely pardoning me,
Than if ten thousand sinners live,
 Converted all to Thee.
- 5 Come then, and show Thine art,
 Physician most Divine,
 Bind up my broken heart,
 Pour in Thy oil and wine :
Into my heart the Spirit pour
 Of love, and joy, and peace,
To perfect health my soul restore,
 To perfect holiness.
-

XIII. THE SAME.—HYMN 5.

- 1 WHAT tongue alas ! can tell
The trouble and the grief,
The shame and fear I feel,
In hopeless unbelief !
In ceaseless groans
My soul bemoans
Its perfect misery :
Thou pardoning God,
Remove my load,
Or at Thy feet I die.
- 2 Why should I longer live
In unavailing pain ?
Thy will is not to grieve
The helpless sons of men :
Send from above
Thy saving love,
And take me up on high :
Thou pardoning God,
Remove my load,
Or at Thy feet I die.
- 3 What shall a sinner say
Thy pity to incline ?
In Jesu's name I pray
Forgive this soul of mine,
For Jesus' sake
Compassion take,
And freely justify ;
Thou pardoning God,
Remove my load,
Or at Thy feet I die.

- 4 Father of mercies hear,
In answer to my moan,
Thy helpless mourner cheer,
And give me to Thy Son :
Till Thou restore
My peace and power,
This shall be all my cry,
Thou pardoning God,
Remove my load,
Or at Thy feet I die.
-

XIV. THE SAME.—HYMN 6.

- 1 How long, Thou hidden God unknown,
Wilt Thou Thy mournful creature see.
Distrest, and dark ; yet wandering on,
And blindly feeling after Thee,
Thee, whom I cannot yet attain,
Thee, whom I seem to seek in vain ?
- 2 An outcast from Thy blissful face,
Stranger to peace, and faith, and power,
I ask, nor have Thy pardoning grace,
I knock at faith's unopen'd door,
Nor can I yet admitted be,
But still the door is shut to me.
- 3 What is it makes my Saviour stay,
So strong, and ready to redeem ?
Can Jesus will the' unkind delay,
Or cast me out who come to Him,
Or not the secret bar remove,
If still I stop His pardoning love ?

- 4 He will, I dare believe, He will
 His way into my heart prepare :
But let me wait Thy leisure still,
 My passionate complaints forbear,
And give my rash impatience o'er,
And *murmur* for relief no more.
- 5 When my relief shall most display
 Thy glory in Thy creature's good,
Then, Saviour, take the veil away,
 Sprinkle me with the' atoning blood,
The power of living faith impart,
And breathe Thy love into my heart.
-

XV. THE SAME.—HYMN 7.

- 1 JESU, the promised strength supply,
 Support my feeble, fainting mind,
Nor let me in the winter fly,
 But seek, till I acceptance find,
But ask, till I am saved from sin,
And knock, till mercy takes me in.
- 2 Sufficient is the season past,
 That I have grieved Thy gentle Dove,
Flew out in unbelieving haste,
 And *clamour'd* for Thy pardoning love,
And raved and murmur'd to be free,
As God were bound to wait on me.
- 3 In base mistrust of finding God,
 No more Thy gospel I deny,
Sit down content beneath my load,
 Or with the world of liars cry,

"We *need* not know our sins forgiven,
Or *feel* His love, the pledge of heaven."

- 4 I must, I shall be born again,
 And perfect holiness below ;
For this I wait in patient pain,
 Nor is it mine the times to know,
But Thou hast died to ransom me,
And all my soul is cast on Thee.

XVI. THE SAME.—HYMN 8.

- 1 O THOU hidden God unknown,
 Hear Thy fallen creature's cry,
Now recall Thy banished one,
 One who would on Thee rely :
But till Thou Thy Spirit give,
Lord, I never can believe.
- 2 Dead in sin too long I was,
 Blindest when I said " I see ;"
Thou hast magnified Thy grace,
 Show'd my want of faith and Thee,
Shone into my nature's night,
Bade me wait to see Thy light.
- 3 Stript of all my boasted power
 Now myself I cannot save,
Cannot hasten the glad hour ;
 Only this from Thee I have,
Sin and unbelief to feel,
Both, alas ! invincible.

- 4 Conscious of my unbelief,
Sweetly now for Thee I mourn,
Taste the blessedness of grief,
To my mighty fortress turn,
Prisoner I of gospel hope
For Thyself to Thee look up.
- 5 Token of Thy richest grace
I my poverty receive,
Sure Thou wilt unveil Thy face,
Sure Thou wilt the blessing give,
Faith that seals my sins forgiven,
Faith the earnest of *my* heaven.
-

XVII. THE SAME.—HYMN 9.

- 1 O THOU of whom I oft have heard,
Heard with the hearing of the ear,
But never truly loved, or fear'd,
But never found Thee present here,
Come to my poor, my faithless heart,
And kindly tell me who Thou art.
- 2 A spirit dark, and damn'd I am,
Sorrow and sin and I are one,
Weigh'd down with grief, and guilt and shame,
Out of the deep I cry and groan,
Nor know I where relief to find :
Show me, Thou Saviour of mankind.
- 3 No smallest motion can I make,
Toward heaven, and happiness, and Thee ;
But save me for Thy mercy's sake,
Thy mercy most divinely free

Be on this harden'd rebel show'd,
In honour of the dying God.

- 4 The cause is all in Thee alone,
It lies within Thy tender breast;
To hell in anger send me down,
Or give my labouring spirit rest,
Redeem me from the' infernal grave,
And show forth all Thy power to save.
- 5 Look not on me, a beast, a fiend,
All wrath, all passion, and all pride ;
But see Thyself, the sinner's Friend,
The Son of Man, the Crucified,
The God that left His throne above,
The bleeding Prince of peace, and love.
- 6 Why did Thy love submit to die,
If not to save apostate man !
Ah ! let Thy bowels answer, Why
Made capable of mortal pain,
Did God His precious life resign,
If not from death to ransom mine !
- 7 Thy only dying love I plead,
Stronger than death Thy love to me :
If Thou couldst suffer in my stead,
Thou canst from sin and misery
My poor expiring soul lift up,
And bid the chief of sinners hope.
- 8 Even now Thou bidd'st my fears depart,
I hope to know my sins forgiven,
I hope to find Thee in my heart,
And taste that antepast of heaven,

I hope to feel Thy blood applied,
Since Thou for me, for me hast died.

XVIII. THE SAME.—HYMN 10.

- 1 PEACE, doubting heart! hath God begun,
And brought me to the birth in vain?
Will Jesus leave His work undone,
Or slight His sin-sick creature's pain,
My want of faith so kindly show,
And not the precious gift bestow?
 - 2 Away my fond and needless fears,
That I shall seek, and never find,
Shall lose, my unavailing tears
O'erlook'd of God, and left behind,
Shall sue for grace, unanswer'd I,
And groan, till I in *Egypt* die!
 - 3 Who ever ask'd for help in vain,
Or weary sunk beneath his load,
Or knock'd, but could not entrance gain?
Or hopeless died *in* seeking God,
Nor could at last acceptance meet,
But perish'd at his Saviour's feet?
 - 4 His truth and love are on my side,
And stand engaged to make me blest;
I shall be freely justified,
I shall obtain the promised rest,
With eyes of faith *my* Jesus see,
And feel that He hath died for me.
-

XIX. DESIRING TO LOVE.—HYMN 1.

- 1 STILL, Lord, I languish for Thy grace,
Unveil the beauties of Thy face,
The middle wall remove,
Appear, and banish my complaint,
Come, and supply mine only want,
Fill all my soul with love.
- 2 Accurst without Thy love I am,
I bear my punishment, and shame,
And droop my guilty head,
Unchanged, unhallow'd, unrestored,
I do not love my bleeding Lord ;
No other hell I need.
- 3 O conquer this rebellious will,
(Willing Thou art, and ready still,
Thy help is always nigh,)
The stony from my heart remove,
And give me, Lord, O give me love,
Or at Thy feet I die.
- 4 Whither, ah ! whither should I go ?
Nothing is worth a thought below ;
Yet while on earth I stay,
O let me here my station keep,
And wash Thy feet with tears, and weep,
And weep my life away.
- 5 To Thee I lift my mournful eye,
Why am I thus ? O tell me why
Cannot I love my God ?

The hindrance must be all in me,
It cannot in my Saviour be,
Witness that streaming blood !

- 6 It cost Thy blood my heart to win,
To buy me from the power of sin,
And make me love again ;
Come then, my Lord, Thy right assert,
Take to Thyself my ransom'd heart,
Nor bleed, nor die in vain.
-

XX. THE SAME.—HYMN 2.

- 1 THOU lovely Lamb, who on the tree
Shedd'st Thy last drop of blood for me,
My sufferings to remove,
Low in the dust I lie, and mourn
That I can make Thee no return
For all Thy waste of love.
- 2 'Tis all Thy loving heart's desire,
That I Thy fulness should require,
And with my misery part ;
Thy Spirit strives to set me free,
The Father's Wisdom speaks in Thee,
" My Son, give Me thy heart."
- 3 What is it, Lord, that keeps me back ?
What is it which for Thy dear sake
I would not now forego ?
Pleasure, or wealth, or life, or fame ?
Thou know'st, no more my wishes aim
At happiness below.

- 4 I dread the human face Divine,
I want no other love than Thine,
All lovely as Thou art :
I view Thy creatures with disdain :
Tear them away, let Jesus reign
The monarch of my heart.
- 5 I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,
Willing I *seem* my all to leave,
So I might purchase Thee :
What is it then that holds me still?
My own, my own, and not the will
Of Him who died for me.
- 6 It must be so ; in me alone
It stands ; some cursed thing unknown
Compels my Lord to stay ;
I will not suffer Him to save,
Some mystery of sin I have,
That bars the Saviour's way.
- 7 Shame on my soul ! The dire disgrace
Covers with guilty shame my face,
And presses down my soul ;
Hardly compell'd, I now confess,
I love, and cherish my disease,
And will not be made whole.
- 8 The Saviour God of love I clear,
Who justifies is always near,
And waits His grace to show ;
But I, the stubborn rebel I,
Far from His arms of mercy fly,
And will not Jesus know.

- 9 Here then beneath my curse I stoop,
I give my false pretensions up,
Death's sentence I receive,
Guilty before my God I am,
I justify the angry Lamb,
He would have had me live.
- 10 I would not live, and therefore go,
Self-plunged in gulfs of endless woe,
I go to second death ;
And let me now to *Tophet* fall,
Unless the God, who died for all,
Still spreads His arms beneath.
-

XXI. THE SAME.—HYMN 3.

- 1 O SAVIOUR, cast a pitying eye,
A sinner at Thy feet I lie,
And will not hence depart,
Till Thou regard my ceaseless moan ;
O speak, and take away the stone,
The unbelieving heart :
- 2 Till Thou the mountain load remove,
I groan beneath my want of love ;
O hear my bitter cry :
Without Thy love I cannot live,
Give, Jesu, Friend of sinners, give
Me love, or else I die.
- 3 Dost Thou not all my sufferings know,
Dost Thou not see mine eyes o'erflow,
My labouring bosom move ?
Why do I all this burden bear ?
Need I to Thee the cause declare ?
Thou know'st, I cannot love.

- 4 This is my sin and misery,
I always find Thy love to me,
Seal'd by Thy precious blood ;
And yet I make Thee no return,
I only for my baseness mourn,
I cannot love my God.
- 5 The world admire my mystic grief,
And torture me with vain relief,
And cruel kindness show ;
They bid me give my wailings o'er,
And weep and vex myself no more
For One they never knew.
- 6 My Father's children feel my care,
With kind concern my cross they bear.
And in my sorrows join ;
The suffering members sympathise,
And grieve my griefs, and sigh my sighs,
And mix their tears with mine.
- 7 But all in vain for me they grieve,
Their sufferings cannot mine relieve,
Or mitigate my pain :
No answer to their prayers they see,
And prevalent with God for me
They seem to pray in vain.
- 8 Thou then, O God, Thine hand lay to,
And let me all the means look through,
And trust to Thee alone,
To Thee alone for all things trust,
And say to Thee, who sav'st the lost,
Thine only will be done.

XXII. THE SAME.—HYMN 4.

- 1 O JESU, let me bless Thy name !
All sin, alas ! Thou know'st I am,
But Thou all pity art ;
Turn unto flesh my heart of stone,
Such power belongs to Thee alone,
Turn into flesh my heart.
- 2 A poor unloving wretch to Thee
For help against myself I flee ;
Thou only canst remove
The hindrances out of Thy way,
And soften my unyielding clay,
And mould it into love.
- 3 O let Thy Spirit shed abroad
The love, the perfect love of God,
In this cold heart of mine !
O might He now descend, and rest,
And dwell for ever in my breast,
And make me all Divine.
- 4 What shall I do my suit to gain ?
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
I plead what Thou hast done :
Didst Thou not die the death for me ?
Jesu, remember *Calvary*,
And break this heart of stone.
- 5 Take the dear purchase of Thy blood,
My Friend, and Advocate with God,
My Ransom and my Peace,
Surety, who all my debt hast paid,
For all my sins atonement made,
The Lord my Righteousness.

- 6 Why didst Thou leave Thy throne above,
But that the secret of Thy love
Might to my soul be known?
Hast Thou not given Thyself for me,
That I might only live to Thee,
Might die to Thee alone?
- 7 Be it according to Thy will,
In me Thy mystic love reveal,
And all in earth and heaven
Shall own that I their love outvie :
There's none can love so much as I,
None hath so much forgiven.
-

XXIII. THE SAME.—HYMN 5.

- 1 O LOVE Divine, how sweet Thou art !
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee !
I thirst, and faint, and die to prove,
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.
- 2 Stronger His love than death or hell ;
Its riches are unsearchable ;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depth to see,
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God ;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart !
For love I sigh, for love I pine :
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

- 4 O that I could for ever sit,
With *Mary* at the Master's feet !
Be this my happy choice,
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.
- 5 O that with humbled *Peter* I
Could weep, believe, and thrice reply
My faithfulness to prove,
Thou know'st, (for all to Thee is known,)
Thou know'st, O Lord, and Thou alone,
Thou know'st that Thee I love.
- 6 O that I could with favour'd *John*
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast !
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in Thee
My everlasting rest.
- 7 Thy only love do I require,
Nothing in earth beneath desire,
Nothing in heaven above ;
Let earth, and heaven, and all things go,
Give me Thy only love to know,
Give me Thy only love.
-

XXIV. THE SAME.—HYMN 6.

- 1 O THOU, who hast redeem'd of old,
And bidd'st me of Thy strength take hold,
And be at peace with Thee,
Help me Thy benefits to own,
And hear me tell what Thou hast done,
O dying Lamb, for me.

- 2 Out of myself for help I go,
Thy only love resolved to know,
Thy love my plea I make :
Give me Thy love ; 'tis all I claim :
Give for the honour of Thy name,
Give for Thy mercy's sake.
- 3 Canst Thou deny Thy love to me ?
Say, Thou Incarnate Deity,
Thou Man of Sorrows, say :
Thy glory why didst Thou enshrine
In such a clod of earth as mine,
And wrap Thee in my clay ?
- 4 Ancient of Days, why didst Thou come,
And stoop to a poor virgin's womb,
Contracted to a span ?
Flesh of our flesh why wast Thou made,
And humbly in a manger laid,
The new-born Son of Man ?
- 5 Why didst Thou in this vale of tears,
For more than thirty mournful years,
A life of sufferings lead ?
Why did Thine eyes with tears o'erflow ?
Why wouldst Thou choose to want below
A place to lay Thy head ?
- 6 Love, only love, Thy heart inclined,
And brought Thee, Saviour of mankind,
Down from Thy throne above :
Love made my God a man of grief,
Distress'd Thee sore for my relief :
O mystery of love !

- 7 To fill my soul it emptied Thee,
It made Thee poor, that I might be
Enrich'd with every grace :
Love made Thee to Thy Father cry,
And hid His face from Thee, that I
Might always see His face.
- 8 Quite from the manger to the cross
Thy life one scene of sufferings was,
And all sustain'd for me :
O strange excess of love Divine !
Jesus, was ever love like Thine !
Answer me from that tree !
- 9 If Thou couldst stoop for me to die,
Surely Thou wouldst that I, even I,
Thy death's effect should prove ;
Then help me for Thy mercy's sake,
To weep, believe, and pay Thee back
Thy dear expiring love.
- 10 Because Thou lovedst, and diedst for me,
Cause me, my Jesus, to love Thee,
And gladly to resign
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am ;
My life be all with Thine the same,
And all Thy death be mine !
-

XXV. FOR A DYING UNCONVERTED
SINNER.

- 1 Now, sinner, now what is thy hope ?
Canst thou with confidence look up,
And see the angel nigh ?
Is death a messenger of peace ?
And dost thou long for thy release ?
And art thou fit to die ?

- 2 Say, if prepared for death thou art,
What means that faltering of thy heart,
That inly stifled groan?
Why shrinks thy soul with guilty fear,
And loudly warn'd of judgment near
Starts from a God unknown?
- 3 Whither, ah ! whither must thou go?
Poor dying wretch, thou dost not know,
Doubtful so near thine end ;
Doubtful with whom thou first shalt meet,
Who first thy parting soul shall greet,
An angel, or a fiend.
- 4 Where wilt thou ease or comfort take?
Now to thy harmless life look back,
From outward vice so free ;
Bring all thy works, and seeming good
To balance with thy guilty load,
And let them plead for thee.
- 5 Alas ! they cannot buy thy peace,
The rags of thy own righteousness
They cannot screen thy shame :
Full of all inward sin thou art,
Anger, and lust, and pride of heart ;
And *Legion* is thy name.
- 6 Now let thy best endeavours plead,
Now lean upon that feeble reed ;
Thou who hast lived so well !
Thy dying weight it cannot bear,
But breaks, and leaves thee to despair,
And lets thee sink to hell.

- 7 Now wilt thou mock the sons of God,
Who felt the Saviour's sprinkled blood,
And own'd their sins forgiven !
Tell them, their peace they cannot feel,
The glorious hope, the Spirit's seal,
The antepast of heaven.
- 8 Hast thou received the Holy Ghost?
Poor Christless soul, undone, and lost,
Already damn'd thou art :
Now tell thy Lord, It cannot be ;
He did not buy the grace for thee,
To dwell within thy heart.
- 9 His inspiration now blaspheme,
And call it all a madman's dream,
That God in man should dwell ;
The' enthusiastic scheme explode,
That souls should here be fill'd with God :
Go laugh at saints in hell !
- 10 Ah ! no ; thy laughter ceases there,
Doom'd with apostate fiends to share
The unbeliever's hire ;
There thou shalt die the second death,
And gnaw thy tongue, and gnash thy teeth,
And welter in that fire.
- 11 Alas ! thy gracious day is past :
The wrath is come : what hope at last
The sentence to repeal ?
No longer thy damnation sleeps,
The soul from off thy quivering lips
Is starting into hell.

- 12 But if thou nothing hast to plead,
Behold in this thy greatest need
An Advocate is nigh ;
Ask Him to undertake thy cause,
The Man that hung upon the cross,
And deign'd for thee to die.
- 13 See Him between the dying thieves,
His grace the parting soul relieves
Even at its latest hour :
Ask, and His grace shall reach to thee,
" Jesus, my King, remember me,
Display Thy mercy's power.
- 14 " Thee for my Lord, and God I own,
With pity see me from Thy throne,
And though my body dies,
My soul, if Thou Thy Spirit give,
My happy soul to-day shall live,
With Thee in paradise."
-

XXVI. ANOTHER.

- 1 AND must thou perish in thy blood,
A wretched soul that knows not God,
A child of Satan thou !
Thy foes, and fears, and sins prevail ;
Arrested by the pains of hell,
Where is thy refuge now ?
- 2 Caught in the toils of death thou art,
All unrenew'd and foul thy heart,
And fill'd with guilty fear :
See there ! the king of fears is come !
Prepare to meet thine instant doom,
Before thy God appear.

- 3 Vain are thy tears and late remorse ;
The tyrant sits on his pale horse,
Devourer of mankind,
Attended by a ghastly train,
Sorrow, astonishment, and pain,
And hell comes close behind.
- 4 Ready to pierce thy trembling heart,
The grisly terror shakes his dart,
And hell expects its prey !
Ready a troop of devils stands
To take thee from the monster's hands,
And hurry thee away.
- 5 What hope or help remains for thee ?
Poor desperate soul, and can it be
That thou shouldst mercy find ?
Ask Him, who spilt His precious blood,
To buy, and bring thee back to God,
To ransom all mankind.
- 6 Call, on the name of Jesus call,
Ask if He did not die for all,
That all might turn and live ?
Call on Him in this latest hour ;
Hell is not readier to devour,
Than Jesus to forgive.
- 7 Sufficient is His grace for thee :
Straiten'd for time He cannot be ;
Thy dying groan He hears :
Jesus is mighty to redeem ;
A day, a moment's space, with Him
Is as a thousand years.
- 8 Call on Him, and He yet shall save,
" Redeem my spirit from the grave,
The gulf that yawns beneath,

Jesu, reverse my fearful doom,
O snatch me from the wrath to come,
The everlasting death.

9 "Sprinkle Thy blood upon my heart ;
One drop, if 'Thou the grace impart,
Shall move my guilty load,
From every spot of sin set free ;
Speak all-atoning blood for me,
Cry in the ears of God !

10 "Father, if now Thou hear'st it cry,
Now let it in my heart reply,
And show my sins forgiven ;
Thou canst—Thou dost—this moment save :
'Tis finish'd ! I my passport have—
Lead on, lead on to heaven !

XXVII. FOR A SICK FRIEND IN DARKNESS.

1 COME, Lord, come quickly from above,
The object of Thy bleeding love
Is sick, and wants Thine aid ;
Lover of every helpless soul,
O let Thy pity make him whole,
Whose mind on Thee is stay'd.

2 His only trust is in Thy blood,
Thou sinner's Advocate with God,
Thou all-atoning Lamb,
The virtue of Thy death impart,
Speak comfort to his drooping heart,
And tell him all Thy name.

- 3 Give him Thy pardoning love to feel,
And freely his backslidings heal,
Repair his faith's decay ;
Restore the sweetness of Thy grace,
Reveal the glories of Thy face,
And take his sins away.
- 4 Speak, Lord, and let him find Thee near,
O bid him now be of good cheer,
Declare his sins forgiven :
Return, Thou Prince of Peace, return,
Thou Comforter of all that mourn,
And look him into heaven.
-

XXVIII. ANOTHER.

- 1 O LORD, our strength and righteousness,
Our hope, and refuge in distress,
Our Saviour, and our God,
See here, an helpless sinner see,
Sick, and in pain he gasps to Thee,
And waits to feel Thy blood.
- 2 In sickness make Thou all his bed,
Thy hand support his fainting head,
His feeble soul defend ;
Teach him on Thee to cast his care.
And all his grief and burden bear,
And love him to the end.
- 3 If now Thy will his soul require,
O sit as a refiner's fire,
And purge it first from sin ;
Thy love hath quicker wings than death :
The fulness of Thy Spirit breathe.
And bring Thy nature in.

- 4 If in the vale of tears Thy will
Appoints him to continue still,
O sanctify his pain,
And let him patiently submit,
To suffer as Thy love sees fit,
And never once complain.
- 5 O let him look to Thee alone,
(That all Thy will on him be done
His only pleasure be,)
Alike resign'd, to live, or die,
As most Thy name may glorify,
To live or die to Thee.
-

XXIX. FOR ONE IN DOUBT.—HYMN I.

- 1 AH ! woe is me, condemn'd to bear
The living death of lingering hope ;
In vain I labour to despair,
To give my life, my Saviour up,
Still on the rack of doubt I lie,
Nor can I live, nor can I die.
- 2 Is there a soul on this side hell,
So fallen, and so foul as mine !
But O ! 'tis just whate'er I feel,
I dare not at my doom repine,
More I deserve, if more can be,
His plagues are all too light for me.
- 3 Yet let me urge my one request,
Most foul, and fallen as I am,
I ask not, Lord, relief and rest,
But end, or plunge me in my shame,

Now, Saviour, now conclude the strife,
And turn the scale for death, or life.

- 4 Ah ! do not let me longer live
Stretch'd on this rack of doubt and fear ;
Against, or with me sentence give,
My Judge, or Advocate appear,
Now, let me now Thy pleasure feel,
And rise to heaven, or sink to hell.
-

XXX. THE SAME.—HYMN 2.

- 1 STILL, O Lord, for Thee I tarry,
Full of sorrows, sins, and wants ;
Thee, and all Thy saints I weary
With my sad but vain complaints ;
Sawn asunder by temptation,
Tortured by distracting care,
Kill'd by doubts' severe vexation,
Sorer evil than despair.
- 2 Will the fight be never over ?
Will the balance never turn ?
Still 'twixt life and death I hover,
Bear what is not to be borne ;
Who can bear a wounded spirit ?
Whither must my spirit go ?
Shall I heaven or hell inherit ?
Let me die my doom to know.
- 3 All in vain for death I languish,
Death from his pursuer flies :
Still I feel the gnawing anguish
Feel the worm that never dies ;

Still in horrid expectation
Like the damn'd in hell I groan,
Envy them their swift damnation,
Fearful to enhance my own.

- 4 Jesus, see Thy fallen creature,
Fallen at Thy feet I lie,
Act according to Thy nature,
Bid the sinner live or die ;
Of my pain fill up the measure,
If Thou canst no more forgive :
If Thou in my life hast pleasure,
Speak, and now my soul shall live.
-

XXXI. THE SAME.—HYMN 3.

- 1 GOD of my life, to Thee I raise
(I fain would raise) my soul to Thee :
If I have lived out half my days,
And suffer'd half my misery,
Thy grace preserved me to this hour ;
I glorify Thy gracious power.
- 2 Evil alas ! Thou know'st, and few
My days of pilgrimage have been ;
With thankfulness, and pain, I view
My thirty years of grief and sin—
Yet O ! forgive this eager sigh,
This gasping of my soul to die.
- 3 I do not, dare not, Lord, mistrust
Thy power or readiness to save ;
But let me now return to dust,
But let me find an early grave,
Cut off a length of wretched years,
And die—from all my sins and fears.

- 4 Long have I drank the bitter cup
Of trembling, agony, and grief;
So short my intervals of hope,
So few my moments of relief,
I fear lest all my bread should fail,
And *Amalek* at last prevail.
- 5 Like *Hagar's* son I lift mine hand
'Gainst every rebel soul of man,
Adverse to all the world I stand,
The world who triumph in my pain,
And ever for my halting wait,
The object of their endless hate.
- 6 A man of strife to all the earth
Me hath my hapless mother borne,
Unconscious of the Spirit's birth;
Where'er my blasted eyes I turn,
Suffering and sin is all I see,
Pure sin, and unmix'd misery.
- 7 Still the long hour of darkness lasts,
And Satan's tyranny prevails;
So thick his fiery darts he casts,
My spirit every moment fails,
While in the toils of death I lie,
And from the den of lions cry.
- 8 Low in the deepest dungeon laid,
Fast bound in sin and misery,
Of fiends, men, and myself afraid,
I ever hasten to be free,
I see them ready to devour,
And tremble at their baleful power.

- 9 Nor won, nor lost, subsists the fight,
Hovers in even poise the scale,
Shudders my soul with dread affright,
And quivering hangs 'twixt heaven and hell :
This doubt ! 'tis more than I can bear,
'Tis worse, 'tis heavier than despair.
- 10 O Saviour, loose me from my pain,
O Jesus, bid my troubles end,
Bear not that healing name in vain,
But show Thyself the sinner's Friend,
Apply the blood that bought my peace,
And give my wounded spirit ease.
- 11 Thy only blood can be my balm,
And heal the mortal wounds of sin ;
Thy only word my soul can calm,
And lay the storm that works within :
Now, Lord, rebuke the winds and seas,
And speak me into perfect peace.
- 12 Or (for I know not what is best)
Still let me bear my guilty load,
But be my everlasting Rest,
But bring me, as Thou wilt, to God,
When all His waves and storms are o'er,
And sin and sorrow are no more.
-

XXXII. THE SAME.—HYMN 4.

- 1 O THOU that dost in secret see,
Regard a dying sinner's prayer ;
Out of the deep I cry to Thee,
Save, or I perish in despair.

- 2 Shorten the days of inbred sin,
 Speak to my raging passions peace,
 Allay this hurricane within,
 Bid all my inward conflicts cease.
- 3 When shall the fiery trial end ?
 When shall I live, and sin no more ?
 Wilt Thou not, Lord, my soul defend,
 Till all the tyranny is o'er ?
- 4 Weeping to Thee I lift mine eyes,
 Mine eyes which fail with looking up,
 For Thee my heart laments and sighs,
 Sick with desire, and lingering hope.
- 5 A daily death I die through fear
 That I no more shall see my God,
 No more the voice of mercy hear,
 But faint, and perish in my blood.
- 6 O that I could but surely know
 If I at last shall mercy find !
 For what am I reserved below !
 Tell me, Thou Saviour of mankind.
- 7 That hope is in my end declare ;
 And let me want Thy cheering grace,
 For seventy years content I bear
 The hidings of Thy blissful face.
- 8 Let others walk with Thee in light,
 But bless me with one parting ray,
 And ere I close mine eyes in night,
 Give me to see Thy perfect day.
-

XXXIII. PENITENTIAL HYMN.—HYMN 1.

- 1 SAVIOUR, Prince of *Israel's* race,
See me from Thy lofty throne,
Give the sweet relenting grace,
Soften this obdurate stone,
Stone to flesh, O God, convert,
Cast a look, and break my heart.
- 2 By Thy Spirit, Lord, reprove,
All mine inmost sins reveal,
Sins against Thy light and love
Let me see, and let me feel,
Sins that crucified my God,
Spilt again Thy precious blood.
- 3 Jesu, seek Thy wandering sheep,
Make me restless to return,
Bid me look on Thee and weep,
Bitterly as *Peter* mourn,
Till I say, by grace restored,
Now Thou know'st I love Thee, Lord.
- 4 Or if yet I must not hope
For the pardoning love of God,
Make my stubborn spirit stoop
Under its own guilty load,
Let me sink by sin oppress'd,
Weary wish, and groan for rest.
- 5 Shake my inmost soul with fear,
Let me as the gaoler cry,
Trembling at damnation near,
How shall I the judgment fly,
Who the way to' escape will show,
What must a lost sinner do?

- 6 Might I in Thy sight appear
As the publican distress'd,
Come, not daring to draw near,
Smite on my unworthy breast,
Groan the sinner's only plea,
God be merciful to me !
- 7 O that I in *Mary's* place
Might before the Saviour lie,
Fear to see Thy smiling face,
Blush to meet Thy gracious eye,
Still the solemn task repeat,
Weep, and wash, and kiss Thy feet.
- 8 Doth Thy justice still withstand,
Sternly cry "It must not be,"
Till I bear Thy bruising hand,
Suffer all my misery ?
Lo ! I to the sentence bow ;
Make, O make me wretched now !
- 9 Lay Thy hand upon my soul,
Bruise me with Thy righteous rod,
Wound and never make me whole,
Till my spirit returns to God ;
Grant me then the late relief,
Save me as the' expiring thief.
- 10 Then remember me for good
Passing through the mortal vale,
Show me Thy atoning blood,
While my strength and spirit fail,
Give my gasping soul to see
Jesus crucified for me !

- 11 On the margin of the grave,
In that last decisive hour,
Let me find Thy power to save,
All Thy sanctifying power,
See Thee with my closing eyes,
Die into Thy paradise.
-

XXXIV. THE SAME.—HYMN 2.

- 1 WILL the pardoning God despise
A poor mourner's sacrifice,
One who brings his all to Thee,
All his sin and misery !
- 2 Saviour, see my troubled breast,
Heaving, panting after rest,
Jesu, mark my hollow eye,
Never closed, and never dry.
- 3 Listen to my plaintive moans,
Deep uninterrupted groans,
Keep not silence at my tears,
Quiet all my griefs and fears.
- 4 Good Physician, show Thine art,
Bind Thou up my broken heart ;
Aches it not for Thee, my God,
Pants to feel Thy balmy blood ?
- 5 Gushing from Thy wounded side
Might I feel it now applied,
Wouldst Thou in my last distress
Heal, and bid me die in peace !
- 6 Jesus, answer all Thy name,
Save me from my fear, and shame,
Sunk in desperate misery,
Sinner's Friend, remember me.

- 7 By Thy bonds my soul release,
By Thy pain mine anguish ease,
By Thy bloody sweat, I pray,
Wash my inbred sin away.
- 8 Quickened by Thy parting breath,
By Thy life-inspiring death,
Save me, by Thy burial save,
Hide me in Thy quiet grave.
- 9 Screen my faint devoted head,
Write me free among the dead,
With Thy pardoning mercy blest
Take me to my endless rest.
-

XXXV. THE SAME.—HYMN 3.

- 1 JESU, I call Thee by the name
On which my hopes would fain rely :
Undone without Thy help I am,
Without Thy help for ever die.
- 2 Throughout my fallen soul I feel
Thy only name hath power to save :
Quench with Thy blood this inbred hell,
Redeem me from the' infernal grave.
- 3 Chief of apostate spirits, I groan
My sense of deepest guilt to Thee,
Of all the' incarnate fiends not one
So devilish, or so damn'd as me.
- 4 I know, to' alleviate my pain,
To lessen and remove my load,
Impossible it is with man ;
But Thou art the Almighty God.

-
- 5 Is there a thing too hard for Thee ?
A case beyond Thy mercy's power ?
An ill Thou canst not remedy ?
A sinner Thou canst not restore ?
- 6 Can there a malady be found,
By Love Divine incurable ?
Or is my spirit's mortal wound
Too deep for Thee to search, and heal ?
- 7 Is there on earth a loss too great
For all Thy fulness to repair ?
Is there a soul so near the pit,
That Thou no more canst save it there ?
- 8 My soul in sin so rooted stands,
No common miracle can move,
I know, my spirit's cure demands
Thy whole omnipotence of love.
- 9 But whether Thou *hast* ever heal'd
A spirit so desperate as mine
It lies, alas ! from me conceal'd
In lowest depths of love Divine.
- 10 My feeble heart cannot conceive
Such greatness of redeeming power,
Yet fain I would, I would believe
That Thou canst me, even me, restore.
- 11 I hope Thou able art to cleanse
The worst and foulest sinner me,
And suddenly transport me hence,
And snatch this moment up to Thee.
- 12 Yet O ! I doubt Thy gracious will,
And scarce to sue for mercy dare,
Held on the rack, and tortured still
With pangs severer than despair.

- 13 My God, my God, what shall I say,
But still my one request repeat !
O might I now escape away,
And die lamenting at Thy feet !
- 14 O let it not my Lord displease,
That still I urge my one request,
Languish in pain for lasting ease,
And weary long to be at rest.
- 15 Still art Thou silent at my tears ?
O were Thy waves and storms o'erpast !
Pardon my sins, remove my fears,
And bid me weep, and groan my last.
- 16 Jesu, in honour of Thy name
Hope in my end O let me prove,
And quickly Thee in death proclaim
The' almighty God of pardoning love.
-

XXXVI. THE SAME.—HYMN 4.

- 1 O FATHER of all,
On Thee let me call,
On Thee let me wait, till upraised from my fall :
My burden of pain
With meekness sustain,
And never revolt, or provoke Thee again.
- 2 Mere mercies they are
The judgments I bear,
If saved from the gulf of eternal despair :
All thanks be to Thee,
In my end if there be
Any hope of acceptance, or pardon for me.

-
- 3 In patient distress
 My soul I possess,
Till life and affliction together shall cease ;
 Till the anguish and smart
 Hath broken my heart,
And the mourner is suffer'd in peace to depart.
- 4 Till then I forego
 All comfort below,
And no other companion but sorrow will know :
 My companion and guide
 With me shall abide
And only in death shall be torn from my side.
- 5 A stranger to hope
 I the measure fill up,
And drink the last dregs of the penitent cup.
 In trouble's excess
 My wishes suppress,
My pining desires of a speedy release.
- 6 If such be my doom,
 To suffer I come,
To suffer an age within sight of a tomb ;
 To continue in fear,
 With comfort so near,
And live out the days of my punishment here.
- 7 Accepting my pain,
 I no longer complain,
But wait, till at last I the haven obtain ;
 Till the storms are all o'er,
 And afflicted no more
On a plank of the ship I escape to the shore.
-

XXXVII. THE SAME.—HYMN 5.

- 1 O JESUS, the Rest
 Of spirits distress'd,
Receive a lost sinner that flies to Thy breast :
 Long tost on a sea
 Of trouble, I flee
To find an asylum, and pardon in Thee.
- 2 Heavy laden with sin
 For years I have been,
And harass'd to death with the tempest within :
 The cause I confess
 Of my outward distress,
And feel that in sin I can never have peace.
- 3 Compell'd though I am
 To call on Thy name,
Yet give me not up to my sorrow and shame,
 To the evil I fear,
 The punishment near,
The righteous reward of my wickedness here.
- 4 With penitent sighs
 I lift up mine eyes,
And groan for an answer of peace from the skies :
 This aching and smart,
 I know, shall depart,
If the Lamb will but sprinkle His blood on my heart.
- 5 One drop of Thy blood
 Shall remove all my load,
And bring me again to my pacified God ;
 One drop shall o'erthrow
 My accuser and foe,
And make my glad heart with the comfort o'erflow.

- 6 Come then at my call,
 Thou Saviour of all,
 And redeem me again from my sorrow and thrall,
 From all evil set free,
 Who hast answer'd for me,
 And O ! let me live, let me die unto Thee !
-

XXXVIII. THE SAME.—HYMN 6.

- 1 O JESUS my Hope,
 For me offer'd up,
 Who with clamour pursued Thee to *Calvary's* top,
 The blood I have shed
 For me let it plead,
 And declare, Thou hast died in Thy murderer's stead.
- 2 Thy blood, which alone
 For sin could atone,
 For the' infinite evil I madly have done,
 That only can seal
 My pardon, and fill
 My heart with a power of obeying Thy will.
- 3 Come then from above,
 The stony remove,
 And vanquish my heart with the sense of Thy love :
 Thy love on the tree
 Display unto me,
 And the servant of sin in a moment is free.
- 4 Neither passion nor pride
 Thy cross can abide,
 But melt in the fountain that streams from Thy side:

-
- 3 If my blood could atone
 For what I have done,
Even now would I spend it, and groan my last groan :
 But my dying were vain,
 Only Jesus's pain,
Only Jesus's blood can wash out the foul stain.
- 4 Its virtue I tried,
 When I felt it applied,
And *knew* that for *me my* Redeemer had died.
 But I quickly gave way
 In the cloudy dark day,
And fell to temptation an indolent prey.
- 5 That covenant-blood
 Under foot I have trod,
And again I have murder'd the meek Son of God.
 My sin I declare,
 My punishment bear,
And quake on the edge of eternal despair.
- 6 And shall I complain
 Of a moment of pain,
Which here for my sins I am doom'd to sustain?
 No, Lord, I submit,
 And fall at Thy feet,
Only let me not sink to the bottomless pit.
- 7 I bow to the rod,
 To my temporal load,
And fall into the hands of a merciful God :
 Thy justice revere,
 But with anguish and fear
I beg I may have *all* my punishment *here*.

- 8 With tears of desire,
 I humbly require
That in wailing for sin, *all* my breath may expire.
 Only while I remove
 To the country above,
O bless me at last with the taste of Thy love.
-

XL. THE SAME.—HYMN 8.

- 1 AH ! woe (eternal woe) is me
 To sin and Satan join'd !
What shall I do, or say to Thee,
 Preserver of mankind ?
My firmest promises are void,
 My strictest vows are vain,
Again I have myself destroy'd,
 For I have sinn'd again.
- 2 And shall I dare mine eyes lift up,
 And still for mercy sue ?
What possibility of hope
 That I should e'er prove true ?
Thou know'st, I every means have tried,
 And all in Jesus' name,
Fasted, and pray'd, and wept, and cried,
 But still remain the same.
- 3 Rivers of real tears I shed,
 (And still mine eyes run o'er,)
And prostrate at Thine altar pray'd
 That I might sin no more.
I burn'd with sin-detesting zeal,
 My solemn vows renew'd,
And long'd, Thou know'st, I long'd to seal,
 The covenant with my blood.

- 4 Beyond the world and Satan's power
I wish'd for wings to fly,
And languish'd for the welcome hour,
And groan'd and gasp'd to die :
Struggled to give my spirit back,
That I might sin no more,
Myself impatient to forsake,
And reach the happy shore.
- 5 Those longings were they not sincere ?
And flow'd they not from Thee ?
Why am I then entangled here ?
In sin and misery ?
Ah ! wherefore didst Thou let me live
To see this woeful day,
Again Thy gracious Spirit to grieve,
Again to fall away ?
- 6 But shall my bold presumption dare
Arraign the God of grace ?
Mercy, and truth Thy dealings are,
And righteous all Thy ways.
For me, my stubborn will to bow,
What couldst Thou more have done ?
The fault, (if yet I know not how,)
Is all in me alone.
- 7 O'erwhelm'd again with guilty shame,
With sin's redoubled load,
Whom have I but myself to blame ?
I must acquit my God.
I wander o'er Thy judgments' maze,
And cry in painful doubt,
Unsearchable are all Thy ways,
And past my finding out !

8 So be it then, I sink into
The fathomless abyss,
If Christ at last His mercy show,
And whisper I am His ;
One ray of heavenly light impart,
Before I hence remove,
And speak Himself into my heart
The God of pardoning love.

XLI. THE SAME.—HYMN 9.

- 1 STAY, Thou insulted Spirit stay,
Though I have done Thee such despite,
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my guilty fears,
And vex'd and urged Thee to depart
For *forty* long rebellious years :
- 3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all whoe'er Thy grace received,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness grieved :
- 4 Yet O ! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High-Priest,
Nor in Thy righteous anger swear
To' exclude me from Thy people's rest.
- 5 This only woe I deprecate,
This only plague, I pray, remove,
Nor leave me in my lost estate,
Nor curse me with this want of love.

6 If yet Thou canst my sins forgive,
From now, O Lord, relieve my woes,
Into Thy rest of love receive,
And bless me with the calm repose.

7 From now my weary soul release,
Upraise me by Thy gracious hand,
And guide into Thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

XLII. INVITATION TO SINNERS.

1 ALL ye that pass by,
To Jesus draw nigh :
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die ?
Your Ransom and Peace,
Your Surety He is,
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like His.

2 For what you have done
His blood must atone :
The Father hath punish'd for you His dear Son.
The Lord in the day
Of His anger did lay
Your sins on the Lamb ; and He bore them away.

3 He answer'd for all,
O come at His call,
And low at His cross with astonishment fall.
But lift up your eyes
At Jesus's cries :
Impassive He suffers, immortal He dies.

- 4 He dies to atone
 For sins not His own ;
 Your debt He hath paid, and your work He hath done.
 Ye all may receive
 The peace He did leave,
 Who made intercession " My Father forgive!"
- 5 For you, and for me
 He pray'd on the tree,
 The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free.
 The sinner am I,
 Who on Jesus rely,
 And come for the pardon God cannot deny.
- 6 My pardon I claim,
 For a sinner I am,
 A sinner believing in Jesus's name.
 He purchased the grace,
 Which now I embrace :
 O Father, Thou know'st He hath died in my place.
- 7 His death is my plea,
 My Advocate see,
 And hear the blood speak that hath answer'd for me.
 Acquitted I was,
 When He bled on the cross,
 And by losing His life He hath carried my cause.
-

XLIII. JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTER-
 DAY, TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER.—[*Heb. xiii. 8.*]

HYMN I.

- 1 O GOD, to whom in flesh reveal'd,
 The helpless all for succour came,
 The sick to be relieved and heal'd,
 And found salvation in Thy name :

-
- 2 With publicans and harlots I,
In these Thy Spirit's gospel days
To Thee, the sinner's Friend draw nigh,
And humbly sue for pardoning grace.
 - 3 Thou seest me wretched, and distress'd,
Feeble, and faint, and blind, and poor:
Weary I come to Thee for rest,
And sick of sin, implore a cure.
 - 4 My sin's incurable disease
Thou Jesus, Thou alone canst heal,
Inspire me with Thy power, and peace,
And pardon on my conscience seal.
 - 5 A touch, a word, a look from Thee
Can turn my heart, and make it clean,
Purge the foul inbred leprosy,
And save me from my bosom sin.
 - 6 Lord, if Thou wilt, I *do* believe,
Thou canst the saving grace impart,
Thou canst this instant now forgive,
And write my pardon on my heart.
 - 7 My heart, which now to Thee I raise,
I know Thou canst this moment cleanse,
The deepest stains of sin deface,
And drive the evil spirit hence.
 - 8 Be it according to Thy word,
Accomplish now Thy word in me,
And let my soul, to health restored,
Devote its little all to Thee.
-

XLIV. THE SAME.—HYMN 2.

- 1 JESUS, Thy far-extended fame
My drooping soul exults to hear:
Thy name, Thine all-restoring name
Is music in a sinner's ear.
- 2 Drawn by the evangelic sound,
I follow with the helpless crowd :
Mercy, they say, with Thee is found,
And full redemption in Thy blood.
- 3 Sinners of old Thou didst receive,
With comfortable words, and kind,
Their sorrows cheer, their wants relieve,
Heal the diseased, and cure the blind :
- 4 Whoever then Thine aid implored,
Sick, or in want, or grief, or pain,
Thy condescending grace adored,
Nor ever sought Thy help in vain.
- 5 And art Thou not the Saviour still,
In every place, and age the same?
Hast Thou forgot Thy gracious skill,
Or lost the virtue of Thy name?
- 6 Faith in Thy changeless name I have ;
The good, the kind Physician Thou
Art able now our souls to save,
Art willing to restore them now.
- 7 Though seventeen hundred years are past
Since Thou didst in the flesh appear,
Thy tender mercies ever last,
And still Thy healing power is here.

- 8 Wouldst Thou the body's health restore,
And not regard the sin-sick soul?
The sin-sick soul Thou lovest much more,
And surely Thou shalt make it whole.
- 9 The wondrous works in *Jewry* wrought
Thou canst, Thou wilt, on me repeat;
On me, by faith divinely brought
To fall and worship at Thy feet.
- 10 Here will I ever, ever cry,
Jesus, Thy healing power exert,
Balm to my wounded spirit apply,
And bind Thou up my broken heart.
- 11 My sore disease, my desperate sin
To Thee I mournfully confess;
In pardon, Lord, my cure begin,
And perfect it in holiness.
- 12 That token of Thine utmost good
Now, Jesu, now on me bestow,
And purge my conscience with Thy blood,
And wash my nature white as snow.
-

XLV. THE SAME.—HYMN 3.

- 1 HELP, gracious Lord, my deep distress
To Thee with anguish I reveal,
Who every sickness and disease
Dost still among Thy people heal.
- 2 O wouldst Thou undertake for me,
Exert Thy healing art Divine!
My complicated malady
Mocks every other help but Thine.

- 3 A secret, slow, internal fire
Consumes my soul with lingering pains,
The restless fever of desire
Throughout my fallen nature reigns.
- 4 Jesu, this eagerness of praise,
This raging thirst of creature-good,
Allay with Thy refreshing grace,
Extinguish with Thy balmy blood.
- 5 See the poor patient at Thy feet,
And now the gracious wonder show ;
I long Thy healing touch to meet,
I gasp Thy pardoning love to know.
- 6 Now, Saviour, now the fever chide,
The virtue of Thy name exert,
The fierceness of desire and pride
Rebuke, and bid my sin depart.
- 7 Soon as Thy hand the balm applies,
My dying soul from sin set free
With instantaneous health shall rise,
And gladly serve Thy saints and Thee !
- 8 The servant of Thy church below,
With all who know their sins forgiven,
Pardon'd I in Thy peace shall go,
And walk, and run, and fly to heaven.
-

XLVI. THE SAME.—HYMN 4.

- 1 O THOU, whom once they flock'd to hear,
Thy words to hear, Thy power to feel,
Suffer the sinners to draw near,
And graciously receive us still.

-
- 2 They that be whole, Thyself hast said,
No need of a physician have :
But I am sick, and want Thine aid,
And ask Thine utmost power to save.
- 3 Past human help I long have been,
With every soul disease oppress'd ;
Weary of life through pain and sin,
And only Thou canst give me rest.
- 4 Thy power, and truth, and love Divine
The same from age to age endure :
A word, a gracious word of Thine
The most inveterate plague can cure.
- 5 Thy garment, O Thou pardoning God,
Affords the desperate soul relief,
Dries up the fountain of my blood,
And heals at once my sin and grief.
- 6 Touch'd by Thine all-restoring hands
I find a soul-erecting power,
Suddenly loosed from Satan's bands
I stand—inclined to earth no more.
- 7 Helpless howe'er my spirit lies,
(And long hath languish'd,) at the pool,
A word of Thine shall make me rise,
Shall speak me in a moment whole.
- 8 Eighteen, or eight and thirty years,
Or thousands are alike to Thee :
Soon as Thy saving grace appears,
My plague is gone, my heart is free.
- 9 Come then, O Lord, my sins forgive,
My complicated sickness heal,
Thou know'st, I would in Thee believe,
I would Thy pardoning mercy feel.

- 10 Make this the acceptable hour,
Come, O my soul's Physician Thou,
Display Thy justifying power,
And show me Thy salvation now !
-

XLVII. WAITING FOR REDEMPTION.—

HYMN 1.

- 1 WHO is the trembling sinner, who
That owns eternal death his due,
Waiting his fearful doom to feel,
And hanging o'er the mouth of hell !
2 Peace, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear,
Thy Jesus cries, Be of good cheer,
Only on Jesu's blood rely,
He died, that thou mightst never die.
-

XLVIII. THE SAME.—HYMN 2.

- 1 A GUILTY soul, by sin oppress'd,
Weary of wandering after rest,
Wretched, and bare, and poor, and blind,
I now my want of all things find.
2 All things I want, but One is nigh,
My want of all things to supply :
Pardon, and peace, and liberty,
Jesus, I all things have in Thee.
-

XLIX. THE SAME.—HYMN 3.

- 1 JESU, Thy word for ever lives,
A new accomplishment receives
In sinners lost like me ;

Thy word doth all my soul express,
In every picture of distress
I read my misery.

- 2 Written for me the gospel page,
The word of God from age to age
Steadfast remains, and sure :
Thou show'st my wants ; but help them too,
Thy miracles of healing show,
And let me read my cure.
- 3 Thy servant, Lord, in torment is,
The palsy, sin, is my disease,
My better half is dead :
O cause me Thy free grace to feel,
And by Thy love my numbness heal,
Thy quickening Spirit shed.
- 4 I am not worthy, Lord, that Thou
To such an abject worm shouldst bow,
Or enter my poor soul :
But only speak the gracious word,
And I shall be at once restored,
And perfectly made whole.
- 5 A begging *Bartimeus* I,
Naked, and blind, for mercy cry,
If mercy is for me,
Jesu, Thou Son of David hear,
Stand still, and call, and draw me near,
And bid the sinner see.
- 6 A leper at Thy feet I fall ;
And still for mercy, mercy call,
Till I am purged from sin ;

With pity see my desperate case,
And O ! put forth Thy hand of grace,
And touch my nature clean.

7 Borne by the prayer of faith I lie,
And long to meet Thy pitying eye,
And feebly gasp to heaven ;
O make in me Thy power appear,
And answer, " Son, be of good cheer,
Thy sins are all forgiven."

8 O Son of Man, Thy power make known,
That all with me may gladly own
Thou canst on earth forgive,
Bid me take up my bed, and go,
Cause me to walk with Thee below,
And then to heaven receive.

L. THE SAME.—HYMN 4.

1 JESUS, Thou all-redeeming Lord,
Who preachest still the gospel word
In these Thy Spirit's days,
My helpless soul with pity see,
And set me now at liberty
By justifying grace.

2 Where two or three Thy presence claim,
Assembled in Thy saving name,
Thy saving power is near :
Sure as Thou art in heaven above,
Thou in the Spirit of Thy love,
And God in Thee is here.

-
- 3 See then, with eyes of mercy see
My desperate grief, and misery,
My sore distress, and pain,
In all the impotence of sin
My fallen soul for years hath been,
And bound with Satan's chain.
- 4 My strong propensity to ill
My carnal mind and crooked will
To only evil prone,
My downward appetite I find,
My spirit, soul, and flesh inclined
To earth, and earth alone.
- 5 Myself alas ! I cannot raise,
Or lift my heart in prayer, or praise,
Or rectify my will,
I own, cut off from human hope,
To lift a fallen spirit up
With man impossible.
- 6 But O ! Thou seest my desperate case :
Pronounce the word of pardoning grace :
And call me, Lord, to Thee,
Inspeak the power into my heart,
And say this moment, " Loosed thou art
From thine infirmity."
- 7 Lay but Thine hand upon my soul,
And instantaneously made whole
My soul by faith shall rise,
Shall rise by faith and upright stand,
And answer all Thy just command
In all its faculties.

- 8 Straight as the rule, the written word,
My soul in righteousness restored
Thine image shall retrieve,
That ancient rectitude Divine,
And in a land of darkness shine,
And to Thy glory live.
- 9 A child of faithful *Abraham* I,
On Thy redeeming love rely
For life and liberty ;
And *ought* I not the grace to' obtain,
Released from sin and Satan's chain,
Who trust on only Thee.
- 10 Thine, Jesus, Thine alone I am ;
And *ought* I not my Lord to claim,
With all Thy righteousness?
I ought—I *do* Thy love receive,
And now Thou dost my sins forgive,
And bid my bondage cease.
- 11 The Sabbath of my soul I see,
The day of gospel liberty,
No more enthrall'd, oppress'd ;
And lo ! in holiness I rise,
To claim the rest of paradise,
And heaven's eternal rest !
-

LI. FOR ONE FALLEN FROM GRACE.—

HYMN I.

- 1 O HOW sore a thing and grievous
Is it from our God to run !
When we force our God to leave us,
Wretched are we and undone :

- Are we not our own tormentors,
When from happiness we flee ?
Yes ; our soul the iron enters,
Sin is perfect misery.
- 2 I the bitter cup have tasted ;
Still I drink the mingled gall,
Still my soul by sin lies wasted,
Unrecover'd from its fall :
Still beneath His frown I languish :
God, from whom I *would* depart,
Leaves me to my grief and anguish,
Gives me up to my own heart.
- 3 Plague and curse I now inherit,
Fears, and wars, and storms within,
Pain, and agony of spirit,
Sin chastising me for sin,
Weeping, woe, and lamentation,
Vain desire, and fruitless prayer,
Guilt, and shame, and condemnation,
Doubt, distraction, and despair.
- 4 Ye who now enjoy His favour,
Husband well the precious grace,
Never lose, like me, your Saviour,
Never break from His embrace :
Do not by your lightness grieve Him ;
Youthful lusts and idols flee,
Little children, never leave Him,
Never lose your God like me.
- 5 Punish'd after my demerit,
Dives like on you I call ;
Lest my portion you inherit,
Take example by my fall ;

Lest your joy be turn'd to mourning,
Lest ye come into my hell ;
Listen to the solemn warning,
Keep the grace from which I fell.

- 6 Dead to praise, and wealth, and beauty,
Cast on Christ your every care,
Walk in all the paths of duty,
Praying, watching unto prayer :
Pray ; and when the answer's given,
When ye find the passage free,
When your faith hath open'd heaven,
Faithful souls, remember me !
-

LII. THE SAME.—HYMN 2.

- 1 GRIEVED with the penal want of grace,
And banish'd from my Father's face,
Far from the paradise of love,
O'er earth's bleak wilderness I rove.
- 2 A wandering discontented *Cain*
I of my punishment complain,
Burden'd with more than I can bear,
In all the sadness of despair.
- 3 For years I have my vileness seen,
A man of lips and heart unclean,
Yet can I no deliverance see,
No end of sin and grief for me.
- 4 Ah ! what avails it now, that I
Could once to Christ my Lord draw nigh,
Knew He had borne my sins away,
And saw the dawning of His day !

- 5 That sudden flash of heavenly light
Which once broke in upon my night,
Has made my darkness visible,
And left me to a deeper hell.
- 6 Ah ! what avail'd the short-lived power,
The triumph of one lucid hour !
Again enthrall'd, and doubly cursed
I am, and viler than at first.
- 7 My lusts have re-usurp'd the sway,
And forced my struggling soul to' obey ;
My struggling soul in sin remains,
Indignant, as a king in chains.
- 8 O ! how shall I the rebels shun,
Or whither for deliverance run ?
I neither can resist nor fly :
O might I here sink down, and die !
- 9 Thou, Lord, who hast the keys of death,
Take back my miserable breath,
From all my fears, and sins release,
And bid me now depart in peace.
- 10 Before I all Thy people shame,
And bring reproach on Thy great name,
Redeem me from the foul offence,
And snatch—this moment snatch me hence.
- 11 One only good I here would have,
The blessing of a quiet grave ;
All my requests are lost in one—
I ask for death, and death alone.
- 12 Eager I urge my sole request,
I cannot, no I cannot rest,
But evermore my wishes breathe,
And spend my soul in groans for death.

- 13 For this my streaming eyes o'erflow,
My bosom heaves with endless woe :
For this to Thee I ever cry,
Ah ! Saviour, suffer me to die !
- 14 Receive my gasping spirit home,
Seize, snatch me from the ill to come,
Now, give me now my heart's desire,
And let me at Thy feet expire.
-

LIII. THE SAME.—HYMN 3.

- 1 FALLEN from Thy pardoning grace
How shall I for mercy cry ?
How presume to seek Thy face,
I, the deep revolter I !
Harden'd in my sins I am,
Conscience I, alas ! have none,
Lost my sense of guilt and shame :
All my heart is turn'd to stone.
- 2 Now I sin without remorse,
Greedily my death drink down,
Now I as the headlong horse
Violently in sin rush on ;
Shipwreck'd is my faith and hope,
All my pangs, I find, are o'er,
Doubly dead, and rooted up ;
Godly sorrow is no more.
- 3 Once I could lament my state,
At the feet of Jesus cast,
Now my sins have lost their weight,
All that blessed grief is past.

- Conscience sear'd no longer cries ;
 Senseless I of ruin near
 See my doom with stony eyes,
 Eyes that cannot drop a tear.
- 4 O that I at once had gone
 Singly damn'd to my own place !
 O that I had never known
 Christ the way of righteousness !
 Less my punishment had been,
 Had His blood been ne'er applied,
 Had I perish'd in my sin,
 Unconcern'd in *Egypt* died.
- 5 Desperate soul, what must I do,
 Damn'd I am while here I breathe :
 Who shall now deliver ? who
 Can redeem me from this death ?
 Jesus, Thou art still the Way,
 Now as yesterday the same,
 Could I but for mercy pray,
 Coming as at first I came.
- 6 Fallen as I am once more,
 Friend of sinners, look on me,
 To my *lost* estate restore,
 Let me know my misery ;
 Let me now, even now begin,
 As when first I sought Thy face,
 Saw the sinfulness of sin,
 Felt the want of pardoning grace.
- 7 Give me back my guilty load,
 Give me back my earnest moans,
 Restless thirstings after God,
 Deep, unutterable groans,

Plaintive wailings, humble fears,
Griefs, which tongue could not declare,
All the eloquence of tears,
All the prevalence of prayer.

8 Saviour, Prince, enthroned on high,
Penitence and peace to give,
Cast, O cast a pitying eye,
Breathe, and these dry bones shall live.
I shall at Thy word repent,
Let but Thy good Spirit blow,
My hard heart shall then relent,
Water from the rock shall flow.

9 Look with that soul piercing look,
(Full of goodness as Thou art,)
Look, as when Thy pity broke
Poor unfaithful *Peter's* heart !
Kindly for my sin upbraid
Me who have my Lord denied,
Him, who suffer'd in my stead,
Him, who for His murderer died.

10 Jesus, Master, dying Lord,
Infinite Thy mercies are,
Let me be again restored,
Once again Thy blessing share.
And that I the grace may keep,
Never more my Lord deny,
Bid me now, this moment, weep,
Weep, believe, and love—and die !

LIV. THE SAME.—HYMN 4.

- 1 WEARY of my sad complaining
Must I with my Saviour part?
Yield, that sin should always reign in
This poor feeble wretched heart!
Must I give the contest over,
Must I sink beneath my load,
Calling on the earth to cover
A despairing sinner's blood?
 - 2 No, I will not cease from crying,
Not till *Tophet* takes me in,
Still I pray, though sinking, dying,
Save me, save me, Lord, from sin,
Bring me through my sore temptation :
Or if I must see the pit,
Perish in Thine indignation,—
Let me perish at Thy feet.
-

LV. THE SAME.—HYMN 5.

- 1 SAVIOUR, cast a pitying eye,
Bid my sins and sorrows end :
Whither should a sinner fly?
Art not Thou the sinner's Friend?
Rest in Thee I gasp to find,
Wretched I, and poor, and blind.
- 2 Swallow'd up in sad despair,
In the lowest deep I lie :
Wilt Thou, Lord, cast out my prayer?
Canst Thou disregard my cry?
Hear my lamentable moan,
Listen to my dying groan.

- 3 Didst Thou ever see a soul
More in need of help than mine?
Then refuse to make me whole,
Then withhold the balm Divine :
But if I *do* want Thee most,
Come, and seek, and save the lost.
- 4 Haste, O haste to my relief,
From the iron furnace take,
Rid me of my sin and grief,
For Thy own sweet mercy sake,
Set my heart at liberty,
Show forth all Thy power in me.
- 5 Me, the vilest of the race,
Most unholy, most unclean ;
Me, the farthest from Thy face,
Sink of misery and sin ;
Me with arms of love receive,
Me, of sinners chief, forgive.
- 6 Jesus, on Thy only name
For salvation I depend,
In Thy gracious hands I am,
Save me, save me to the end :
Let the utmost grace be given,
Save me quite from hell to heaven.
-

LVI. THE SAME.—HYMN 6.

- 1 FROM the jaws of black despair,
From the belly of this hell,
Lord, I send my mournful prayer ;
If Thou canst my doom repeal,
If Thou canst, again forgive,
Speak, and bid the sinner live.

- 2 Thou hast long withdrawn Thy grace,
Thou hast punish'd sin by sin :
Ere Thine utmost wrath take place,
Ere the gulf is fix'd between,
Hear mine agonizing cry,
O forgive, and let me die !
- 3 Let my punishment be o'er,
Grant my wretched heart's desire,
Let me die, to sin no more,
Let me at Thy feet expire,
Now Thy pardoning love impart,
Sprinkle now, and break my heart.
- 4 Do not let me live to sin,
O remove the mountain load,
Quench the hell I feel within
By Thine all-atoning blood,
Bear me on the purple wave,
Waft me to the silent grave.
-

LVII. THE SAME.—HYMN 7.

- 1 WRETCH that I am, what help, or hope
Of rescue is for me !
Have I not fill'd the measure up
Of mine iniquity ?
- 2 Have I not fought against my God,
(Alas no longer mine !)
Refused to hear the threatening rod,
And dared the wrath Divine ?
- 3 From Him I farther still have stray'd,
Still more rebellious been,
Of faith a dreadful shipwreck made,
And added sin to sin.

- 4 Vilest of all the' apostate race
I have His love withstood,
And sinn'd against His pardoning grace,
And trampled on His blood.
- 5 That blood, which speaking once for me
My heart and conscience heard :
But harden'd now my heart I see,
My conscience now is sear'd.
- 6 More desperate in my damn'd estate,
And more enslaved I am,
Than when I by the fleshpots sat,
And wallow'd in my shame.
- 7 No power to stand against my sin,
No will, alas ! have I ;
But yield to every thought unclean,
And greedily comply.
- 8 Draughts of iniquity I drink,
From sin to sin I fall ;
Whate'er I do, or speak, or think,
Or am, is evil all.
- 9 What shall I do ? by guilt oppress'd,
Shall I in *Egypt* dwell ?
Alas ! in sinning to seek rest,
Is to seek rest in hell.
- 10 Shall I believe, Who made the eye
My folly doth not see,
" Sin in His own He passes by,
He winks at sin in me ?"
- 11 Ah ! no ; my spirit's desperate wound
I cannot slightly heal ;
No peace is for the wicked found,
The sea is troubled still.

-
- 12 The storm of sin can never cease,
The tumult in my breast,
Unless the Lord create my peace,
And speak me into rest.
- 13 This is my only hope, (might I
Presume to call it mine,)
My soul, though at the point to die,
Would live by grace Divine.
- 14 The grace I have abused, alone
Can help and comfort give,
Would Jesus hear my dying groan,
And bid the sinner live.
- 15 Ah! Lord, if I again may dare
For mercy to look up,
Snatch from the whirlpool of despair,
And give me back my hope.
- 16 Jesus, the forfeiture restore,
On me the grace bestow,
On even ground to stand once more
Against my mortal foe.
- 17 To-day, while it is call'd to-day,
My stubborn soul convert,
Strike the hard rock, and strike away
The stony from my heart.
- 18 O bid me look on Thee, and mourn
For all my follies past,
Or let me now to dust return,
And sin and breathe my last.
-

LVIII. THE SAME.—HYMN 8.

- 1 COVER'D with guilty shame,
O whither shall I fly?
Full of the curse of sin I am,
With no deliverance nigh;
My punishment is now
Greater than I can bear,
Beneath the weight I faint, and bow,
And sink into despair.
- 2 Drunken, but not with wine,
I stagger to and fro,
The bitter cup of wrath Divine
Doth all my soul o'erflow;
Entangled in a net
As a wild bull I lie,
And struggle with my pain, and fret,
And wish in vain to die.
- 3 O who shall help afford,
Or ease my misery!
Full of the fury of the Lord,
O who can pity me!
The sin avenging rod
I every moment feel,
The arrows of Almighty God,
The antepast of hell.
- 4 I lift my weary eyes,
And drop their lids again,
No hope, no answer from the skies,
No respite of my pain!
For ever closed I see
The door of faith and prayer,
Nothing, alas! remains for me
But blackness of despair.

- 5 I throw mine eyes around
That witness huge dismay,
No secret place for me is found
From sin to 'scape away :
Ah ! woe is me, constrain'd
With human fiends to dwell,
Held down, and horribly detain'd
Amidst the toils of hell.
- 6 O earth, earth, earth attend !
(Since heaven rejects my prayer)
Open thy mouth, and kindly end
My agony of despair,
Of guilt, and shame, and sin,
Of fear, and grief unknown ;
Open thy mouth, and take me in,
And swallow up thine own.
- 7 Cover, O earth, my blood,
And never more disclose
A wretch that flies to thee, pursued
By human, hellish foes :
O that I could but fall,
And die out of their power,
Die into nothing now—die all—
And sin—and be no more !
-

LIX. THE SAME.—HYMN 9.

- 1 POOR, wretched heart, by sin oppress'd,
And wilt thou never be at rest,
And must thou always grieve !
Ah ! woe is me, I still complain,
And groan to bear my iron chain ;
In sin, in hell I live.

- 2 Encompass'd by the dogs of hell,
Sin, only sin without I feel,
Sin only reigns within ;
Sin always meets my blasted eyes,
Sin is the worm that never dies,
And all my soul is sin.
- 3 O'erwhelm'd with horrible affright,
I shudder at the monster's sight,
And know not where to fly ;
O for 'Thy pity's sake remove,
Take, seize me, Saviour, from above,
And give me, now to die.
- 4 My vehement soul cries out for death !
Bury me in the depth beneath,
Air, earth, or sea, or fire !
But save me from the great offence,
And let me keep my innocence,
And without sin expire.
- 5 O that I could my soul resign,
And fairly lose whate'er is mine,
Step o'er the griefs between,
And snatch the death, for which I call,
Or let me into nothing fall,
To 'scape the hell of sin.
- 6 Struggles my soul, and gasps for ease
In more than mortal agonies,
A living death I bear :
I wish—I strive—but cannot die ;
Still in the flames of sin I lie,
The *Tophet* of despair.

- 7 I need not fear the burning pool,
Already kindled in my soul
The wrath Divine I feel,
With not one drop of comfort nigh
To cool my tongue, I howl, and cry,
Tormented in this hell.
- 8 O hell of sin ! thy fiery rage
Not many waters can assuage,
Not all the ocean's flood,
Thy flames would, spite of all, increase :
What then can make thy burnings cease ?
A drop of Jesu's blood.
-

LX. THE SAME.—HYMN 10.

- 1 O TAKE away Thy rod,
A dying sinner spare !
My punishment, Almighty God,
Is more than I can bear :
I haste to my own place,
From sin to sin I fall,
Abandon'd by restraining grace ;
Yet I deserve it all.
- 2 My just desert is more,
If more on earth can be,
My sin required it long before
That Thou shouldst cast off me,
Shouldst take my pardon back,
Cut short my gracious day,
Forget ; and utterly forsake,
And cast me quite away.

- 3 Jesus—but O ! at last
 He shuts His mercy's door ;
My doom is fix'd, my hour is past ;
 He answers me no more ;
 My days extinct, my hope
 Cut off, my heart is stone,
The measure of my sin fill'd up,
 And peace for ever gone.
- 4 The sin avenging God
 His fiery wrath darts in,
Adds woe to woe, and load to load,
 And chastens sin with sin :
 The pangs of hell I taste,
 The bitter trembling cup ;
His arrows in my soul stick fast,
 And drink my spirits up.
- 5 O horrid, horrid state !
 O depth of hopeless woe !
Why do I in this torture wait,
 And not the utmost know ?
 Why do I lingering stand,
 And not myself relieve ?—
It must be God that stops my hand,
 And forces me to live.
- 6 But is it possible
 That God should care for me !
Then may He yet my doom repeal,
 And end my misery.
 He may for Jesu's sake :
 Jesus, the sinner's Peace,
Into Thy hands the matter take,
 And all my griefs shall cease.

-
- 7 Save me ! I ask not how ;
 But save me in this hour :
O snatch me from destruction now,
 Nor let the foe devour :
 I ask not instant *rest*,
 But let me bear my load,
And find at last my Saviour's breast,
 And sink into my God.
- 8 This is my utmost hope
 (When all Thy wrath is past,
When I have drunk the poison up,)
 To taste Thy love at last ;
 When I have borne my shame,
 And suffer'd all my sin,
Open Thine arms, Thou lovely Lamb,
 And take the sinner in.
- 9 If hope be in my end,
 I all things else resign ;
Yet on Thy sufferings I depend,
 And not, O Lord, on mine.
 But let me hide my face,
 And sink into the dust,
Till Thou at last restore Thy grace,
 And freely save the lost.
- 10 Be it a vale of tears
 Where'er I live below,
Throughout my evil days, or years,
 Still let mine eyes o'erflow.
 But ere I end my race,
 Bid me Thy mercy prove,
And let my latest breath be praise,
 My latest passion love.
-

LXI. THE SAME.—HYMN II.

- 1 WHY, (in the dust I ask,) O why,
 Good God, hast Thou my soul forsook ?
Abandon'd me in sin to die,
 Blotted my name out of Thy book,
Cast out my unavailing prayer,
And left me in the fowler's snare ?
- 2 Did I not oft beseech Thee, Lord,
 To take me from this evil day,
To slay me with Thy mercy's sword,
 To sweep me far from earth away,
And hide me in the quiet tomb,
Where sin could never, never come !
- 3 Yet O ! my enemy hath found,
 And forced his slave again to yield ;
My spirit feels the mortal wound,
 And all my hopes of death are kill'd ;
In sad despair of rest I grieve,
And still I sin, and still I live.
- 4 Why did I not resign my breath,
 Before this last, this foul offence ?
Sin hath defrauded me of death,
 While God delay'd to snatch me hence ;
O God of love, the doubt explain,
Why have I lived to sin again ?
- 5 In judgment dost Thou here reprieve,
 That I may all my sin fill up ?
A monument of Thy justice live ?—
 Why am I then constrain'd to hope,
Why do I still for mercy groan,
And trembles still my heart of stone ?

- 6 O this inexplicable doubt !
My prayer was heard, and yet I fell :
Thy judgments are past finding out,
Thy ways are all unsearchable !
This only do I know, 't is mine
To sin ; to pardon sin is Thine.
- 7 Assist me then to come once more,
And take the freely proffer'd grace,
Me to Thy favour, Lord, restore,
Me with Thine arms of love embrace,
And hear me in Thy bosom breathe
My passionate desires of death.
- 8 Still do I urge my sole request,
In horror of offending Thee,
Snatch me to my eternal rest,
Before the evil day I see,
Save from the more than mortal pain,
Nor let me live to sin again.
- 9 Wouldst Thou not rather have me fly
From earth, than stay to lose Thy love ?
Die, and not sin, than sin and die ?
O take me to Thy rest above,
Now, Lord, my struggling soul set free,
Renew, and bid me die in Thee.
-

LXII. THE SAME.—HYMN 12.

- 1 O THAT my load were gone,
That I my wish might have,
Be saved from sin, and then sink down
Into a quiet grave !

- Where grief and guilty care
Can never more molest:
The wicked cease from troubling there,
The weary are at rest.
- 2 O that I now could find
A place to lay my head;
Be clean forgot, and out of mind,
And free among the dead!
O that the hour were come!
That I my head might bow,
And gain the harbour of the tomb,
And yield my spirit now!
- 3 Who that hath ever known
The bitterness of sin,
Would not for full redemption groan,
And die to be made clean?
But all in vain our hope
By death to be set free,
Unless we after God wake up,
And here His glory see.
- 4 How then dare I presume,
Unchanged, and unrenew'd,
To wish for death—to meet my doom
And perish in my blood!
Even now (but God denies
My foolish heart's desire)
I should be lifting up my eyes
In everlasting fire.
- 5 Ah! gracious Lord, forgive
My unbelieving haste;
My time is in Thy hand, I leave
It all to Thee at last:

- I do at last comply,
My stubborn will resign;
Choose Thou for me to live, or die,
And let Thy choice be mine.
- 6 Still hide from me Thy face,
But give me strength to bear
The guilty load, the dire disgrace,
The sadness of despair:
Still let me groan beneath
A nature all unclean,
And drag the body of this death,
And feel this hell of sin.
- 7 Why should a man complain,
Beneath the vengeful rod !
'Tis all my due, the penal pain,
The absence of my God ;
An heavier doom than this
My sin deserves to feel,
The darkness of the great abyss,
The hottest flames of hell.
- 8 With patience then I yield
To bear my lighter doom,
And wait till all my time's fulfill'd,
And my last change is come ;
Only when all is past,
In pity think on me,
And save me as by fire at last,
And let me die in Thee.
-

LXIII. THE SAME.—HYMN 13.

- 1 O MY God, no longer mine !
I have cast off His yoke,
Broke through all the threats Divine,
Through all the mercies broke :
I have turn'd to sin again,
The sin that claims me for its own ;
Sin, and shame, and guilt, and pain,
And hell, and I are one.
- 2 Where is now my strife and care
And vows from sin to fly ?
Where the answer of that prayer,
“ O rather let me die !
Let me quit this wretched life,
And die, that I may sin no more ”?—
I have sinn'd, and all my strife,
And all my hope is o'er.
- 3 Would to God, that I had died,
Ere I the deed had done,
Mock'd afresh, and crucified,
And trampled on His Son !
All in vain I wish, and pray,
It is, and cannot but have been :
Who can call back yesterday,
Or nullify my sin ?
- 4 With a diamond's point it stands
Engraven on my heart,
Wrote by mine, and Satan's hands,
It mocks the' eraser's art :
Deep as hell's foundations driven
Into my soul the marks remain :
Is there dew in that fair heaven
To purge so foul a stain ?

- 5 Dare I lift again mine eyes,
And ask the' atoning God,
What His speaking blood replies,
His sin expurging blood !
Is it all Thy blood can cleanse,
And melt so foul an heart of stone ?
Mercy's whole omnipotence
May here be fully shown.
- 6 Me if Thou canst still restore,
Now, Lord, my doom repeal,
Bid me stand as heretofore,
As I had never fell :
If such power be in Thy blood,
Now, now repeat my sins forgiven,
Draw me through the cleansing flood,
And snatch me up to heaven.

LXIV. THE SAME.—HYMN 14.

- 1 JESUS, let Thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep,
False to Thee like *Peter* I
Would fain like *Peter* weep :
Let me be by grace restored,
On me be all longsuffering shown ;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.
- 2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me through Thy dying love
The humble contrite heart :

Give what I have long implored,
A portion of Thy grief unknown;
Turn, and look, &c.

- 3 In restoring love again,
O Jesus, visit me,
Give me back that pleasing pain,
That blessed misery:
Now Thy tendering grace afford,
And make me Thine afflicted one:
Turn, and look, &c.

- 4 Harder than the flinty rock
My stubborn heart remains,
Till I feel Thy mercy's stroke,
I only bite my chains,
Sinning on, though self-abhorr'd,
As devils in their chains I groan:
Turn, and look, &c.

- 5 For Thine own compassion's sake
The gracious wonder show,
Cast my sins behind Thy back,
And wash me white as snow;
If Thy bowels now are stirr'd,
If now I would myself bemoan,
Turn, and look, &c.

- 6 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die;
Life, and happiness, and love
Drop from Thy gracious eye;
Speak the reconciling word,
And let Thy mercy melt me down;
Turn, and look, &c.

- 7 Look, as when Thine eye pursued
 The first apostate man,
 Saw him weltering in his blood,
 And bade him rise again ;
 Speak my paradise restored,
Redeem me by Thy grace alone :
 Turn, and look, &c.
- 8 Look, as when Thy pity saw
 Thine own in a strange land,
 Forced to' obey the tyrant's law,
 And feel his heavy hand :
 Speak the soul redeeming word,
And out of *Egypt* call Thy son ;
 Turn, and look, &c.
- 9 Look, as when Thy weeping eye
 The bloody city view'd,
 Those, who stoned and doom'd to die
 The prophets, and their God :
 I deserve their sad reward,
But this my gracious day I own :
 Turn, and look, &c.
- 10 Look, as when Thy grace beheld
 The harlot in distress,
 Dried her tears, her pardon seal'd,
 And bade her go in peace :
 Foul like her, and self-abhorr'd,
I at Thy feet for mercy groan :
 Turn, and look, &c.
- 11 Look, as when condemn'd for them
 Thou didst Thy followers see,
 “ Daughters of *Jerusalem*,
 Weep for yourselves, not Me !”

Am I by my God deplored,
 And shall I not myself bemoan?
 Turn, and look, &c.

12 Look, as when Thy languid eye
 Was closed that we might live,
 Father, (at the point to die
 My Saviour gasp'd,) forgive!
 Surely with that dying word
 He turns, and looks, and cries, 'Tis done !
 O my bleeding, loving Lord,
 Thou break'st my heart of stone !

LXV. THE SAME.—HYMN 15.

PART I.

1 How happy are they,
 Who the Saviour obey,
 And have laid up their treasure above,
 Tongue cannot express
 The sweet comfort, and peace
 Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That comfort was mine,
 When the favour Divine
 I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
 When my heart it believed,
 What a joy it received,
 What a heaven in Jesus's name !

3 'Twas an heaven below
 My Saviour to know;
 The angels could do nothing more
 Than fall at His feet,
 And the story repeat,
 And the Lover of sinners adore.

-
- 4 Jesus all the day long
 Was my joy and my song ;
O that all His salvation may see !
 He hath loved me, I cried,
 He hath suffer'd, and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.
- 5 On the wings of His love
 I was carried above
All sin, and temptation, and pain ;
 I could not believe
 That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.
- 6 I rode on the sky,
 (Freely justified I !)
Nor envied *Elijah* his seat ;
 My soul mounted higher
 In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.
- 7 O the rapturous height
 Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood !
 Of my Saviour possess'd
 I was perfectly blest,
As if fill'd with the fulness of God.

PART II.

- 8 AH, where am I now !
 When was it, or how
That I fell from my heaven of grace !
 I am brought into thrall,
 I am stripp'd of my all,
I am banish'd from Jesus's face.

- 9 Hardly yet do I know
 How I let my Lord go,
 So insensibly starting aside,
 When the tempter came in
 With his own subtle sin,
 And infected my spirit with pride.
- 10 But I felt it too soon,
 That my Saviour was gone,
 Swiftly vanishing out of my sight;
 My triumph and boast
 On a sudden were lost,
 And my day it was turn'd into night.
- 11 Only pride could destroy
 That innocent joy,
 And make my Redeemer depart:
 But whate'er was the cause,
 I lament the sad loss,
 For the veil is come over my heart.
- 12 Ah ! wretch that I am !
 I can only exclaim,
 Like a devil tormented within,
 My Saviour is gone,
 And has left me alone
 To the fury of Satan and sin.
- 13 Nothing now can relieve,
 Without comfort I grieve,
 I have lost all my peace and my power :
 No access do I find
 To the Friend of mankind ;
 I can ask for His mercy no more.

- 14 Tongue cannot declare
 The torment I bear ;
 (While no end of my troubles I see ;)
 Only *Adam* could tell
 On the day that he fell,
 And was turn'd out of *Eden* like me.
- 15 Driven out from my God,
 I wander abroad,
 Through a desert of sorrows I rove ;
 And how great is my pain,
 That I cannot regain
 My *Eden* of Jesus's love !
- 16 I never shall rise
 To my first paradise,
 Or come my Redeemer to see :
 But I feel a faint hope,
 That at last He will stoop,
 And His pity shall bring Him to me.
-

LXVI. THE SAME.—HYMN 16.

- 1 O JESUS, my Hope,
 When wilt Thou lift up
 A lost sinner that lies at Thy feet ?
 If Thou cast out my prayer,
 I shall die in despair,
 And sink into the bottomless pit.
- 2 Thou know'st my sad case,
 I am fallen from grace,
 And possess'd by a spirit unclean ;
 I have lost all my power,
 I am every hour
 Dropping into the *Tophet* of sin.

- 3 How weak was my heart
 With my Saviour to part,
Who had sprinkled me once with His blood !
 Yet I threw off His yoke,
 And presumptuously broke
From the arms of a merciful God.
- 4 Now I languish in vain
 Thy love to regain,
But find for repentance no place:
 Thou hast left me to mourn,
 And I cannot return,
Or recover Thy forfeited grace.
- 5 Ah ! what shall I say ?
 I have squander'd away
My portion of mercy Divine ;
 I have sinn'd in Thy sight,
 I have done Thee despite,
And gone back to my husks, and my swine.
- 6 Nothing is there in me
 Thy glory can see,
But the fulness of passion and pride ;
 My heart is unclean,
 My whole nature is sin,
In the confines of hell I abide.
- 7 O how shall I move
 Thy compassion and love
To consider my desperate grief ?
 I can only confess
 My sin and distress,
And go out of myself for relief.
- 8 To the Fountain I go,
 Which so freely did flow
In pardons from Jesus's side :

O my Saviour, and God,
Let the water and blood
Be again to my conscience applied.

9 Do not look upon me
But as ransom'd by Thee;
Remember, O Lord, what Thou art:
A mere sinner I am,
But I call on Thy name,
I appeal to Thy pitiful heart.

10 Now, now let me die,
At Thy feet while I lie,
Delight, if Thou canst, in my death,
But I surely shall feel,
Ere I fall into hell,
That the arms of Thy love are beneath.

LXVII. THE SAME.—HYMN 17.

1 O WRETCHED man of hopeless grief!
What shall I do, or whither fly?
Shut up in sin, and unbelief,
Afraid to live, afraid to die,
In bitterness of soul I mourn,
And rue the day that I was born.

2 Is there no balm in *Gilcad* found?
Is there no kind physician there,
To heal my spirit's desperate wound,
To mitigate my sad despair?
No word to' assuage my misery,
No promise of relief for me?

- 3 Where is the helpless sinner's Friend?
 Where is the weary wanderer's rest?
 Wilt Thou not bid my sorrows end?
 Wilt Thou not calm my troubled breast,
 And show forth all Thy gracious art,
 And stamp forgiveness on my heart?
- 4 I know not how Thy love will deal
 With such a poor, backsliding soul;
 Yet let me hope Thy blood to feel,
 Hope against hope to be made whole,
 And humbly still Thy grace desire,
 And weeping at Thy feet expire.
-

LXVIII. THE SAME.—HYMN 18.

- 1 O MERCY Divine!
 When shall it be mine!
 'Tis mercy alone
 Can ransom a soul so entirely undone!
- 2 So fallen from grace,
 So far from His face
 Who brought me to God,
 And sprinkled me once with His life-giving blood!
- 3 Base wretch that I am!
 With sorrow and shame
 The sin I confess [peace.
 Which robb'd me of all my sweet comfort and
- 4 Ah, how could I grieve
 His Spirit, and leave
 A Saviour so kind,
 Who labour'd so long a lost sinner to find?

5 I follow'd an heart
Ever prone to depart
From Jesus my Lord,
And threw off His yoke, and rejected His word.

6 I thwarted His will,
My own to fulfil,
To nature gave way,
And suffer'd my lusts to recover their sway.

7 I left my first zeal,
And insensibly fell,
And started aside,
Betray'd into passion by slackness and pride :

8 My folly return'd
To *Egypt*, and burn'd
For sensual delight,
And did my adorable Saviour despise.

9 Through selfish desire
I made Him retire,
(Though loath to depart,)
And leave a divided idolatrous heart.

10 He left me alone
In nature sunk down,
Till awaken'd again
I felt all the weight of mine enemy's chain.

11 I felt it ; and still
My burden I feel,
My punishment bear,
And hardly to hope for forgiveness I dare.

12 So soon I abuse
His mercy, and lose
The tendering power,
Plunged deeper in sin and distress than before

- 13 Ah ! what shall I do ?
 He only must show
 Whose pity can find
 A cause in Himself to be gracious and kind.
- 14 Whose mercies exceed
 My offences, and plead
 Unwearied for me ;
 Whose love is a boundless and bottomless sea.
- 15 My refuge is this
 Unexhausted abyss ;
 Forsaken of all,
 Lord, into Thy ocean of mercy I fall.
- 16 Here, Jesu, am I
 Determined to lie,
 Thy goodness to prove,
 And if I am lost, to be lost in Thy love.
-

LXIX. THE SAME.—HYMN 19.

- 1 JESU, I believe Thee near:
 Now my fallen soul restore,
 Now my guilty conscience clear,
 Give me back my peace and power ;
 Stone to flesh again convert,
 Write forgiveness on my heart.
- 2 I believe Thy pardoning grace
 As at the beginning, free :
 Open are Thy arms to' embrace
 Me, the worst of rebels me ;
 All in me the hindrance lies,
 Call'd, I still refuse to rise.

- 3 Still my carnal mind withstands,
Still I madly hug my chain,
Start from Thy extended hands,
Will not be received again,
Backwards cast my wishful eye,
Linger still from sin to fly.
- 4 Yet for Thy own mercy sake,
Patience with Thy rebel have,
Me Thy mercy's witness make,
Monument of Thy power to save,
Make me willing to be free,
Restless to be saved by Thee.
- 5 Now the gracious work begin,
Now for good some token give ;
Give me now to feel my sin,
Give me now my sin to leave ;
Bid me look on Thee, and mourn,
Bid me to Thy arms return.
- 6 Take this heart of stone away,
Melt me into gracious tears ;
Grant me power to watch and pray,
Till Thy lovely face appears,
Till Thy favour I retrieve,
Till by faith again I live.
-

LXX. THE SAME.—HYMN 20.

- 1 STILL, O Lamb, to Thee I pray,
I, the vile backslider I,
Take, O take my sins away,
Haste Thy balmy blood to' apply,
Bid the power of sin depart,
Drop Thy blood upon my heart.

- 2 Weary, weary, and oppress'd
Shall I come to Thee in vain?
Wilt Thou, Lord, deny me rest,
Canst Thou leave me to my pain,
Crush'd by my own misery,
Perishing for want of Thee?
- 3 Lord, I cannot let Thee go,
Till Thou give me back my peace;
Wilt Thou not the grace bestow?
Wilt Thou not my sins dismiss?
From the guilt and power set free,
Justify the damn'd in me!
- 4 If Thou all compassion art,
If to me Thy bowels move,
Trouble, and make soft my heart,
Melt it by Thy pardoning love,
Now from all my sins release,
Loose, and bid me go in peace.
-

LXXI. THE SAME.—HYMN 21.

- 1 How shall a lost sinner in pain
Recover his forfeited peace?
When brought into bondage again
What hope of a second release?
Will mercy itself be so kind
To spare such a rebel as me?
And O! can I possibly find
Such plenteous redemption in Thee?
- 2 O Jesus, of Thee I inquire
If still Thou art able to save,
The brand to pluck out of the fire
And ransom my soul from the grave?

- The help of Thy Spirit restore,
And show me the life-giving blood,
And pardon a sinner once more,
And bring me again unto God.
- 3 O Jesus, in pity draw near,
Come quickly to help a lost soul,
To comfort a mourner appear,
And make a poor *Lazarus* whole :
The balm of Thy mercy apply,
(Thou seest the sore anguish I feel,)
Save, Lord, or I perish, I die,
O save, or I sink into hell !
- 4 I sink if Thou longer delay
Thy pardoning mercy to show ;
Come quickly, and kindly display
The power of Thy passion below !
By all Thou hast done for my sake
One drop of Thy blood I implore :
Now, now let it touch me, and make
The sinner a sinner no more.
-

LXXII. THE SAME.—HYMN 22.

- 1 TURN, Thou Friend of sinners, turn
On my soul Thy gracious eye,
Let me for Thy glory mourn,
For Thine injured honour cry :
Melt me by Thy pitying look,
Me who have my Lord forsook.
- 2 Come Thou greater than my heart,
Come, and now the stone remove,
Now the bitter grief impart,
Grief at having grieved Thy love,

- Thee so faithlessly denied,
Thee so often crucified !
- 3 Worldly grief be far away,
Trouble at my sufferings here !
Huge affliction, sore dismay,
Burning shame, and racking fear,
These are but my lightest load :
I have sinn'd against my God.
- 4 O that this might swallow up
All my pains, and griefs, and fears !
I have made my God to stoop,
Made Thee lose Thy precious tears,
Made Thee shed Thy blood again,
Die ten thousand times in vain.
- 5 Help me, O Thou Man of woe,
Now to feel my misery :
Now the gracious token show,
Let me now lament for Thee,
Grieve for all that I have done,
Weep for Thy dear sake alone.
- 6 Hence let all my troubles rise,
Hence let all my sorrows flow,
Stream the fountains of my eyes,
Heave my breast with endless woe,
Feel my flesh the killing smart,
Fail my spirit, and break my heart !
-

LXXIII. THE SAME.—HYMN 23.

- 1 O MY God, my God forgive :
All Thy wrath I cannot bear,
Cannot suffer on, and live :
If Thy purpose is to spare,

- If Thou canst so greatly save,
Now redeem me from the grave.
- 2 See Thy creature most distress'd,
Stretch'd upon the rack of fears,
Mark the earthquake in my breast,
Mark the torrent of my tears ;
All my pangs unspeakable
See, and O ! vouchsafe to feel.
- 3 O Thou gracious Son of God,
O Thou loving Man of grief,
Lighten now my mountain load,
Now afford me some relief ;
In my end if hope there be,
If Thou yet canst pardon me.
- 4 Quench this cruel hell of doubt,
All this unbelief remove :
Wilt Thou cast a sinner out,
One that hangs upon Thy love,
Feebly gasping after grace,
Canst Thou drive me from Thy face ?
- 5 Break not off my weakest hold,
Do not to my haters leave,
To my fierce oppressors sold
Once again my soul retrieve ;
For Thy truth, and mercy sake
Cast my sins behind Thy back.
- 6 Might I find Thy pardoning love,
Then I all things could sustain,
Glory (if my God approve)
In the frown of hostile man,
Bless the sacred infamy
Scorn'd by man and prized by Thee.
-

LXXIV. THE SAME.—HYMN 24.

- 1 O GOD Thy righteousness we own,
Judgment is at Thy house begun !
With humblest awe Thy rod we hear,
And guilty in Thy sight appear ;
We cannot in Thy judgment stand,
But sink beneath Thy mighty hand.
 - 2 Our mouth as in the dust we lay,
And still for mercy, mercy pray ;
Unworthy to behold Thy face,
Unfaithful stewards of Thy grace,
Our sin, and wickedness we own,
And deeply for acceptance groan.
 - 3 We have not, Lord, Thy gifts improved,
But basely from Thy statutes roved,
And done Thy loving Spirit despite,
And sinn'd against the clearest light ;
Brought back Thine agonizing pain,
And nail'd Thee to Thy cross again.
 - 4 Yet do not drive us from Thy face,
A stiff-neck'd, and hard-hearted race ;
But O ! in tender mercy break
The iron sinew in our neck ;
The softening power of love impart,
And melt the marble of our heart.
-

LXXV. THE SAME.—HYMN 25.

- 1 WHAT shall an helpless sinner do
Who long from God have fell ?
Satan, the world, and sin pursue,
And hunt me down to hell.

- 2 Entangled in the fowler's snare,
The toils of sin, I lie,
Bound with the fetters of despair,
And wish, and fear to die.
- 3 Out of the deep I cry, and mourn
In hopeless misery,
My breast with raging passions torn
Is all a troubled sea.
- 4 Whate'er a *Christless* soul can wound
I feel, I feel it here ;
But not a fiend in hell is found
So fierce as guilty fear.
- 5 Abandon'd to the fury's will,
I prove her utmost power,
And twice ten thousand deaths I feel,
Yet live to suffer more.
- 6 With me the ghastly spectre walks
In every secret shade,
In all her horrid forms she stalks
Around my sleepless bed.
- 7 She seizes, holds, and weighs me down,
Strangles my infant hope,
Harrows me with her chilling frown,
And drinks my spirits up.
- 8 The world she sets in fierce array,
The murderers of my fame,
Anticipates the dreadful day,
And blazons all my shame.
- 9 My every weakness she bewrays,
And swells into a crime,
Torments me with severe disgrace,
Torments—before my time.

- 10 My poor despairing soul she racks
With agonizing smart,
Her whip of knotted vipers shakes,
And tears my bleeding heart.
- 11 She mocks my unavailing cry,
When crush'd beneath my load,
Where'er I look, where'er I fly,
Presents an angry God.
- 12 The burning pit she open throws,
The hellish misery,
And tells me, these eternal woes
Are all reserved for me.
- 13 My soul shrinks back—but O ! to whom
Or whither shall I run ?
Will God the Just reverse my doom,
And hear my latest groan ?
- 14 His anger most of all I fear,
And dread to meet His eye,
Yet O ! unless I find Him near,
I must for ever die.
- 15 See then I at Thy feet once more
My guilty spirit cast,
Here (if Thou wilt not yet restore)
Resolved to groan my last.
-

LXXVI. THE SAME.—HYMN 26.

- 1 IN trouble I seek Thee, O God,
Compell'd by the burden I bear,
Constrain'd by the stroke of Thy rod
I pour out a penitent prayer:

Ah ! do not abhor my sad moan,
Extorted, alas ! by distress,
But hear, and with pity look down,
And send me an answer of peace.

2 What must a poor prodigal do
Thy forfeited grace to regain ?
My trouble I only can show,
And tell Thee my sorrow and pain :
I only for mercy can cry,
And groan with the sense of my load.
Save, Lord, or I perish, I die,
I die in my sins, and my blood.

3 I own, I have sinn'd in Thy sight,
Have sinn'd against knowledge and love,
And done Thy good Spirit despite ;
Yet look on my Surety above !
His passion alone is my plea,
His free inexhaustible grace :
My Advocate answer'd for me,
And Jesus hath died in my place.

4 O Father of mercies restore,
For Jesus's merits alone,
And heal a backslider once more,
And give me again to Thy Son :
If still Thou art able to spare,
If infinite mercy Thou art,
Reply to my penitent prayer,
And whisper Thy peace to my heart.

LXXVII. THE SAME.—HYMN 27.

- 1 O THAT the love of God,
Which once I sweetly felt,
Again were shed abroad,
This stony heart to melt !
Love only can the conquest win,
My desperate soul restore,
And save me from the guilt of sin,
And save me from the power.
 - 2 This base unworthy breast
I smite, alas ! in vain,
But cannot find Thy rest,
But cannot love again,
Till Thou the Spirit of Holiness
The Loving Spirit send,
To heal my wounds, and seal my peace,
And bid my sorrows end.
 - 3 Consider, gracious Lord,
How short my time below,
And now repeat the word,
And loose, and let me go ;
From sin, the world, and Satan's chain
My struggling spirit free,
And let me find my peace again,
And live and die in Thee.
-

LXXVIII. THE SAME.—HYMN 28.

- 1 O THAT I could repent,
With all my idols part,
And to Thy gracious eye present
An humble contrite heart !

- An heart with grief oppress'd
At having grieved my God,
A troubled heart that cannot rest
Till sprinkled with Thy blood !
- 2 Jesu, on me bestow
The penitent desire,
With true sincerity of woe,
My aching breast inspire ;
With softening pity look,
And melt my hardness down,
Strike with Thy love's effectual stroke,
And break this heart of stone.
- 3 O for Thy glorious name
My flinty bosom move,
And let me feel my load of shame,
And groan my want of love :
Low in the deepest deep
My humbled spirit lay,
And give me there to cry, and weep
My pensive life away.
- 4 Absorb'd in ceaseless woe,
No interval I crave,
But softly all my days to go,
And mourning to the grave ;
Till all my pains are past,
And Thou my soul require :—
But let me see Thy face at last,
And in Thy arms expire.
-

LXXIX. THE SAME.—HYMN 29.

- 1 GRACIOUS God, what shall I do ?
Never will my heart prove true ?

Never firm or constant prove,
Never keep Thy pardoning love?
All my vows are broke again,
All my purposes are vain,
Useless all my watchful fears,
Lost my unavailing tears.

- 2 How did I Thy help implore,
Beg that I might sin no more,
Strive in agony of prayer,
Death itself to sin prefer!
Yet my enemy hath found,
Dealt the oft-inflicted wound,
All my hopes again destroy'd,
Kill'd the tender life of God.
- 3 Deeper plunged in guilt and shame,
Whom, alas! have I to blame?
Can I, who to sin gave place,
Charge Thy insufficient grace?
No, Thy *slighted* grace I clear,
Thou to help wert always near,
But I ceased to watch and pray,
Slacken'd, sunk, and fell away.
- 4 Shall I then the strife give o'er,
Never sue for mercy more,
To my fearful doom submit,
Sink content into the pit?
No, 'Thy mercy answers, No!
Mercy will not let me go,
Still Thy yearning bowels cry,
"Wherefore wilt thou sin, and die?"
- 5 Lord, to Thee what shall I say?
Shall I promise still to' obey?

- Aggravate my guilt and pain,
Make, to break my vows again?
Lord, I know not what to do !
Only Thou the way canst show :
When, and as Thou wilt restore,
Lift me up to fall no more.
- 6 Till that welcome day I see,
Let me sorrow after Thee ;
Weeping at Thy footstool lie,
Still for mercy, mercy cry,
Cry,—or make my speechless moan,
Groan the spirit's deepest groan,
Gasp Thy favour to retrieve,
Die to see Thy face—and live !
-

LXXX. THE SAME.—HYMN 30.

- 1 FATHER, I in Thy strength arise
From my dead sleep of sin,
And lift with shame my guilty eyes,
And groan to be made clean.
- 2 Unworthy to be call'd Thy son,
Yet a good hope I feel,
Thou never wilt Thyself disown,
Thou art my Father still.
- 3 The Father of my dying Lord,
And therefore mine Thou art ;
Thy bowels are in Jesus stirr'd,
And full of love Thy heart.
- 4 That fulness of Thy pitying love
To me in Christ reveal,
Again my unbelief remove,
Again my pardon seal.

- 5 The word of reconciling grace
I long to feel applied:
O let me see Thy smiling face,
And know Thee pacified.
- 6 Thy prodigal in Christ receive,
The forfeiture restore,
Forgive, for Jesus' sake forgive,
And bid me sin no more.
-

LXXXI. THE SAME.—HYMN 31.

- 1 O JESUS, full of truth and grace,
Show forth Thy truth and grace on me,
On me let all Thy will take place;
Speak the kind word, and set me free
From sin and Satan's iron chain;
O give me back my peace again.
- 2 Would I not in Thy name believe?
Thy name is all I want to know:
Thou canst, Thou canst my sin forgive,
This moment touch me white as snow,
This moment my backslidings heal,
And speak the gracious word, "I will!"
- 3 Willing to save, I know, Thou art,
Thy love is equal to Thy power:
Why then dost Thou far off depart,
Why dost Thou let the foe devour,
My prayer cast out, my suit repel,
And leave me in the toils of hell!
- 4 Whate'er in me obstructs the way,
Art Thou not ready to remove?
My lusts and appetites to slay,
And crucify my creature love,

- The sacred willingness to' infuse,
The power eternal life to choose?
5 Why am I then, ah ! show me why
 This weak, entangled, wretched thing?
Afraid to live, afraid to die?
 Nor death nor life have lost their sting ;
A living death, alas ! I bear,
Cut off from hope, and from despair.
6 A mystery of grief, and sin,
 Out of the deep I cry to Thee,
End, Jesus, end this war within,
 Set my sad soul at liberty :
My groaning soul on Thee I cast,
Redeem, and let me groan my last.
-

LXXXII. THE SAME.—HYMN 32.

- 1 O THAT I could revere
 My much offended God !
O that I could but stand in fear
 Of Thy afflicting rod !
 The rod I long have borne ;
 O may I dread the pain,
And never more to folly turn,
 And never sin again !
2 Remembering my distress,
 The wormwood and the gall,
For help against my wickedness
 On Thee I humbly call :
 Whom mercy cannot draw
 Thou by Thy threatenings move,
And keep an abject soul in awe,
 That will not yield to love.

- 3 Show me the naked sword
 Impendent o'er my head,
And let me tremble at Thy word,
 And to my ways take heed:
 With sacred horror fly
 From every sinful snare,
Nor ever in my Judge's eye
 My Judge's anger dare.
- 4 Thou great, tremendous God,
 The conscious awe impart,
The grace be now on me bestow'd,
 The tender fleshly heart:
 For Jesu's sake alone
 The stony heart remove,
And melt at last, O melt me down
 Into the mould of love.
-

LXXXIII. THE SAME.—HYMN 33.

- 1 ALL-GOOD, Almighty God,
 How can Thy creature be
So long oppress'd beneath his load
 Who groans for help to Thee?
 My soul how canst Thou leave
 To struggle with its chain,
To strive against my sin, and grieve,
 And grieve and strive in vain?
- 2 Surely the hindrance lies
 In me, in me alone;
Thee only just, and true, and wise,
 And merciful I own:

- Why then dost Thou delay
The hindrance to remove,
And kindly force my stubborn clay
To take the stamp of love?
- 3 Dost Thou, to break my pride,
Refuse to heal my wound,
And let me still in sin abide,
That grace may more abound?
Ah no! Thy purity
My sin would never choose,
Thou canst not, Lord, to humble me,
The help of Satan use.
- 4 Dost Thou refuse to hear
The object of Thy hate,
The vessel of Thy wrath severe,
The hopeless reprobate?
Why then am I withheld
From blasphemous despair?
Why am I thus again compell'd
To plead with Thee in prayer?
- 5 Righteous in all Thy ways,
Dost Thou Thy grace restrain,
To' avenge the quarrel of Thy grace,
By me received in vain?
But at my greatest need
Have I no friend above,
No advocate my cause to plead
Before the throne of love?
- 6 My Saviour prays for me,
Yet no relief I feel,
Fast bound in sin and misery,
Unsaved, unhappy still

Who shall the cause declare,
The secret bar reveal?
Past finding out Thy judgments are,
Thy ways unsearchable.

- 7 Here then I lay me down
 In darkness, grief, and shame ;
A sinner, O Thou God unknown,
 But in Thy hands I am :
 My sole Disposer Thou,
 And what Thou dost with me,
And what my end, I know not now,
 But leave it all to Thee.
-

LXXXIV. THE SAME.—HYMN 34.

- 1 O THAT I could repent,
 O that I could believe !
Thou by Thy voice the marble rent,
 The rock in sunder cleave ;
 Thou by Thy two-edged sword
 My soul and spirit part ;
Strike with the hammer of Thy word,
 And break my stubborn heart.
- 2 Saviour and Prince of Peace,
 The double grace bestow,
Unloose the bands of wickedness,
 And let the captive go :
 Grant me my sins to feel,
 And then the load remove,
Wound, and pour in my wounds to heal,
 The balm of pardoning love.

- 3 Or, if Thou wilt, keep back
That joyous sense of grace,
But let me now my sins forsake,
And hate all evil ways ;
Hate with a perfect hate
Whatever thwarts Thy will,
And groan beneath my guilty weight.
And bear my burden still.
- 4 Do with me as Thou wilt,
But leave me not to' increase
My debt of old contracted guilt,
My load of wickedness :
Save me from farther sin,
From farther misery,
And fix a mighty gulf between
The cursed thing and me.
- 5 For Thy own mercy sake,
The cursed thing remove ;
And into Thy protection take
The prisoner of Thy love :
In every trying hour
Stand by my feeble soul,
And screen me from my nature's power
Till Thou hast made me whole.
- 6 This is Thy will, I know,
That I should holy be,
Should let my sin this moment go,
This moment turn to Thee ;
O might I now embrace
Thine all-sufficient power,
And never more to sin give place,
And never grieve Thee more

LXXXV. THE SAME.—HYMN 35.

- 1 ALAS, it must be so!
 I mournfully confess
The only cause of pain and woe
 Is sin and wickedness:
 Constrain'd at last I am
 To yield my full belief,
And own "that vice engenders shame,
 And folly broods o'er grief."
- 2 The righteous God and true
 Hath made His justice known ;
Because His will I would not do,
 He leaves me to my own.
 His long rejected grace
 At last He takes away,
And now I cannot seek His face,
 And now I cannot pray.
- 3 Without a gracious thought,
 Without a wish of good,
I only have the thing I sought,
 And reap what first I sow'd :
 Pain in its cause I chose,
 The sorrow and distress,
And all the misery that flows
 From wilful wickedness.
- 4 Why then should I complain
 Beneath my penal load,
Or kick against the pricks in vain,
 Or murmur against God ?
 To His vindictive will
 At last I meekly stoop,
And eat the bitter roll, and fill
 My mournful measure up.

-
- 5 The heaviness of soul,
 The pining want of rest,
 The thoughts that in my bosom roll,
 And tear my troubled breast,
 The temporal despair
 That gnaws my heart within,
 'Tis less than I deserve to bear,
 'Tis all the fruit of sin.
- 6 Sorrow, and loss, and shame,
 And soul-distracting fear
 May justly now their captive claim,
 And seize and keep me *here* :
 My strugglings all are past,
 My hopes of comfort cease—
 But let them, Lord, revive at last,
 But let me die in peace.
-

LXXXVI. THE SAME.—HYMN 36.

- 1 FATHER, I seek Thy face,
 Which once with joy I saw,
 But quickly forfeited Thy grace,
 And lost my filial awe :
 By sin, alas, beguiled !
 Beneath Thy frown I grieve ;
 Pity Thy most rebellious child,
 And, if Thou canst, forgive.
- 2 I know Thy justice wills
 That I should suffer here ;
 And lo ! my troubled spirit feels
 Thy righteous wrath severe :

- Left to myself, I groan
In vain Thy face to see,
My penal want of grace bemoan,
My penal want of Thee.
- 3 In all my griefs below
The fatal cause I read,
Thy justice aims each vengeful blow
At my faint, guilty head ;
In every touch of pain
I feel a stroke of Thine,
And chasten'd by the rod of men
Revere the rod Divine.
- 4 Thy awful righteousness
I in Thy plagues revere,
Stripp'd of my power, and joy, and peace,
And every comfort here :
The loss of friends, and fame,
The wormwood, and the gall,
The bitterness of grief and shame,
My sins procured it all.
- 5 Yet what is all I bear
To what my sins require,
That blackness of extreme despair,
That everlasting fire !
Lord, I with thanks receive
Whate'er on earth I feel,
'Tis mercy all that *here* I live,
A sinner—not in hell.
- 6 Here let me still remain
(If so Thy will decree)
In quiet grief, and silent pain,
And patient misery :

Let me my burden bear,
While in the vale beneath,
And die ten thousand times for fear
Of that eternal death.

- 7 Yet, O my God, at last
The worst of sinners save,
When all my penal woes are past,
Redeem me from the grave :
That grave of souls accurs'd
O may I never see,
But save in death the chief, the worst
Of sinners save in me.
-

LXXXVII. THE SAME.—HYMN 37.

- 1 LOVE Divine for Thee I languish,
Only Thou canst heal my care,
Only Thou canst ease my anguish,
Mitigate my sad despair :
Nothing in this low creation
Can my wretchedness remove.
All is sorrow and vexation,
Anguish all but Jesu's love.
- 2 Restless grief, and pain unceasing
Justly now the sinner claim :
Sin hath cursed my every blessing,
Turn'd my glory into shame,
Poison'd my sincerest pleasure,
Fill'd my soul with hellish smart,
Robb'd me of my heavenly treasure,
Forced the Saviour from my heart.

- 3 O my much offended Saviour,
 May I still implore Thy grace?
 Hope again to' obtain Thy favour,
 Hope again to see Thy face?
Never, Lord, shall I believe it,
 Till Thou dost the power impart,
Force my conscience to receive it,
 Pardon stamp'd upon my heart.
-

LXXXVIII. AFTER A RECOVERY.—HYMN 1.

- 1 WHY should the Lord a worm pursue
 With endless offers of His love?
Not all Thy mercies can subdue,
 Not all Thy benefits can move
The wretch from evil to depart,
 Or melt my adamant heart.
- 2 If now the stricken rock relents,
 And waters of contrition flow,
My heart again to sin consents,
 And closes with the tempting foe;
Open I tear my wounds, with pain—
 I sin, repent, and sin again.
- 3 I cannot persevere in good,
 I cannot persevere in ill:
Oft to repentance vain renew'd,
 Constrain'd a short-lived power to feel,
I neither can despair, nor hope,
 Nor keep my Lord, nor give Him up.
- 4 Even now the momentary grace
 Inclines my vileness to return:
Unworthy to behold Thy face,
 Low at Thy feet I fain would mourn;

- In chains of penal darkness stay,
And weep a thousand lives away.
- 5 If Thou canst pardon me once more,
Once more so great compassion show,
My tears of love I still will pour,
And spend my life in sacred woe ;
I never, Lord, will cease to grieve,
I never can myself forgive.
- 6 Gladness and joy far off remove,
To weep be all my calm relief,
To' indulge in honour of Thy love,
Mine utmost avarice of grief,
To vindicate Thine injured grace,
And die to see Thy smiling face.
- 7 O might I as the harlot lie
At those dear feet transfix'd for me,
Afraid to meet His pitying eye,
Ashamed the pardoning God to see !
The God, beneath whose love I fall,
Forgives my sin, yet knows it all.
- 8 His pardoning love my heart constrains,
He lets me kiss His bleeding feet ;
(That blood hath wash'd away my stains ;)
Still will I the dear task repeat,
His feet by sin no longer tear,
But wash and wipe them with my hair.
- 9 This only labour shall employ
My every moment here below ;
To weep for Him be all my joy,
For Him whose blood for me did flow :
And He, who hath my sins forgiven,
Shall wipe away these tears in heaven.
-

LXXXIX. THE SAME.—HYMN 2.

- 1 WEARY of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod,
For Him, not without hope, I mourn :
I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of love.
- 2 O Jesu, full of pardoning grace,
More full of grace than I of sin ;
Yet once again I seek Thy face,
Open Thine arms and take me in,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.
- 3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore ;
O for Thy truth and mercy sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more,
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart an house of prayer.
- 4 The stone to flesh again convert,
The veil of sin once more remove :
Sprinkle Thy blood upon my heart,
And melt it with Thy dying love :
This rebel heart by love subdue,
And make it soft and make it new.
- 5 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
And kindle my relentings now ;
Fill all my soul with filial fears :
To Thy sweet yoke my spirit bow ;
Bend by Thy grace, O bend, or break
The iron sinew in my neck.

- 6 Ah ! give me, Lord, the tender heart,
That trembles at the' approach of sin;
A godly fear of sin impart,
Implant, and root it deep within;
That I may dread Thy gracious power,
And never dare offend Thee more.
-

XC. THE SAME.—HYMN 3.

- 1 O MY Advocate above,
Feel I yet again Thy prayer?
Stop the torrent of Thy love—
Love beyond what I can bear!
Vilest of the rebel race
Dost Thou still my soul relieve,
Still pursue me with Thy grace?
How shall I Thy grace receive!
- 2 Saviour, dost Thou bid me rise,
Dost Thou give me back my hope?
Can I lift my guilty eyes?
Dare I, after all, look up?
O depart from me, depart,
I am, Lord, a sinful man,
Leave me to my wretched heart,
Let me suffer all my pain.
- 3 What have fiends to do with Thee?
Leave me all my hell to bear,
Squander not Thy grace on me,
Give me over to despair:
No; Thou wilt not loose Thy hold,
No; Thou wilt not quit Thy claim;
Sold to sin, to Satan sold,
Lost, and damn'd—yet Thine I am.

- 4 Overwhelm'd with pardoning grace,
Jesus, at Thy feet I lie,
Dare not see Thy smiling face,
Tremble at 'Thy mercy nigh :
I, a child of wrath and hell,
How can I look up to heaven !
Lord, I faint Thy love to feel,
Blush, and die to be forgiven.
- 5 After all that I have done,
Saviour, art Thou pacified ?
Whither shall my vileness run ?
Hide me, earth, the sinner hide.
Let me sink into the dust,
Full of holy shame adore ;
Jesus Christ, the good, the just,
Bids me go, and sin no more.
- 6 O confirm the gracious word,
Jesu, Son of God and man,
Let me never grieve Thee, Lord,
Never turn to sin again :
Till my all in all Thou art,
Till Thou bring Thy nature in,
Keep this feeble, trembling heart,
Save me, save me, Lord, from sin.
- 7 Do not suffer me to live,
To provoke Thy glorious eyes,
Thee by sin again to grieve,
Thy rich mercy to despise.
Rather now take back my breath,
Rather now my soul require,
Let me fly from sin to death,
Let me at Thy feet expire.
-

XCI. THE SAME.—HYMN 4.

- 1 O WHAT an evil heart have I,
So cold, and hard, and blind,
With sin so ready to comply,
And cast my God behind !
- 2 So apt His mercy to forget,
So soon dissolved in ease,
So false, so full of all deceit,
And desperate wickedness !
- 3 Long have I murmur'd to be clean
From all iniquity,
But knew not that I loved my sin,
And would not be set free.
- 4 Oft when the pleasing ill drew nigh,
And God foreshow'd my fall,
I would not from temptation fly,
Or heed the Spirit's call.
- 5 His warning voice I would not mind,
But turn'd mine ear away,
And lingering stood, till sin should find
And seize its willing prey.
- 6 Oft have I ask'd for help, afraid
Lest God my voice should hear,
While with deceitful lips *I said*
The' abominable prayer.
- 7 Oft, when He would not let me yield,
But stopp'd me by His grace,
I raged from sin to be withheld,
And burst from His embrace.
- 8 When after each foul sinful fall,
I would have all given up,
He would not let me give up all,
But forced me still to hope.

- 9 Infinite, unexhausted love !
Jesus and love are one :
If still to me Thy bowels move,
They are restrain'd to none.
- 10 If me, even me Thou yet canst spare,
Fury is not in Thee ;
For all Thy tender mercies are,
If mercy is for me.
- 11 What shall I do my God to love ?
My loving God to praise ?
The length, and breadth, and height to prove,
And depth of sovereign grace ?
- 12 Thy sovereign grace to all extends,
Immense and unconfined ;
From age to age it never ends ;
It reaches all mankind.
- 13 Throughout the world its breadth is known,
Wide as infinity !
So wide it never pass'd by one,
Or it had pass'd by me.
- 14 My trespass is grown up to heaven,
But far above the skies
In Christ abundantly forgiven
I see Thy mercies rise.
- 15 The depth of all-redeeming love
What angel tongue can tell ?
O may I to the utmost prove
The gift unspeakable !
- 16 Deeper than hell, it pluck'd me thence ;
Deeper than inbred sin,
Jesus's love my heart shall cleanse,
When Jesus enters in.

- 17 Come quickly then, my Lord, and take
Possession of Thine own ;
My longing heart vouchsafe to make
Thine everlasting throne.
- 18 Assert Thy claim, receive Thy right,
Come quickly from above,
And *sink* me to perfection's height,
The *depth* of humble love.
-

XCII. THE SAME.—HYMN 5.

- 1 FATHER, and can it be
That Thou shouldst still forbear,
Shouldst still reprieve and suffer me
Who all Thy threatenings dare ?
Who all Thy mercies spurn,
A deep revolter I,
And ever to my vomit turn,
As resolute to die.
- 2 Soon as Thy slighted grace
Doth on Thy rebel call,
And yet again begin to raise
The sinner from his fall ;
I weep, and watch, and pray :
And weary of the pain,
Forget my God, and sink away,
And plunge in sin again.
- 3 Yet O Thou wilt not quit
A wretch that flies from Thee,
Thee though I evermore forget,
Thou still rememberest me ;

Ten thousand thousand times
Thou dost my sins pass by ;
Thy mercies rise above my crimes,
And will not let me die.

4 O unexhausted grace,
O love unsearchable !

I am not gone to my own place,
I am not yet in hell !
Earth doth not open yet
My soul to swallow up ;
And hanging o'er the yawning pit
I still am forced to *hope*.

5 I hope at last to find
The kingdom from above,
The settled peace, the constant mind,
The everlasting love ;
The sanctifying grace
That makes me meet for home :

I hope to see Thy glorious face
Where sin shall never come.

6 What shall I do to keep
The blessed hope I feel ?
Still let me pray, and watch, and weep,
And serve Thy pleasure still.
O never may I grieve
My kind longsuffering Lord,
But steadfastly to Jesus cleave,
And answer all Thy word.

7 Lord, if Thou hast bestow'd
On me this gracious fear,
This horror of offending God,
O keep it always here ;

And that I never more
May from Thy ways depart,
Enter with all Thy mercy's power,
And dwell within my heart.

XCIH. THE SAME.—HYMN 6.

- 1 JESU, Shepherd of the sheep,
Pity my unsettled soul ;
Guide, and nourish me, and keep,
Till Thy love shall make me whole :
Give me, perfect soundness give,
Make me steadfastly believe.
- 2 Jesus, I behold Thee now ;
But my ever roving eye
Loses Thee, I know not how,
Soon I faint, fall back, and die ;
Doubt again my heart assails,
Unbelief again prevails.
- 3 I am never at one stay,
Changing every hour I am,
But Thou art, as yesterday,
Now, and evermore the same ;
Constancy to me impart,
'Stablish with Thy grace my heart.
- 4 Lay Thy weighty cross on me,
All my unbelief control :
Till the rebel cease *to be*,
Keep him down within my soul :
That he never more may move,
Root, and ground me fast in love.

- 5 Give me faith to hold me up
Walking over life's rough sea ;
Holy purifying hope
Still my soul's sure anchor be :
That I may be always Thine,
Perfect me in love Divine.
-

XCIV. THE SAME.—HYMN 7.

- 1 O MY old, my bosom foe,
Rejoice not over me !
Ofttimes thou hast laid me low,
And wounded mortally ;
Yet thy prey thou couldst not keep,
Jesus, when I lowest fell,
Heard me cry out of the deep,
And brought me up from hell.
- 2 Foolish world, thy shouts forbear,
Till thou hast won the day :
Could thy wisdom keep me there,
When in thy hands I lay ?
If my heart to thee incline,
Christ again shall set it free :
I am His, and He is mine
To all eternity.
- 3 Satan, cease thine empty boast,
And give thy triumphs o'er ;
Still thou seest I am not lost,
While Jesus can restore :
Though through thy deceit I fall,
Surely I shall rise again ;
Christ my King is over all,
And I with Him shall reign.

- 4 O my threefold enemy,
To whom I long did bow,
See your lawful captive see,
No more your captive now :
Now before my face ye fly,
More than conqueror now I am,
Sin, the world, and hell defy
In Jesu's powerful name.
-

XCV. THE BLOODY ISSUE CURED.*

- 1 How shall a sinner come to God ?
A fountain of polluted blood
For years my plague hath been ;
From *Adam* the infection came,
My nature is with his the same,
The same with his my sin.
- 2 In me the stubborn evil reigns,
The poison spreads throughout my veins ;
A loathsome sore disease
Makes all my soul, and life unclean,
My every word, work, thought is sin,
And desperate wickedness.
- 3 Long have I lived in grief and pain,
And suffer'd many things in vain,
And all physicians tried ;
Nor men nor means my soul can heal,
The plague is still incurable,
The fountain is undried.

* First published in 1744, at the end of Wesley's *Journal*, Part IV., when the controversy on "ordinances" was rife.

- 4 No help can I from these receive,
Nor men nor means can e'er relieve,
Or give my spirit ease ;
Still worse and worse my case I find ;
Here then I cast them all behind,
From all my works I cease.
- 5 I use, but *trust* in means no more,
Give my self-saving labours o'er,
The' unequal task forbear ;
My strength is spent, my strife is past,
Hardly I give up all at last,
And yield to self-despair.
- 6 I find brought in a better hope,
Succour there is for me laid up,
For every helpless soul ;
Salvation is in Jesu's name,
Could I but touch His garment's hem,
Even I should be made whole.
- 7 His body doth the cure dispense,
His garment is the ordinance
In which He deigns to' appear ;
'The word, the prayer, the broken bread,
Virtue from Him doth here proceed,
And I shall find Him here.
- 8 I follow'd with the thoughtless throng,
And press'd, and crowded Him too long,
And weigh'd Him down with sin ;
But *Him* I did not hope to *touch*,
I never used the means *as such*,
Or look'd to be made clean.

- 9 The spirit of an healthful mind
I waited not in them to find,
The Bread that comes from heaven ;
Beyond my form I did not go,
The power of godliness to know,
And feel my sins forgiven.
- 10 But now I seek to touch my Lord,
To hear His whisper in the word,
To feel His Spirit blow ;
To catch the love of which I read,
To taste Him in the mystic bread,
And all His sweetness know.
- 11 'Tis here, in hope my God to find,
With humble awe I come behind,
And wait His grace to prove ;
Before His face I dare not stand,
But faith puts forth a trembling hand,
To apprehend His love.
- 12 Surely His healing power is nigh ;
I touch Him now ! by faith ev'n I,
My Lord, lay hold on Thee :
Thy power is present now to heal,
I feel, through all my soul I feel
That Jesus died for me.
- 13 Issues from Thee a purer flood,
The poison'd fountain of my blood
Is in a moment dried ;
The sovereign antidote takes place,
And I am freely saved by grace,
And I am justified.

- 14 I glory in redemption found :
Jesus, my Lord, and God, look round,
The conscious sinner see ;
'Tis I have touch'd Thy clothes, and own
The miracle Thy grace hath done,
On such a worm as me.
- 15 Behold me prostrate at Thy feet,
And hear me thankfully repeat
The mercies of my God ;
I felt from Thee the medicine flow,
I tell Thee all the truth, and show
The virtue of Thy blood.
- 16 With lowly reverential fear
I testify, that Thou art near
To all who seek Thy love ;
Saviour of all I Thee proclaim ;
The world may know Thy healing name,
And all its wonders prove.
- 17 Speak then once more, and tell my soul,
Sinner, thy faith hath made thee whole,
Thy plague of sin is o'er ;
Be perfected in holiness,
Depart in everlasting peace,
Depart, and sin no more.
-

XCVI. THE TEMPEST.

- 1 AND are our joys so quickly fled !
We who were fill'd with living bread,
With calm delight and peace,
Constrain'd into the ship we go,
And now the boisterous violence know
Of stormy winds and seas.

- 2 To shipwreck our weak faith and hope,
Satan hath stirr'd a tempest up,
Prince of the lower air ;
The world he actuates and guides,
He in that troubled ocean rides,
And reigns despotic there.
- 3 The world obedient to their god,
Rage horribly, and storm aloud,
The waves around us roll ;
But fiercer still the storm within,
While floods of wickedness and sin
O'erwhelm the tempted soul.
- 4 Even now the waves of passion rise,
And work, and swell, and touch the skies,
Or bear us down to hell ;
Toss'd in a long tempestuous night,
While not one gleam of cheerful light,
Or ray of joy we feel.
- 5 But lo ! in our distress we see
The Saviour walking on the sea !
Even now He passes by ;
He silences our clamorous fear,
And mildly says, " Be of good cheer,
Be not afraid, 'tis I ! "
- 6 " 'Tis I who bought you with My blood,
'Tis I, who bring you wash'd to God,
'Tis I the sinner's Friend,
'Tis I, in whom ye pardon have,
Who speak in truth, mighty to save,
And love you to the end."

- 7 Ah ! Lord, if it be Thou indeed,
So near us in our time of need,
So good, so strong to save,
Speak the kind word of power to me,
Bid me believe, and come to Thee
Swift walking on the wave.
- 8 He bids me come ! His voice I know,
And boldly on the water go,
To Him my God and Lord,
I walk on life's tempestuous sea :
For He who loved, and died for me,
Hath spoke the powerful word.
- 9 Secure on liquid waves I tread,
Nor all the storms of passion heed,
While to my Lord I look ;
O'er every fierce temptation bound,
The billows yield a solid ground,
The wave is firm as rock.
- 10 But if from Him I turn mine eye,
And see the raging floods run high,
And feel my fears within,
My foes so strong, my flesh so frail,
Reason, and unbelief prevail,
And sink me into sin !
- 11 Sinking on Him for help I call,
Save, Lord, or into hell I fall,
O snatch me from my doom ;
Stretch out Thy hand, and ask me why,
Why dost thou doubt, or fear, when I
Thy Lord have bid thee come ?

-
- 12 Lord, I my unbelief confess,
My little spark of faith increase,
And I shall doubt no more ;
But fix on Thee my steady eye,
And on Thine outstretch'd arm rely,
Till all the storm is o'er.
- 13 Jesu, in us Thyself reveal,
The winds are hush'd, the sea is still,
If in the ship Thou art ;
O manifest Thy power Divine,
Enter this sinking church of Thine,
And dwell in every heart.
- 14 Come in, come in, Thou Prince of Peace,
And all the storms of sin shall cease,
And fall no more to rise ;
We then, if Thou with us remain,
Our port shall in a moment gain,
And anchor in the skies.
-

XCVII. GLORIA PATRI.

- 1 REJOICE with us, ye angel host,
Your songs triumphant raise,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Attribute equal praise.
- 2 Praise everlasting as His love
With you we soon shall give,
And seated on our thrones above
In heavenly glory live.
-

XCVIII. ABBA FATHER !

- 1 LORD, I know not how to pray,
 Help mine infirmity,
 Tell me, Father, what to say,
 And I will speak to Thee :
 Wretched, poor, and helpless I
 Would fain be taken to Thy breast ;
 Abba Father, hear me cry,
 And lull my soul to rest.
- 2 Ere I utter my complaint
 My wants to Thee are known ;
 Need I tell Thee that I want
 The Spirit of Thy Son ?
 Still, alas ! for this I sigh,
 Forlorn, forsaken, and distress'd :
 Abba Father, &c.
- 3 Once I knew Thee reconciled,
 And saw Thy smiling face,
 Loving as a little child,
 I lisp'd my Father's praise :
 Now I cannot find Thee nigh,
 By clouds of sin and grief oppress'd :
 Abba Father, &c.
- 4 Ever hoping against hope,
 I struggle to believe :
 Till Thy mercy lift me up,
 Contentedly I grieve ;
 Weeping at Thy feet I lie
 That I have so my God displeased :
 Abba Father, &c.

- 5 Though Thou seem to cast me out,
 And leave me still to mourn,
 Yet Thou wilt, (I dare not doubt,)
 Thou wilt at last return :
 Thou canst not Thyself deny,
Of Thee I shall be re-possess'd :
 Abba Father, &c.
- 6 To chastise me for my pride
 Thou hidest now Thy face :
 When my will is crucified
 I shall regain Thy grace ;
 Pain shall at Thy presence fly,
Again I shall in Thee be blest :
 Abba Father, &c.
- 7 Let me from this moment give
 My fond complainings o'er,
 Unto Thee the matter leave,
 And teach my God no more ;
 When, and as Thou wilt comply,
But grant, O grant me my request :
 Abba Father, &c.
- 8 Perfect what Thou hast begun,
 And love me to the end,
 Send, because I am Thy son, !
 To me Thy Spirit send ;
 On the promise I rely,
Thy manner, and Thy time is best :
 Abba Father, hear me cry,
 And lull my soul to rest.
-

XCIX. FOR CONDEMNED MALEFACTORS.

*“ O let the sorrowful sighing of the prisoners come before
Thee: according to the greatness of Thy power,
preserve Thou those that are appointed to die.”*
Psalm lxxix. 12. (P. B. V.)

- 1 O THOU that hangedst on the tree
Our curse and sufferings to remove,
Pity the souls that look to Thee,
And save us by Thy dying love.
- 2 Outcasts of men, to Thee we fly,
To Thee who wilt the worst receive ;
Forgive, and make us fit to die ;
Alas ! we are not fit to live.
- 3 We own our punishment is just,
We suffer for our evil here,
But in Thy sufferings, Lord, we trust,
Thine, only Thine our souls can clear.
- 4 We have no outward righteousness,
No merits, or good works to plead ;
We only can be saved by grace ;
Thy grace will here be free indeed.
- 5 Save us by grace through faith alone,
A faith Thou must Thyself impart,
A faith that *would* by works be shown,
A faith that purifies the heart.
- 6 A faith that doth the mountains move,
A faith that shows our sins forgiven,
A faith that sweetly works by love,
And ascertains our claim to heaven.

- 7 This is the faith we humbly seek,
The faith in Thine all-cleansing blood;
That blood which doth for sinners plead
O let it speak us up to God!
- 8 Canst Thou reject our dying prayer,
Or cast us out who come to Thee?
Our sins ah! wherefore didst Thou bear!
Jesu, remember *Calvary*!
- 9 Number'd with the transgressors Thou,
Between the felons crucified,
Speak to our hearts, and tell us now
Wherefore hast Thou for sinners died!
- 10 For us wast Thou not lifted up,
For us a bleeding Victim made?
That we, the abjects we, might hope,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid.
- 11 O might we with our closing eyes
Thee in Thy bloody vesture see,
And cast us on Thy sacrifice:
Jesus, my Lord, remember me!
- 12 'Thou art into Thy kingdom come:
I own Thee with my parting breath,
God of all grace, reverse my doom,
And save me from eternal death.
- 13 Hast Thou not wrought the sure belief
I feel *this moment* in Thy blood?
And am not I the dying thief?
And art not Thou my Lord, my God?
- 14 Thy blood to all our souls apply,
To them, to me Thy Spirit give,
And I, (let each cry out,) and I
With Thee in paradise shall live.
-

C. IN TEMPTATION.—HYMN 1.

- 1 JESU help ! Thou Sinner's Friend,
 On Thee for help I call,
 Send me speedy succour, send,
 Or into hell I fall ;
 Now, even now Thine aid afford,
In pity to a sinner's cries,
 Save me, or I perish, Lord,
 My soul for ever dies.
- 2 See me in my last distress,
 And run to rescue me,
 Speak to all my passions peace,
 O calm the troubled sea ;
 All my sin's abyss is stirr'd,
And high as heaven the billows rise ;
 Save me, &c.
- 3 Yes, without Thy help I must
 Be swallow'd up in sin,
 Lost I am, undone, and lost,
 I have my hell within ;
 Self-condemn'd and self-abhorr'd,
I sink in dying agonies ;
 Save me, &c.
- 4 Dies a never-dying death,
 If Thou Thy help delay,
 Yawns the fiery gulf beneath,
 And hell expects its prey,
 Tophet is my just reward,
And always meets my blasted eyes ;
 Save me, &c.

- 5 Jesu, save me through Thy name,
 No other hope I have,
 Damn'd, for ever damn'd I am,
 If Thou refuse to save ;
 But my trust is in Thy word,
On that alone my soul relies ;
 Save me, &c.
- 6 Helper of the helpless Thou,
 The friendless sinner's Friend,
 Lord, on Thee I surely now,
 On Thee alone depend.
 Wilt Thou suffer me to die,
Abandon'd in my last distress ?
 Jesus, answer to my cry,
 And bid me go in peace.
- 7 Wilt Thou bid a sinner seek
 Thy lovely face in vain ?
 Speak, the word of comfort speak,
 And look me out of pain :
 Bring Thy great salvation nigh,
My soul from inbred sin release ;
 Jesu, answer to my cry,
 And bid me go in peace.
- 8 Blest for ever be the name
 Of my redeeming Lord !
 Lifted up once more I am,
 I hear the pardoning word ;
 He could not Himself deny,
He gives my burden'd conscience ease,
 Jesus answers to my cry,
 And bids me go in peace.
-

CI. THE SAME.—HYMN 2.

- 1 JESU, go not far from me,
For sin is hard at hand,
I have none to help but Thee,
Enable me to stand.
Hear out of the deep my cry,
And help me now as heretofore ;
Save me, save me, or I die,
I fall to rise no more.
- 2 God of my salvation, hear,
In this my time of need ;
See the day of battle near,
And screen my naked head ;
Send me succour from on high,
And hide me till the storm is o'er ;
Save me, &c.
- 3 Thou hast oft my refuge been,
And Thou art still the same ;
Snatch me from the jaws of sin,
O quench the violent flame,
Bring Thy great salvation nigh,
Stir up Thine interposing power,
Save me, &c.
- 4 Help on Thee, Thou mighty One,
For all mankind is laid ;
Let it now on me be shown,
Be Thou my present aid,
O come quickly, and stand by
My soul throughout the trying hour ;
Save me, &c.

- 5 Help me now, but let me still
My want of help confess,
Hang upon Thy arm, and feel
My utter helplessness;
Only this be all my cry,
Till Thou my ruin'd soul restore ;
Save me, save me, or I die,
I fall to rise no more.
-

CII. THE SAME.—HYMN 3.

- 1 HELP, O help, my great Creator,
Love the soul Thyself hast made,
Burden'd with a sinful nature
Let me still on Thee be stay'd :
What I have to Thee commended,
Saviour, wilt Thou not secure,
Till the fiery trial's ended,
Till I as my God am pure ?
- 2 Hear my earnest supplication,
Keep me in this evil day ;
With me in my strong temptation
O my kind Protector, stay.
I have no one to deliver,
No one to defend I have,
Ruin'd, and undone for ever,
If my Lord refuse to save.
- 3 But it is Thy gracious pleasure
To redeem me from all sin ;
Only let me wait Thy leisure,
Till Thou bring Thy kingdom in :

Pray, and serve Thee without ceasing,
Till the perfect grace I prove,
Bless'd with all the gospel blessing,
Fill'd with all the life of love.

- 4 Hear in this accepted hour,
Speak, and bid the sun stand still,
Give me now the constant power
Over my own carnal will ;
Stronger wax Thy love and stronger,
Let my bosom sin give place,
Let the elder serve the younger,
Nature yield to sovereign grace.
-

CIII. THE SAME.—HYMN 4.

- 1 JESUS, God of my salvation,
Send the promised help I claim,
Bring me through my sore temptation,
Manifest Thy saving name :
Art Thou not the same for ever ?
Do not I on Thee depend ?
O continue to deliver,
Save me, save me to the end.
- 2 From Thy feeble helpless creature
Never, never, Lord, depart,
Show Thyself than Satan greater,
Greater than my evil heart :
If the fiend must vex me longer,
Buffet still my trembling soul,
Jesu, show Thyself the stronger,
Keep me, till Thou makest me whole.

- 3 Let me, while my faith is trying,
Rest in Thy atoning blood,
Always bear about the dying
Of my great redeeming God ;
Till I all Thy life inherit,
Let me in Thy wounds abide,
Shelter there my weary spirit ;
Save me, who for me hast died.
-

CIV. THE SAME.—HYMN 5.

- 1 How oft shall I beseech Thee, Lord,
How oft in anguish pray,
Be mindful of Thy promise, Lord,
And take my sin away ?
- 2 The thorn which in my flesh I feel,
O bid it hence depart,
This inbred messenger of hell
Command him from my heart.
- 3 These cruel buffetings of sin
I can no longer bear,
I sink beneath this war within,
And perish in despair.
- 4 O save me, save me from this hour,
The dying sinner save,
Nor let the greedy pit devour,
Nor let me see the grave.
- 5 The grave of hell stands open wide
To swallow up its prey ;
Jesu, preserve my soul, and hide,
Throughout the evil day.

- 6 O send me from Thy holy place
The help laid up on Thee,
Assure me that Thy saving grace
Sufficient is for me.
- 7 Sufficient to restrain from sin,
While fierce temptations last,
To save me from the storm within,
Till all the storm is past.
- 8 Is not Thy power divinely shown
In man's infirmity?
Make all Thy great salvation known,
Perfect Thy strength in me.
- 9 A weaker worm did never yet
Thy promised aid implore,
O hide me from the storm and heat,
Till sin subsists no more.
- 10 Safe in the lions' den I lie,
If Thou their rage restrain;
I pass through floods, if Thou art nigh,
And in the flames remain.
- 11 Unhurt I bear the fiery test,
And in the furnace shine,
That upon me the power may rest,
The power of love Divine.
- 12 Surely I shall as gold come forth,
When Thou my faith hast tried,
Transform'd into my Saviour's worth,
And seven times purified.
- 13 A sinner now undone and lost
My misery I confess;
I own it all, yet gladly boast
Of my own helplessness.

- 14 The God who doth from sin restrain
 Shall soon His arm display;
 His presence shall with me remain,
 The glorious *Shechinah*.
- 15 Jesus shall pitch His tent in me,
 And never more remove,
 And I shall as my Master be,
 Renew'd in spotless love.
- 16 Sure as I now His cross sustain,
 I soon His crown shall wear,
 The glory of my Lord obtain,
 And reign for ever there.
-

CV. THE SAME.—HYMN 6.

- 1 O GOD, Thy faithfulness I plead,
 My present help in time of need,
 My great Deliverer Thou;
 Haste to mine aid, Thine ear incline,
 And rescue this poor soul of mine,
 I claim the promise now.
- 2 Thou wilt not leave me in the snare,
 Tempted above what I can bear,
 With no salvation nigh:
 I may escape, Thou say'st I may;
 I need not fall the tempter's prey,
 I need not sin, and die.
- 3 For Thy own truth, and mercy sake,
 Thou wilt with the temptation make
 A way to' escape the sin:
 Thou wilt in danger's latest hour
 Show forth the greatness of Thy power,
 And bring Thy succours in.

- 4 Where is the way? Ah! show me where?
That I the mercy may declare,
The power that sets me free :
How can I my destruction shun?
How can I from my nature run?
Answer, O God, for me.
- 5 One only way the erring mind
Of man, short-sighted man, could find
From inbred sin to fly ;
Stronger than love (I fondly thought)
Death, only death, must cut the knot
Which love could not untie.
- 6 But Thou, my Lord, art rich in grace,
Thy love can find a thousand ways,
To foolish man unknown ;
My soul upon Thy love I cast,
I rest me, till the storm is past,
Upon Thy love alone.
- 7 Thy faithful, wise, and mighty love
Shall every obstacle* remove,
And make an open way ;
Thy love shall burst the shades of death,
And bear me from the gulf beneath
To everlasting day.
- 8 Lord, I believe Thee true and good,
My only trust is in Thy blood ;
I hear it speak for me ;
And if my soul is in Thy hands,
And if Thy word for ever stands,
I shall not fall from Thee.

* Altered in 1782 to "stumbling-block."

CVI. THE SAME.—HYMN 7.

- 1 To whom but Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb,
Should I for help apply?
Still in the toils of death I am,
And sin is always nigh.
- 2 But Thou, my Lord, art nigher still
Throughout the fiery hour,
To rescue me from my own will,
Till I can sin no more.
- 3 O were Thy sufferings on the tree
Into my soul brought in!
O that Thy death might work in me
A perfect death to sin!
- 4 Me to Thy suffering self conform,
The mortal power impart,
Pity a poor, weak, labouring worm,
And wash my guilty heart.
- 5 Thou know'st on works, and means, and men,
No longer I rely,
I never, never can be clean
Till Thou Thy blood apply.
- 6 My only trust is in Thy blood,
Which purges every stain:
Bring in, O Lord, the purer flood,
Nor let me ask in vain.
- 7 Faith in Thy blood, Thou seest, I have,
For Thou the grace hast given;
Thy blood from all my sin shall save,
And speak me up to heaven.

- 8 Thy blood shall quench this fire of hell,
Which now I feel within,
Thy blood my sin-sick soul shall heal,
And wash out all my sin.
- 9 In hope believing against hope
Till then I look to Thee;
I see Thee, Saviour, lifted up
For all mankind and me.
- 10 Determined nothing else to know,
But Jesus crucified,
I cannot from my Jesus go,
Or leave Thy wounded side.
- 11 Thou wilt not let me hence depart,
Till all Thy death I prove,
Redeem'd from sin, and pure in heart,
And perfected in love.
- 12 The anchor of my steadfast hope
Within the veil I cast ;
Thy dying love shall hold me up,
Till all the storms are past.
- 13 Only because Thou diedst for me
I trust on this alone,
And look in life and death to be
With Thee for ever one.
-

CVII. THE SAME.—HYMN 8.

- 1 O God of love, to whom I pray,
Wilt Thou let me fall away
And lose Thy mercies past?
Must I in vain for pardon cry,
And perish in my sins, and die,
Die, in my sins at last?

- 2 Were this Thy will concerning me,
Wherefore have I follow'd Thee,
And long'd Thy love to know?
Why hast Thou from my earliest days
Allured my soul to seek Thy face,
If made for endless woe?
- 3 Why did Thy providential power
Interpose in danger's hour,
And still the victim save?
So oft the mortal fever chide,
And turn the dart of death aside,
And mock the gaping grave?
- 4 Why didst Thou in my youthful age
Rescue me from passion's rage,
And every dire offence?
Why didst Thou hide from worldly cares,
And keep in twice ten thousand snares
My heedless innocence?
- 5 Why didst Thou gently draw me on,
Till I sunk despairing down
In legal misery?
And cried, by the commandment slain,
Ah! woe is me, a wretched man,
What hope of heaven for me!
- 6 Why didst Thou, Lord, my load remove,
Show me Thy forgiving love,
And speak me justified?
If Thou hast pleasure in my death,
I had long since resign'd my breath;
I had in *Egypt* died.

- 7 When I had forfeited my peace,
Why in my extreme distress
Was I so often heard ?
Thou brought'st the timely succours in,
And savedst my tempted soul from sin,
The sin I loved, and fear'd.
- 8 Why hast Thou to Thy people join'd
Me, the vilest of mankind,
In cordial charity ?
Why hast Thou heard Thy Spirit's groans
Entreating in Thy chosen ones
For me, O God, for me ?
- 9 Wouldst Thou have stirr'd them up to pray
For an hopeless castaway,
If such, alas ! I am ?
If I must perish in my blood,
Wrestle for me they never could,
Or ask in Jesu's name.
- 10 A drop of love's eternal sea
Is their kind concern for me ;
As such I must receive
This token of my Father's grace,
His heart o'erflows with tenderness,
And God would have me live.
- 11 Me, Lord, Thou never wilt forsake,
Never let my soul turn back,
To live the life of sense ;
To bring dishonour on Thy name,
But save me first from all my shame,
And snatch my spirit hence.

- 12 I feel, I now divinely feel,
Thou, O Lord, art with me still,
And with me wilt abide :
Till life's extremest ills are past,
And I obtain a lot at last
With all the glorified.
-

CVIII. THE SAME.—HYMN 9.

- 1 AH ! tell me, Lord, for whom I pine,
And mourn in deep distress,
How long shall this weak heart incline
To its own wickedness?
How long shall I my nature fear,
Yet what I loathe desire,
And melt at the temptation near
As wax before the fire ?
- 2 Thou know'st the undissembled pain
The real grief I feel,
While dark and trembling I remain
As on the verge of hell.
I groan to feel my heart relent,
By sin *almost* subdued,
And blush to find I *could* consent
To grieve my gracious God.
- 3 My gracious God, how shall I shun
This enemy within ?
Out of myself I cannot run,
To' escape my bosom sin ?
I fear in some unguarded hour
Lest it my soul betray,
And give me up to Satan's power
An unresisting prey.

- 4 O that Thou wouldst stretch out Thine hand;
By this weak, sinking soul,
In every close temptation stand,
And all my lusts control.
The strength of saving grace above
My nature's strength exert,
Thou God of all-victorious love,
Thou greater than my heart.
- 5 O that Thou wouldst root out the thorn,
Destroy the enmity,
Set me a time for Thy return,
And then remember me.
Contract, or lengthen out my years,
But till they all are past,
Preserve me from my sins and fears,
But fully save at last.
-

CIX. THE SAME.—HYMN 10.

- 1 HELP, Lord, to whom for help I fly,
And still my tempted soul stand by,
Throughout this evil day;
The sacred watchfulness impart,
And keep the issues of my heart,
And stir me up to pray.
- 2 My soul with Thy whole armour arm,
In each approach of sin alarm,
And show the danger near;
Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,
And fill with godly jealousy,
And sanctifying fear.

- 3 Whene'er my feeble hands hang down,
O let me see Thy gathering frown,
And feel Thy warning eye ;
And starting cry from ruin's brink,
Save, Jesus, or I yield, I sink,
O save me, or I die.
- 4 If near the pit I rashly stay,
Before I *wholly* fall away,
The keen conviction dart ;
Recall me with that pitying look,
That kind upbraiding glance, which broke
Unfaithful *Peter's* heart.
- 5 In me Thine utmost mercy show,
And make me as Thyself below,
Unblamable in grace ;
Ready prepared, and fitted here
By perfect holiness to' appear
Before Thy glorious face.
-

CX. THE SAME.—HYMN II.

- 1 O HOW shall a sinner perform
The vows he hath vow'd to the Lord ?
A sinful and impotent worm,
How can I be true to my word ?
I tremble at what I have done,
But look for my help from above,
The power that I never have known,
The virtue of Jesus's love.
- 2 My solemn engagements are vain,
My promises empty as air,
My vows I shall break them again,
And plunge in eternal despair ;

Unless my omnipotent God
The sense of His goodness impart,
And shed by His Spirit abroad
That love of Himself in my heart.

- 3 O Lover of sinners, extend
To me the affectionate grace,
Appear my affliction to end,
Afford me a glimpse of Thy face:
The sight shall enkindle in me
A flame of reciprocal love,
And then I shall cleave unto Thee,
And then I shall never remove.
- 4 O come to a mourner in pain,
Thy peace to my conscience reveal,
And then I shall love Thee again,
And sing of the goodness I feel;
Constrain'd by the grace of my Lord,
My soul shall in all things obey,
And wait to be fully restored,
And long to be summon'd away.
-

CXI. THE SAME.—HYMN 12.

- 1 GLORY to the righteous God,
Righteous, yet benign to me !
Still in His paternal rod
His paternal love I see:
Let Him tenderly chastise,
Let Him graciously reprove,
Father, all within me cries
All Thy ways are truth and love.

- 2 Humbled in the lowest deep,
Thee I for my sufferings bless ;
Think of all Thy love, and weep
For my own unfaithfulness :
I have most rebellious been,
Thou hast laid Thine hand on me,
Kindly visited my sin,
Scourged the wanderer back to Thee.
- 3 Taught obedience to my God
By the things I have endured,
Meekly now I kiss the rod,
Wounded by the rod, and cured :
Good for me the grief and pain,
Let me but Thy grace adore,
Keep the pardon I regain,
Stand in awe, and sin no more.
-

CXII. THE SAME.—HYMN 13.

- 1 BUT can it be, that I should prove
For ever faithful to Thy love,
From sin for ever cease ?
I thank Thee for the blessed hope !
It lifts my drooping spirit up,
And gives me back my peace.
- 2 In Thee, O Lord, I put my trust,
Mighty, and merciful, and just,
Thy sacred word is past ;
And I, who dare Thy word receive,
Without committing sin shall live,
Shall live to God at last.

- 3 No more shall sin its sway maintain,
No longer in my members reign,
Or captivate my heart,
Upheld by Thy victorious grace,
I walk henceforth in all Thy ways,
And never will depart.
- 4 I rest in Thine almighty power,
The name of Jesus is a tower
That hides my life above.
Thou canst, Thou wilt my Keeper be,
My confidence is all in Thee,
The faithful God of love.
- 5 While still to Thee for help I call,
Thou wilt not suffer me to fall,
Thou canst not let me sin:
And Thou shalt give me power to pray,
Till all my sins are purged away,
And all Thy mind brought in.
- 6 Wherefore in never-ceasing prayer
My soul to Thy continual care
I faithfully commend;
Assured that Thou through life shalt save,
And show Thyself beyond the grave
My everlasting Friend.

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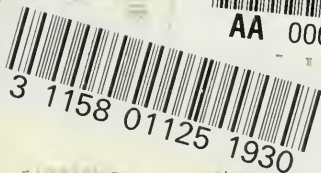
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